"I Want Peace—I Am Not a Dictator!"
MUSSOLINI TALKS TO FULTON OURSLER

MAY 7,
1938

Liberty

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Twelvetrees

Max Baer and the Lust to Kill—
A Psychoanalyst's Report

What Happened to Ellis Parker—Great Detective Who Faced Prison

HOIST
SIGNAL

SHE COMBS THE WORLD FOR PICTURES THAT THRILL!

What Margaret Bourke-White, America's famous woman photographer, said when Ralph Martin inquired if she thought that one cigarette was as good as another

LUMBER CAMPS, dams, skyscrapers, mines, subways (*as above*)—appeal to Margaret Bourke-White. She has gone all over the United States, to the Arctic, to far countries. Her photographs are now internationally famous for their vigor and sensational interest. They're *different!* And that's just what Miss Bourke-White said about Camels to Ralph Martin at the New York World's Fair grounds (*right*).

WORLD'S FAIR

"Cigarettes seem pretty much alike to me. Do you find some difference between Camels and the others, Miss Bourke-White?"

"Camels are different, Mr. Martin, in a *lot* of ways. My nerves must be as trustworthy as a steeple jack's. Camels don't jangle my nerves. When I'm tired—I get a 'lift' with a Camel. At mealtimes, I like to enjoy Camels 'for digestion's sake.' There's something about Camels that *agrees* with me—that's what counts most."

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

Check up on your time for hearing

EDDIE CANTOR!

America's great fun-maker and personality, brought to you by Camel cigarettes, every Monday night over Columbia Network. See local newspaper for time.

Also BENNY GOODMAN'S BAND

Hear the great Goodman Swing Band "go to town." Every Tuesday night at 8:30 pm E. S. T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M. S. T., 5:30 pm P. S. T., over Columbia Network.

MISS BOURKE-WHITE is fond of doing the things most alert young women do—dancing, going to the theatre. "And," she says, "I have Camels with me. Camels make a big difference in smoking."

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME"

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Expert growers tell their preference in cigarettes—it's Camel!

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco," tobacco planters say

Floyd Smither, who grows tobacco, says: "Last year I grew a handsome crop. The Camel people bought up all the choice lots. I smoke Camels—so do most planters. I *know* the quality of tobacco that goes into them."

Harry C. King, a successful grower for twenty years, says: "Camel bought the choice lots of my last tobacco crop—paid more for them. So I know they use finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels. That's why Camel is my cigarette."

"The Camel people bought the best of my last crop," says T. N. Williams, who grows fine tobacco. "There's no question—the more expensive tobacco goes into Camels. I prefer Camels, and most other planters do, too."

IT'S CALLED THE "*Roadking*"

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS!

☞ **IN "RIDE"—This big Plymouth has the most sensational ride in the lowest-price field.**

☞ **IN SIZE—Of the 3 leading lowest-priced cars, Plymouth is nearly 7″ longer than one; more than 10″ longer than the other.**

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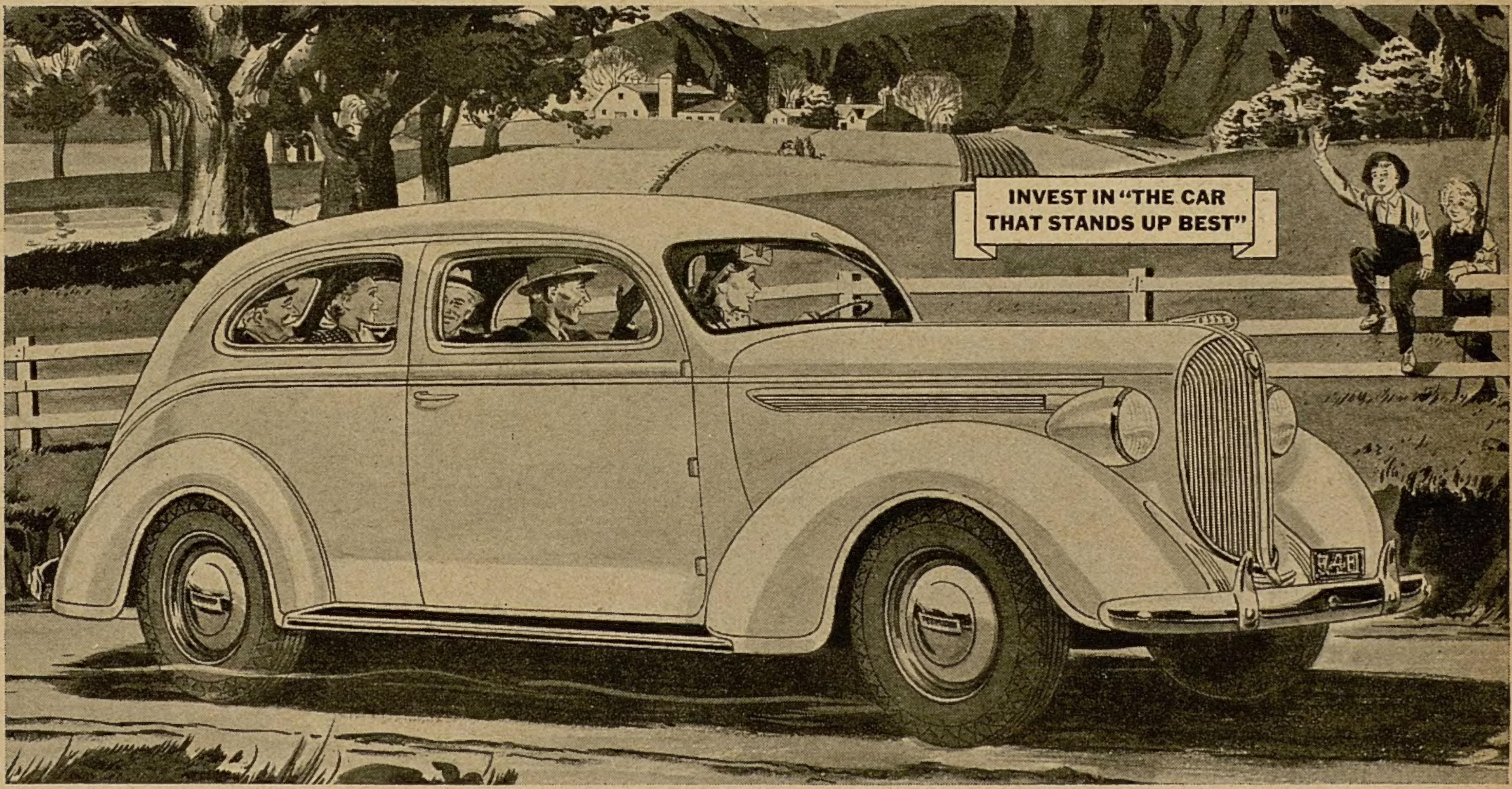
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THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

MAY 7, 1938 Liberty VOL. 15, NO. 19

BERNARR MACFADDEN
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FULTON OURSLER
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ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

AN OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

I want to congratulate you, Senator, for your condemnation of the Reorganization Bill as indicated by your vote against this menacing measure. You are again standing on solid ground. You are defending the fundamental principles upon which this government was founded.

But I am hoping that by this time you have reviewed some of the disturbing results of the Wagner Labor Act.

When I first read this bill I lost all confidence in your business judgment. I am inclined to think your well-placed sympathy for the workers, influenced by your belief that they were being treated unfairly, caused you to create rules and restrictions that chiefly considered the workers and partly ignored the rights of employers.

You considered superficial symptoms only. While endeavoring to insure a square deal for labor, you ignored the necessity of bolstering up and protecting the source of jobs, and the importance of promoting and increasing employment by giving a reasonable consideration to the employer was shamefully neglected.

You will have to admit that when the Wagner Labor Act became a law, for the first few months we had more labor trouble than we have had during any similar period throughout the history of our country. And, with our present difficulties in mind, I think you will probably agree that the Wagner Labor Act has influenced the present downward trend in business.

You cannot expect a spring to continue to flow when effective measures are being made to dry it up at its source. Now, business is the source of employment. You can take a horse to water but you can't make him drink. You cannot compel business men to stay in business. They do not have to spend money to promote their interests. They can join the working class or stop working altogether.

In years gone by it was a settled policy of this government to encourage what we call infant industries. What we term the McKinley Tariff was inaugurated partly for that purpose. And the policy of encouraging business in every way, followed by every previous administration, is absolutely the best possible method to increase employment.

If the business man believes he is denied a fair deal, he is certainly not so foolish as to invest his savings and to work with feverish activity to build up a great enterprise. He automatically loses interest and enthusiasm.

I am hopeful that by this time you have seen some of the disastrous results of the Wagner Labor Act and that you are ready to introduce another bill which could well be constructively formed after a conference with William Green, the iron man of labor. He can point out many of the mistakes of the Wagner Labor Act.

And the new bill should have in mind first and foremost the encouragement not only of Little Business but also Big Business. Not only should the huge tax load be lightened, but the employer, the investor, should be made to understand that he, as well as the worker, is an American citizen and is entitled to and will receive a fair deal.

You are a man, Senator Wagner, whom I believe to be big enough to acknowledge a mistake, and devise a Wagner Bill which will bring employer and employees together in friendly conference. Your new bill would avoid the tragic division which the original Wagner Act created . . . would make workers and employers friends instead of enemies. With a bill backed by such an attitude, the one requisite . . . confidence and more confidence . . . for building and promoting business would be supplied in abundance, and the present heartbreaking depression which has frightened nearly every substantial business man, and which has taken all the fight and courage out of most of them, would soon be far in the background.

Bernarr Macfadden

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WAKE UP AND LIVE

Read how these Four People found a Way to New Energy and the Happy, Busy Kind of Life everyone Wants to Lead

George Eade and his daughter Lila are real pals

Hedwig Kerber—back dancing with her friends

Feels Made Over

"Last year, when George was salesman for a big incinerator company, his health was not as good as it should have been.

"I worried when he came home every night dead tired. I could see he was getting more and more run-down.

"One night George read about Fleischmann's Yeast in the newspaper. He said he'd like to try it. So the next day I bought a supply and he began eating it regularly.

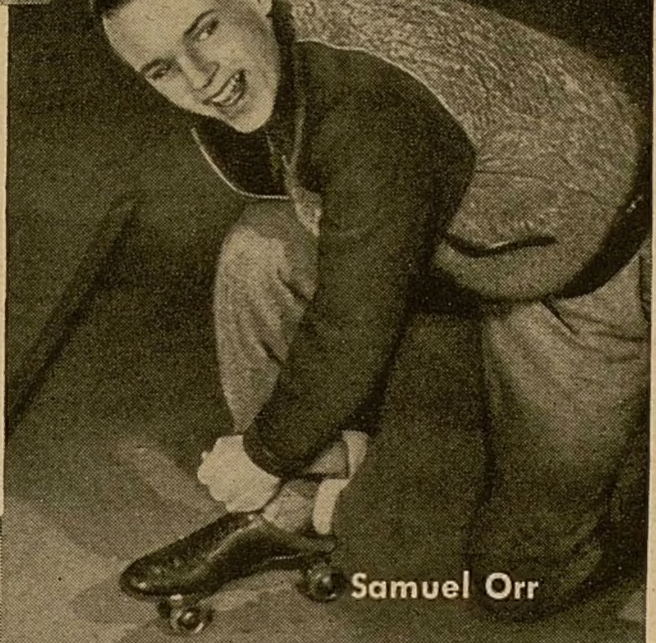
"After a few weeks he felt better. He was rested in the morning, ready to tackle his job. Now, after 4 months, he says he feels made over, and there is all the difference in the world in the way he looks and acts."
Mrs. George Eade

Week Ends Filled Up with Fun

"Three months ago, I nearly bought the drugstore out of salves and things, trying to get rid of the ugly blotches that broke out on my face.

"I'd always been so proud of my skin, you can believe how I felt when I looked in the mirror and saw those pimples! I *had* to go to school, even though I was miserable, but I stopped going to dances with the crowd.

"Then a friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it faithfully, every day. It only took a month to notice a decided change. It's amazing when I think how much better I looked and felt. I'm back with the dancing group again—and week ends are filled up with fun."—*Hedwig Kerber*


Samuel Orr

Lots of Energy

"Last summer I came near staying home from camp because of my skin. It was *terrible*—pimples all over my face. I thought it was just something to expect around 16 and 17. But when it got worse I was pretty disgusted.

"Then Mother suggested I try Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month my face looked better. And I was all fixed up by the time I left for camp.

"I still eat yeast—to play safe. I've got lots more real energy, too. This year, there's hardly a sport I don't go in for."—*Samuel Orr*

3 Jobs—and Pep to Spare

"Five days a week I'm a receptionist and secretary. I teach a class in arts and crafts on the sixth day, and work four nights a week besides. I got overtired and nervous and began to develop a case of constipation.

"Then I remembered my success with Fleischmann's Yeast once in college. So I went back to eating it. In 3 weeks all signs of constipation were gone. Now I have the energy I need for my jobs—and extra pep for fun besides!"
—*Muriel Whitcomb*

Muriel Whitcomb playing a winning hand

IT IS the prompt action of the millions of tiny, *live yeast plants* in every cake that makes Fleischmann's fresh Yeast so effective.

These get busy at once helping to stimulate the flow of gastric juices. Then digestion speeds up and your entire system is kept healthier and more active. Elimination improves—skin troubles from intestinal poisons begin to clear up, that pepless feeling to go.

Each cake of this fresh food is fortified with four vitamins (A, B, D and G)—the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Nerve Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin. Eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour *before* each meal.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

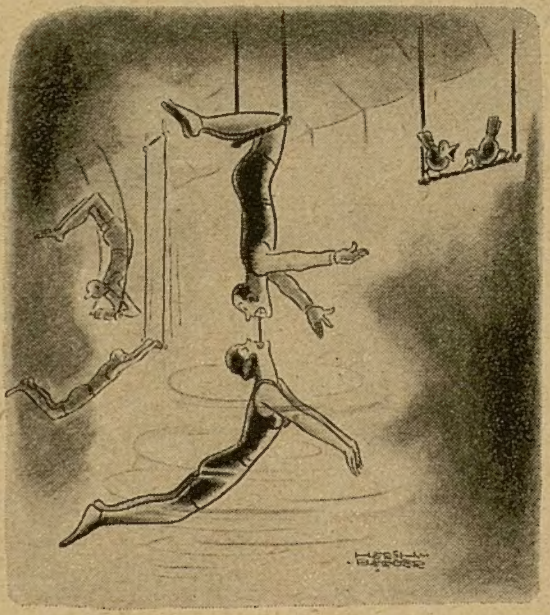
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THERE seems practically no limit to the education a girl must get when she embarks upon a career in the movies. Frances Farmer, for instance, had to learn how to bop a man over the head with a bottle without hurting him too much. . . . "The trick bottle," she told me, "is known as a breakaway. It has been broken before, then glued together flimsily. We are supposed to swing it sideways, so it will fall apart as soon as it strikes anything, but I didn't realize that the first time. I hit my man straight. . . . He took pains to teach me the right way—as soon as he came to."

Experience in varied walks of life helped pave the path of this young star with human understanding. She has earned her living as a waitress, an usherette, radio singer, teacher of school dramatics. Her father, a Seattle lawyer, went broke in the financial crash of 1929. Frances had excelled at amateur play acting since the age of twelve. Three years ago, while at college, she won a trip to Soviet Russia by selling subscriptions to a radical newspaper. Soon after her return, a Hollywood scout discovered her and shipped her off to the studios, where her success was swift.

Although she believes any serious screen actress needs the discipline of an occasional appearance on the real stage—such as her work in the Clifford Odets play, Golden Boy—Frances Farmer is no disparager of celluloid art or its people. Here's a true story she gave me to show how nice some of them can be: Bing Crosby invited a tired crowd of Hollywood notables to go possum hunting at night on his ranch, with a proud old Southern colonel to expertize the hunt. One by one, as the evening latened, Bing's guests fell sound asleep. Bing felt just as weary, but he wouldn't let the old colonel down. All by themselves, he and the colonel hunted possum the whole night long. Frances thinks that was sturdy and sweet of Bing—especially so, since there wasn't a possum to be found anywhere on his ranch.



"Boy, what a tough worm they're fighting over!"

☆ Newest modern-home finish is rustless steel *wallpaper*, an all-over chromium effect for your kitchen or bathroom. Fairly inexpensive (about forty-five cents a square foot). *Very* stylish and night-clubbish.

☆ On a train speeding from New York to Chicago, Lily Pons and Joseph Bentonelli, both of the Metropolitan Opera, were happily surprised to meet in the dining car at breakfast time. They hadn't known they were traveling westward by the same train. Shared a table and ordered breakfast. He could scarcely believe his ears when he heard her ask the waiter for two dozen olives to start with. "Do you always begin your morning on two dozen olives?" he inquired, slightly dazed. . . . "Yes, at present I do," she replied. "You see, my doctor says I should weigh at least ninety-six pounds, but I only weigh ninety-four. And people have told me that olives are fattening."

☆ From the deep wild jungles in British Guiana, Jo-Bess McElveen Waldeck writes to Gertrude Fox of fur-farm fame. Husband of Jo-Bess is T. J. Waldeck, leading the Waldeck Expedition in search of long-lost explorer Paul Redfern. Mrs. Jo-Bess Waldeck says: "Native women here use pebble-studded graters to grind cassava root for bread. They use the hardest pebbles they can find, and many of these pebbles are good-sized diamonds in the rough, natural state. If the authorities here would let them, the native women would be more than willing to trade their diamond pebbles for our bright red fingernail polish, which they adore. . . ."

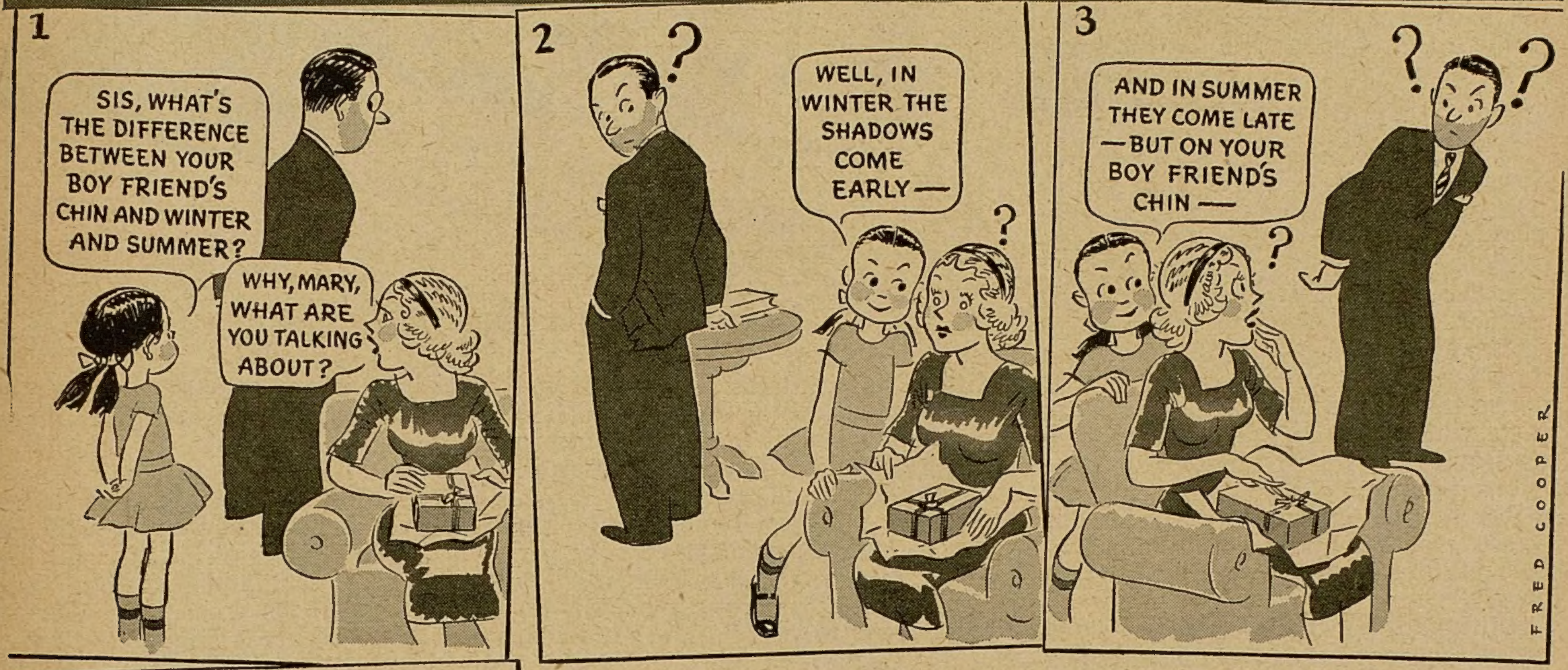
Oh, for the bad old days of untrammeled pioneering!

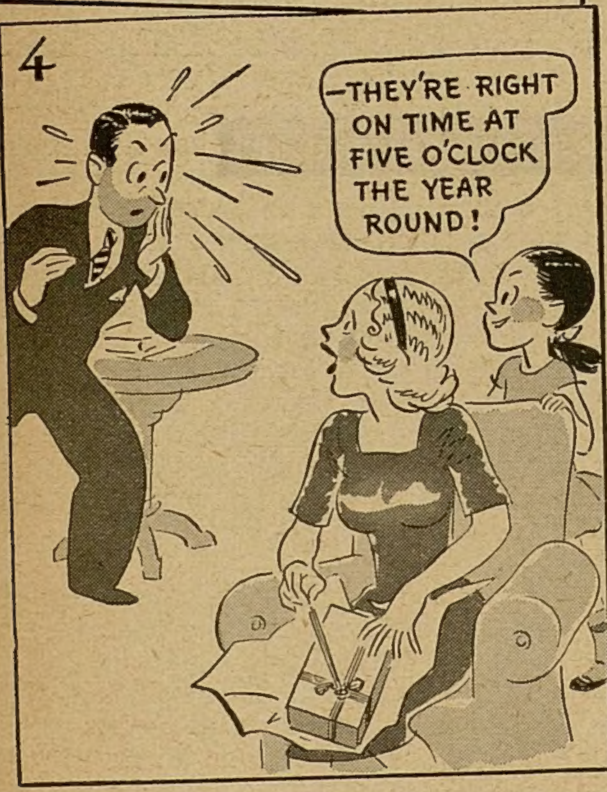
☆ Elizabeth Hawes has revealed dark secrets of the style business in her autobiography, Fashion Is Spinach. She's one of our leading American clothes designers, and her new book abounds with inside dress information. (Published by Random House.)

☆ English housemaids are now being taught how to wear gas masks while serving five-o'clock tea during an air raid. England sees no need to relax formalities when bombs begin to fall. The correct English maid will have her little frilled cap perched on top of her head, above her gas mask, as she trucks in the afternoon tray of tea and toast. In milady's boudoir she will continue to wear her frilled cap—*and* her gas mask—and as she irons milady's undies or draws milady's bath. Recently an illustrated London magazine printed photographs showing how English servants will be expected to adapt their gas masks to their livery, amid showers of death from the sky. . . . Fancy the class confusion that would be felt by an English lady and her housemaid, if they were blown to atoms by the same bomb!

☆ About this time every year an American friend of mine comes home from his annual business trip to the Baltic countries. He's a man who knows good food, and believes in sharing his knowledge, so he always brings back some unusual recipe for me to pass on to you. His latest souvenir delicacy is the following chicken stew from Riga, capital of Latvia. . . . Have tender 4-pound chicken cut up as for fricassee. Rub the pieces with butter, roll in flour; brown about 20 minutes in oven. Dice 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 small parsnip, and fry lightly in butter for 15 minutes. Place chicken and vegetables in stewpan with 4 cups stock, consommé, or water, salt and pepper. Now put in the chicken liver, finely chopped, and 1 tablespoon capers. Cook gently for 45 minutes, then add ½ pound sliced fresh mushrooms. Let cook 15 minutes more. Take out the chicken. Over it pour the sauce, slightly thickened with cornstarch and allowed to boil up. Serve with mashed potatoes or plain noodles.

SO HE LEARNED ABOUT "5 O'clock Shadow" FROM HER!


1
SIS, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR BOY FRIEND'S CHIN AND WINTER AND SUMMER?
WHY, MARY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
2
?
WELL, IN WINTER THE SHADOWS COME EARLY—
?
3
AND IN SUMMER THEY COME LATE —BUT ON YOUR BOY FRIEND'S CHIN —
?
? ?
FRED COOPER


4
—THEY'RE RIGHT ON TIME AT FIVE O'CLOCK THE YEAR ROUND!

5

THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW"

That's by shaving with a Gem Micromatic Razor and genuine Gem Blades!

Gem Razor's scientifically built bevel head gets the beard at the base; the 50% thicker Gem Blade, stropped 4840 times to super-sharpness, gets *every* bit of *every* whisker!

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Remember—only a genuine Gem Micromatic Blade in your Gem Razor can give you all-day face neatness!

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Most amazing offer Gem ever made! Chrome-plated Gem Razor—7 Gem Blades (*2 Free for testing*)—1938 washable streamlined case—all for 69¢! Use the 2 free trial blades! If you don't get the world's best shaves, you get your money back!

HAUNTED HOUSE MAKES GOOD

Not ghosts but students inhabit this haunted house.

BY JOHN ASHTON

Associate Professor in Agricultural Journalism,
A. and M. College of Texas

The stirring story of an idea that made 1,000 boys' dreams of college come true

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

DOWN Texas way 1,000 earnest young men are obtaining a college education for eighty-two cents a day. That eighty-two cents covers everything: room, board, tuition, books, even necessary clothing.

These 1,000 students are at Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and are members of the largest organization of its kind in the United States—the Student Co-operative Housing Project.

The room and board of the average student at Texas A. and M.—the largest agricultural school in the world and the second largest engineering school—costs him $29.75 a month, or approximately one dollar a day. For a project student it comes to less than half of that amount—$13.31, or forty-five cents a day.

The Student Co-operative Housing Project saw its inception during the lean depression years when so many parents were unable to finance their sons' educations.

Daniel Russell, professor of Rural Sociology at Texas A. and M., had been working on the problem of helping students with meager funds. And, astonishingly, he and twelve youths with a "college-or-bust" determination found the answer in a "haunted" house.

The haunted house was a large two-storied place at College Station, near the college's Experiment Station farm. Vacant for a number of years, it was dilapidated, isolated, deserted, and—most important—obtainable at a ridiculously low rental.

Professor Russell proposed to the faculty that they be permitted to try out the idea of an organized experimental house. Not without qualms, the deans approved.

The landlord of the house—it possessed neither sanitary accommodations, plumbing, or water connections—was approached. A bargain was struck. If the landlord would furnish lumber and other materials, the boys, their fathers, and friends would sink a well, run pipe connections to the house, and make all necessary repairs.

The offer was accepted. Most of the boys had had vocational training, so the work was no mystery to them. Helping, throughout, was Professor Russell.

The renovated house was completely furnished with spare articles brought by the boys from their own homes. No paid help was engaged, with the exception of a "housemother" for the group who received her board and lodging and a salary of one dollar a student a month. The work about the house—cleaning rooms, setting table, washing dishes—was done by the students themselves.

The plan proved an instantaneous and unqualified success, and news of this success aroused intense state-wide interest. The experiment was given excellent publicity.

In 1933 there were ten of these houses serving 130 students. The following year there were twenty, serving 230. By 1936, 700 young men were living under this plan, and every available house within several miles had been rented.

The Rotary Club of Brenham became interested, and built a house of its own for sons of its friends and members. Accommodating twenty students at a nominal rental, it is the only house of its kind in the world.

But the demand for project houses still exceeded the supply, and the college finally decided to build some of its own upon the campus. One hundred thousand dollars was set aside to finance the construction of fourteen model homes, each with a capacity of thirty-two students.

In each of these a student manager keeps accounts, pays bills, assists the matron in maintaining discipline. Expenses are prorated. Some of the students bring chickens, canned goods in large quantities, or dairy cows to school with them to help defray expenses.

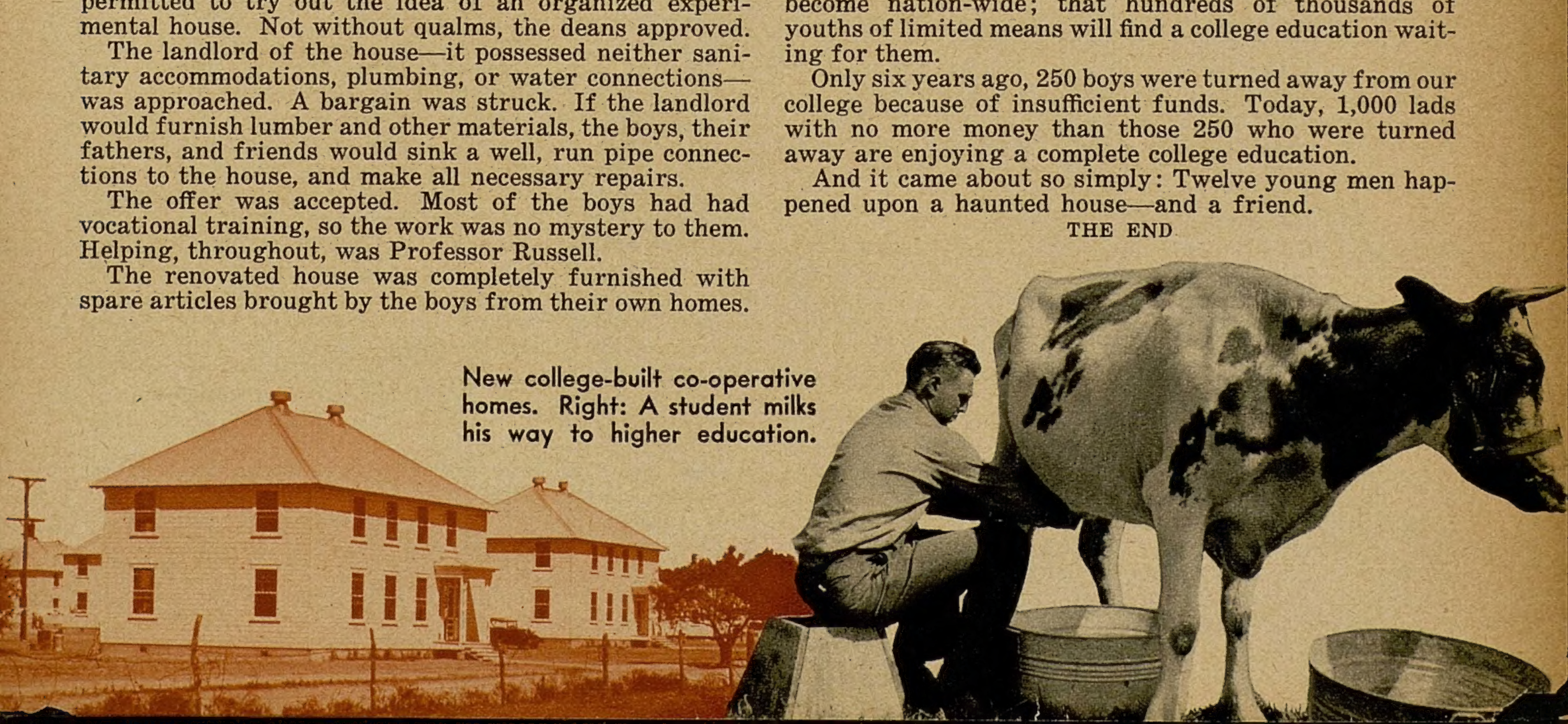
Would the Student Co-operative Housing Project work as well elsewhere?

Why not? I like to believe that one day this plan will become nation-wide; that hundreds of thousands of youths of limited means will find a college education waiting for them.

Only six years ago, 250 boys were turned away from our college because of insufficient funds. Today, 1,000 lads with no more money than those 250 who were turned away are enjoying a complete college education.

And it came about so simply: Twelve young men happened upon a haunted house—and a friend.

THE END



New college-built co-operative homes. Right: A student milks his way to higher education.

"I Want Only Peace! I Am No

Why should America recognize the Fascist conquest of Ethiopia? —Here are some striking statements given by Il Duce to the Editor of Liberty

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

A FEW weeks ago I was fortunate enough to have a private talk with Benito Mussolini. Some of the statements he has permitted me to publish here, especially his expressed desire for increased friendship with the United States; his faith in the possibility of general European peace; and the reasons why he believes we should recognize his conquest of Ethiopia.

The interview took place at six thirty in the evening of February 28. That was a fateful time in current history. Europe was on the threshold of the surprise overthrow of Austria. Yet no one seemed to dream what was to come. On that February night the diplomacy of Mussolini, so it seemed, had outsmarted the world. First he had joined forces with Hitler; the faces of the two dictators had been turned this way and that to scare the democracies. This accord accomplished, Mussolini had next begun to dicker with Great Britain, and to such effect that already Anthony Eden had been dropped out of the kitchen window. Now Neville Chamberlain was in full control of foreign affairs; no more talk was heard of the League of Nations; Great Britain was ready for direct conversations about colonies and recognition of conquered territories.

A relieved world sighed; everybody was saying that at last statesmen of the democracies were facing their problems "realistically."

"You will find Il Duce in high spirits," I was told by my conductor. "You really don't know how fortunate you are to get in to see him. With the exception of former Ambassador Fletcher—and the chief of the government could hardly refuse to see *him*—Mussolini hasn't received an American for a long time. Not since that Roy Howard affair—you remember Howard got him to propose that Mr. Roosevelt take the world leadership for peace. But your President did not respond. Perhaps he felt the plan should have come through diplomatic channels. Even so, Mussolini could not understand the lack of interest that was shown. Since then he has had many other reasons to be grieved at you Americans. You are lucky to get to see him at all—and very lucky that he is in such high spirits."

At six o'clock in the evening a car called for me at the Albergo Palazzo and Ambasciatori. As we drove through the dusk, I felt the spell of fallen grandeur, of ancient empire, persisting in the ghostly columns of ruined forums along our route. A glittering contrast to all the broken fragments of the past smote my eyes as the car turned into the Piazza di Venézia. Here our car halted for traffic at the superb crossroads of the modern city—a wide square in which are concentrated the heart and mind and soul of Rome, 1938. Overpowering in its white height and mass, the familiar monument of Victor Emmanuel II dominated the square, a colossal structure in white columns and gilded groups, fountains and lights. I looked beyond the giant figures of Thought and Action, Sacrifice and Right, the Triumph of Work and the Triumph of Patriotism. High overhead were warriors in chariots charging to victory.

From the lighted pile of white and gold I turned my eyes across the square to the Palace of Venice, home of Mussolini, master of Italy. Significant that the leader chose the last fortified palace built in the Holy City. I could clearly see the jagged teeth of the Guelph battlements. This palace home of the former blacksmith Mussolini was almost five hundred years old. And what a five hundred years! How patient its old walls must feel toward mortal ambitions and the dreams of power. From that high balcony yonder Mussolini appeared before mobs of his people and harangued them into frenzies of patriotic devotion. "Duce! Duce!" they intoned in a hundred thousand soft Italian voices. Across this square his own voice had often sounded, to echo around the world—urging his people to be strong for war, to tighten their belts, not to be starved out by the sanctions of their enemies; urging them to kill Ethiopians, and telling them categorically that democracy—the democracy in which I believe, the one patriotic ideal that I feel is worth dying for—that democracy, Mussolini had told them, was dead.

As our car passed under an archway and into a courtyard we were greeted by uniformed guards with imposing hats. A gentleman in morning coat with tails severely requested a letter I carried from the Italian State Department. This done, the tension was relaxed; the guards fell back, I got a glimpse into a courtyard laid out with formal gardens whose flowers had sweetened the nostrils of popes dead now for hundreds of years.

But I was drawn back from the past to the open door of a modern elevator. I entered this alone. The doors were shut and the machine rose; I was going up to see Il Duce. The upstairs doors flew open, and I stepped into a high-ceilinged and well guarded room. Following a thoughtful conductor, I traversed room after room—museum apartments of glass cases with treasures of the ages; on the walls, rare pictures of the Venetian masters; damask hangings at the doors. We came at last to a waiting room. Other callers were before us in this room; men waiting in strangely arrested postures, as if they dared not move again lest they miss an expected signal. While we waited, I chatted with a charming gentleman, the Ambassador from Brazil.

Presently an inner door was opened. All conversation in the waiting room came to an end. Every one listened in a nervous hush. A placid gentleman in morning coat came in and called my name. The time had come.

I was led through another room. At each door stood two Fascist troopers who clicked their heels—a German innovation just adopted by the Italian army—and raised their hands in the salute of the Black Shirts. The last door opened, and I walked into the office of the chief of the government.

We have all read about that famous room; its size is legendary. The whole world knows of its exceeding length and height and how there is in it but one article of furniture—the great man's desk at the far end. Many have told how they felt like microbes as they crossed the dreary expanse in a long silence, a psychologically terrifying journey. Well, the room *was* very large and the desk did seem far away, but there was no journey; Mussolini came pleasantly forward with long strides and good-humored grin; we shook hands in the middle of the room.

Mussolini's appearance—as I watched him walking down the long room to greet me—was not at all what I had expected. I had thought that he would be either in the somber frock coat of the statesman or the brilliant uniform of the empire's military leader. Nothing of the kind. Mussolini was just in from a ride on horseback. He was wearing black boots and shining silver spurs, short, baggy gray riding breeches, a turtle-neck sweater—of the kind once popular in Hollywood—and a trig-waisted blue coat with military decorations where they belonged, over his heart. He was considerably shorter than I; he was chunkily and powerfully built; completely bald; heavier around the neck than he should be, and swarthily tanned. Only one performer, to my knowledge, could even palely impersonate him on the screen or stage, and that man, Charles Laughton.

a Dictator! Says Mussolini

BY FULTON OURSLER

Mussolini
Roma
28 Febb.
1938
XVI

Above all, I noticed his eyes. They were the most expressive, changing, and important eyes that I had ever seen. They were Mussolini, those eyes. More than Roosevelt's smile is Roosevelt, or Hitler's mustache and bangs are Hitler, these large, dark-brown, roving, dancing, humorous, and stormy eyes are Mussolini, and all the rest of him seems out of focus when you look at them. They are the eyes not only of a great intelligence but of one possessing the immense emotional sophistication of an actor. Mussolini is an actor above everything else. By gesture, bodily posture, and above all by the kaleidoscopic changes of his eyes, he says what he has to say before he says it.

I know many fine actors, but Mussolini, in my brief interview with him, exhibited a refinement of technique which any of them might have envied. I felt that in his cradle Mussolini must have given a good performance; on his deathbed he will not miss a trick.

When he shook hands—he has immense, competent hands, smooth, well kept, and with strength enough to strangle a bull—his grip was mild and brisk. His smile was one of elation. My informant had been right: Mussolini *was* in high spirits tonight. And why shouldn't he have been—then? Undoubtedly he felt that in the poker game of European politics he had started by bluffing with a poor pair and on the draw had got three aces.

In the beginning of our talk we spoke English. Only toward the close did Mussolini fall back on his French. He spoke English slowly but with discrimination.

My conductor told him that I was a friend of Italy and wanted to help, if I could, in improving Italian-American relations. Mussolini half turned away, then suddenly swung around as if he were going to pounce on me. His eyes opened wide and he demanded in a furious tone:

" How many times have you been in Italy? "

" Five times," I answered.

" Five times? Very well, then you are a friend of Italy."

" How is President Roosevelt? " was his next question. I told him that when I had last seen the President he was in excellent health and spirits, and I went on to explain how the President had allowed Liberty to publish three articles from the introductions to his state papers. Hands on hips, Mussolini leaned back, lifted his jaw, lowered his eyes, and asked portentously:

" What were those articles about? "

" The first dealt with general policies of his administration—the New Deal."

His eyes turned sidewise and he shook his enormous head and smiled.

" The New Deal? "

" Yes."

He leaned forward, palms resting on the desk; he brought up his head slowly and said with a satyr's smile:

“I think the New Deal is dead.”

“Dead, Your Excellency?”

“Yes. Dead.”

“There are many in the United States who would like to agree with you,” I admitted, “but I am afraid that many others would disagree with you. They would say that the New Deal is still going forward strongly, although it has been checked in its course at times, checked most of all by experience.”

Again a deepening of that skeptical smile that seemed to express ineffably superior information. “Can there be a *new* New Deal?” he teased.

" A wasted, emaciated man on crutches—Mussolini in '18."

His whole manner seemed to tell me that his foreign policy, so far as the United States was concerned, was founded on his conviction that the New Deal was dead.

I told of the political disagreements in the United States, but he showed plainly by smiles, sighs, and bold glances that he knew all about it. Suddenly Mussolini folded his arms, brought his chin down on his chest, and looked at me with wrathful eyes.

I must confess that I felt like a culprit. His face was tense. His next question exploded like a bombshell.

“Why is it,” cried Mussolini, “that the people of the United States are so against Fascism? What is the matter with them? Why is the whole press so bitter against Fascism? Can you answer me that?”

Before I went to the Palace I had been warned that Mussolini deeply resented the treatment that his son had received on his recent visit to the United States and that this topic was not to be discussed. So I could not tell the father that he should not allow his son to write books glorifying war—even though this incident had been malignly magnified and misrepresented in the United States. But I did tell him:

“The people of the United States do not understand you. They find it hard to understand you.”

He grinned at that and remarked that it was not a new experience for him to be misunderstood.

I told him that there was nothing but friendship in the thoughts of Americans toward Italians. I felt it was much more natural for the Americans and Italians to be friends than the Germans and Italians, for example. He said he admired the strength, the vitality of the Germans. So did I. But I also admired the Italian culture much more; I wished I could help Americans and Italians to understand better, under the present nervous circumstances.

“What is it they do not understand?” asked Mussolini.

“For one thing, aggression.”

“Aggression?”

“Yes. You will not forget that we have not recognized your conquest of Ethiopia. Americans do not understand you about that.”

His eyebrows were bunched dangerously. “Ethiopia?”

“Yes.”

He agreed that the international situation would be much improved if the United States government would acknowledge the empire created by the conquest of Ethiopia. Why was this not done?

I asked him why it should be done.

“What,” I insisted, “is the best possible Italian case for American recognition of Ethiopia? The critics of Italian aggression have had their say—and, above all, the Communists and the radicals. They have had a vast influence on the public opinion of my country. There have been only the feeblest arguments in your behalf. I have yet to read one convincing argument why the United States should recognize the conquest of Ethiopia. Therefore, Your Excellency, this is for me—and perhaps for you—an opportunity. I would like to get the best case for Ethiopian recognition directly from the fountainhead. You are the fountainhead. Better than any one else you are able to tell the American people, through Liberty, why we should recognize what you have done. Will you personally, here and now, give me the case?”

I expected an immediate answer, even if an immediate refusal, but it did not come. Instead Mussolini leaned gravely forward, hands again flat on the desk, eyes looking downward. He brooded solemnly above a monumental inkstand carved like a fountain. Then his glances roved from side to side as if he were looking for something he had lost. He turned to my conductor and asked that my remarks be repeated in French. Then for a long time he looked down thoughtfully at a floor strewn with papers he had passed on and then thrown over his shoulder.

Meanwhile I was considering whether I should explain to him about the reciprocal trade agreements made by Secretary Hull in South America and the various treaties by which the government of the United States is pledged not to recognize territory acquired through aggression. Still Mussolini thought, in what was becoming to me a painful silence. Suddenly he asked in a low tense voice:

“Can it be changed?”

I replied that a good case might change it; I repeated there had never been a good case presented. I reminded him how for years the United States had refused to recognize the technical existence of the Soviet government. I told him how, in the face of considerable criticism, Liberty had published in 1932 an article by Leon Trotsky telling why he felt the United States should recognize Russia. In spite of great popular sentiment against Bolshevism—a sentiment even stronger today—recognition of Russia came within a year. The fairness of the American people, I assured him, would insure an unbiased hearing of whatever he had to say to Americans about why they should recognize the Ethiopian empire.

“And you are willing to help in that?”

I felt that I was. I did not believe we, as a people, could condone aggression. But there was no reason why we should not recognize a fact that was as plain as the nose on the face of the world. I have never felt very proud of the self-righteous attitude Americans are at times inclined to assume in attempting to pose as moral censors on the world. Like the Pharisees in the New Testament, we have been known to stand on the street corners of the earth and pray aloud: “We thank God that we are not as other nations are.” My fear has sometimes been that such a course would isolate us, leave us friendless among the powerful nations of the earth, and throw us into the arms of Soviet Russia. But none of this seemed to Mussolini to figure in the situation.

“Do you really think,” he asked, “that there is a Communist danger in the United States?”

I told him that I did not; they were noisy but few.

“*Bolsheviki de salon*,” he laughed. “That agrees with my information. America will never go Communist. The American likes his own way of life too much. He likes to have the things he owns. No, there is no danger of Communism in the United States.”

“But perhaps,” I argued, “being highly articulate, this minority is still able to influence public opinion already opposed to your Ethiopian situation.”

“Then I will tell you why the United States should recognize the Ethiopian empire,” said Mussolini. “The answer is that we did it for civilization. We did it for the same reason that you yourselves fought the Civil War and for the same reason that you had to conquer the American Indian.”

(*Continued on page 14*)

Something has happened during the last 89 years!

In a long and honorable history, beer has occupied a place unique and apart in the affections of men.

There was a time, of course, when the old world set the standards by which all beers were judged. Today it is a different story. Making a fine beer is now a science as well as an art. *And herein lies the great contribution of Schlitz to the vast world-wide industry of brewing.*

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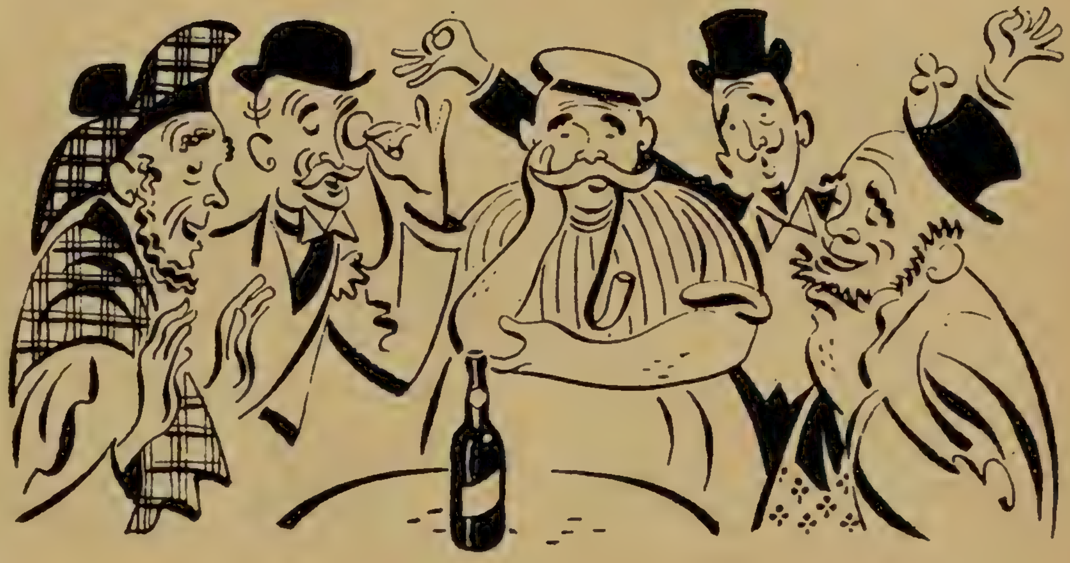

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People who *know* drink Schlitz

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

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BREWING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

(Continued from page 12) A dozen questions leaped to my mind. The parallel of our American Civil War was certainly obscure, and it was difficult to think of Haile Selassie and Sitting Bull in the same breath. But I was not here to argue or protest too much, but to get at the truth as nearly as I could. Was there a better case for Ethiopia than we had heard?

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you would tell some of your plans for developing Ethiopia."

"Our plans for Ethiopia? Willingly. First, medicine. A great man once said that the greatest excuse for colonization is medicine. We are improving the condition of the people in every way. The people themselves are tranquil now. They are pleased with the new order of government that we have instituted and the improvements that we are putting under way."

"Could you tell me about some of those improvements?"

"I am delighted to tell you about those improvements. First, as I said, a vigorous campaign to improve the health of the people. We have declared war on tuberculosis, on cancer, on syphilis, and already we are winning that war."

There was a look of simple pleasure in Mussolini's eyes as he told of these things. No question that he was proud to tell of them. In Africa he was repeating as a successful system, in part at least, what he had done in Italy itself. At great personal sacrifice Mussolini made himself into an ardent and persistent sportsman in order to inspire the Italian people to be strong. He forced himself to be constantly seen in public in airplanes, riding horses dangerously, skiing, participating in all manly exercises. To save Italy he had set up those three famous commissions on cancer, tuberculosis, and malaria, commissions which greatly improved the vital statistics of his country. Mussolini had made Italy clean. Now he meant to do the same thing for Ethiopia. As he talked of this, he dropped all his showmanship for one second and spoke with naïve, boyish pride.

"Any other improvements?" I prodded.

"Many more. Roads, for example. We shall build more and more roads through Ethiopia, open up the country, make it thrive. We are building hospitals and sending good doctors there, and nurses. And we are opening up schools."

"You are going to educate the Ethiopians?" I asked, not without surprise. I knew of great colonial undertakings where the natives, millions of them, were not allowed to learn anything, not to read, not to write, nor even to learn a skilled trade. Mussolini smiled confidently.

"Yes," he said, "that is the way we Italians are going to develop Ethiopia. We know the British colonization methods, but we think our way is better. We are going to educate the people. Not too much, you understand—a little reading, a little writing, and above all an education for their work that will make them more effective, make them happier and more civilized. That is the case America should consider when it thinks of Ethiopia."

I saw that he would say no more about that, so my next question was:

"Do you think there will be peace or war in Europe?"

He smiled enigmatically. There was no question that Mussolini felt certain tonight that he was master of the European situation. I may not quote him on these matters; but there is no reason why I should not give my impressions of what he felt. I know he believed that with the exit of Anthony Eden from the international stage the way to peace was open. From the Italian point of view, it all came at the right moment. The Spanish rebels had captured Teruel. General Franco could carry on alone. Italian troops could therefore be recalled from Spain, and Mussolini was eager to get them home. A few aviators might be left behind, but fifty thousand or more Italian soldiers—the guess at figures is mine alone—could be withdrawn.

That withdrawal would be something England would appreciate. Now, with Neville Chamberlain in power, Great Britain was willing to face what everybody was calling "the realities of the situation." I know, too, Mussolini felt that nothing in the world should be allowed to interfere with the success of the projected Anglo-Italian diplomatic conversations. But "nothing in the world" is a large phrase. Did Mussolini know then that Hitler meant to march into Austria? One can only speculate. Certainly Mussolini felt that a new axis of England and Italy must be made effective as a counterbalance against that other axis he had perfected so adroitly.

Did Hitler fear that new axis, and so march? One can only speculate. At least, I know the sincerity with which Mussolini felt he was facing the "realities" of his own situation that night, and I know, too, the profound desire the man professed for general European peace. I believed in his sincerity as to that. Emil Ludwig once told me that he considered Mussolini an adventurer greatly enjoying the part he was playing and having no real love for Italy. The biographer contrasted this view of Mussolini with Hitler, whom he considered a sincere fanatic and therefore the more dangerous.

I do not agree with Ludwig's estimate, in spite of his much larger opportunities for observation. No sensible man who heard Mussolini as I heard him that night could question the sincerity with which Mussolini that night desired peace. Above all things he wanted that peace for the welfare of the Italian people.

ITALY was not, as people believed, a warlike nation bent on conquest. We hear of the great Italian army, but we seldom hear of the great civic improvements that have been made in the country. The work of the Balilla, the organization for the training of youth, has been given a distorted emphasis in the United States. We have been told too much about the military training of the boys. That is only one part of the picture. The cultural and physical training of Italian youth is an inspiring story. So is the work of the Dopolavoro, which is enriching the lives of millions of citizens. I knew of much of this and could agree. That morning I had visited the imposing Forum Mussolini, a great athletic project on the outskirts of Rome, a series of stadia not as yet completed, a noble effort to raise the physical standard of a people.

That great military machine which Mussolini has created is one of his problems—how to absorb those men back into civil life. That was what he wanted to do. Great armies would not have to be kept in service. Once the Ethiopian question had been settled with England and other countries, and once France had stabilized herself, disarmament could come. But when the time did come to talk of disarmament, the real difficulty would come with submarines and airplanes.

Mussolini spoke not of the glory but of the horror of war. This gave me the opportunity to tell him of an American friend who had a picture of Mussolini hanging in her library. It was not a conventional photograph of Il Duce. Instead, it was a picture of a wounded soldier, a wasted, emaciated man on crutches—Benito Mussolini in 1918.

"Why does your friend have that picture of me on the wall?" he demanded.

"Because it gives her courage," I told him. "When she feels blue, she looks at that picture. You seem to be ready for the grave, and she recalls what you made of your life after that illness. She does not approve of dictators, but nevertheless your picture gives her courage—courage to carry on. Perhaps if you were to carry on for peace, Your Excellency, with that same spirit of determination, you could bring peace to the world."

Mussolini came toward me solemnly and laid his hand on my shoulder.

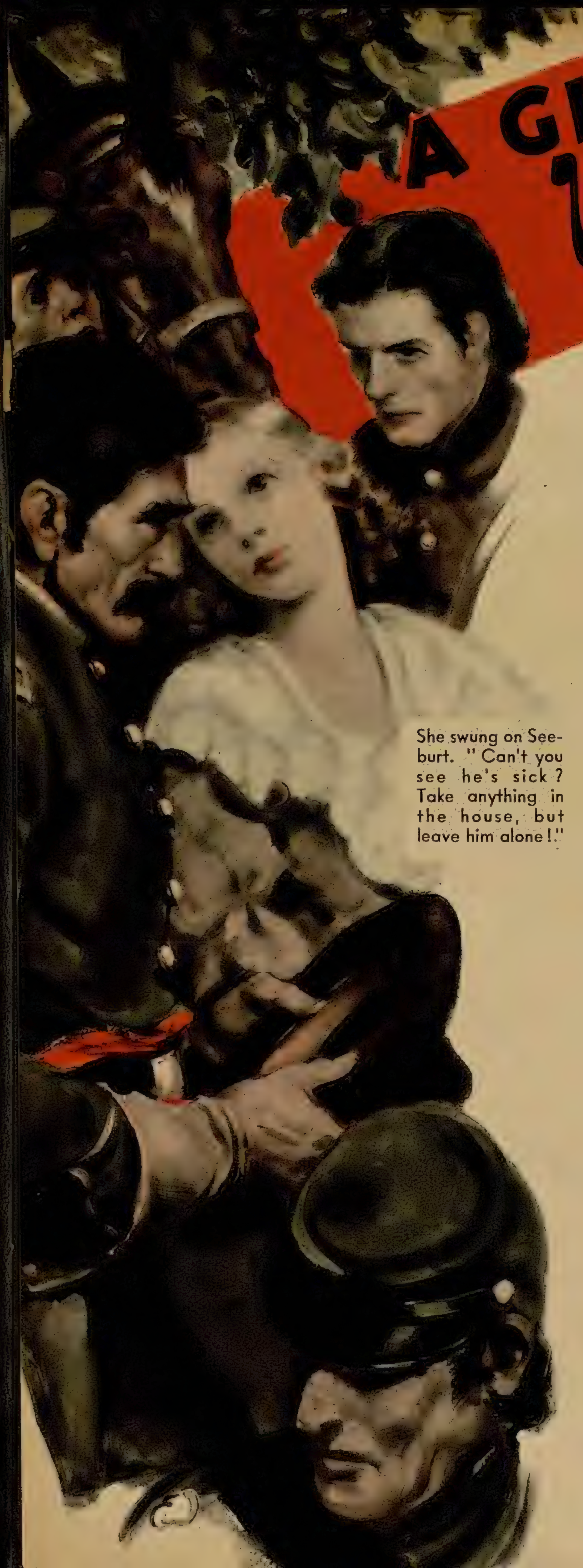
"You were right in what you said. Your people do not understand me. I wish that they could know that I do want peace."

"I would be glad to tell them that you said so."

"You would be doing a service to me and to Italy if you would tell them that. Tell them they cannot, from a long distance off, understand the full nature of our problems. Tell them I am not a dictator. Tell them I want peace—only peace."

His voice was deep, his eyes were bright and candid and, I felt, true. He meant what he said in that moment. I kept telling myself so as I walked out into the Roman night.

THE END



She swung on Seeburt. "Can't you see he's sick? Take anything in the house, but leave him alone!"

A GIRL WITH Yellow Hair

BY HOWARD FAST

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

CULVER, who was only a boy, fanned himself with his hat. He grinned and put back the hat. "I like this," he said. "I like a picnic. Ain't this like a picnic?"

"War ain't no picnic," old Bradly replied. Old Bradly had been in it since '61.

"You seen nothing. You're just a cocky kid," Morrison told Culver.

"Watch the ditch," Captain Seeburt called back. "Watch the ditch!"

They swept over it, turned on to a dirt road, and trotted between a double line of magnolias. It was noon, with a hot sun overhead; dust from the road coated their faces and clothes. Behind Captain Seeburt, the little body of blue-clad cavalry huddled together.

"It ain't no picnic," Bradly said. Old Bradly kept turning a thing over in his mind. "You're just a kid," old Bradly said, "and you ain't seen it yet."

"I seen enough to know it's all over," Culver told him. "When Sherman hits the sea—it's all over. And maybe it ain't like a picnic now."

Captain Seeburt drew his horse into a walk. Then he stopped and held up a hand. Huddled about him, the two dozen troopers took off their hats and wiped the bands dry. They were mostly old service men, except a few kids like Culver.

Seeburt was a tall man with a black mustache and fine gray eyes. He had been an artist, and even now he would still find himself looking at a thing and realizing that it was beautiful. Like the valley in front of him. The captain pointed down into the valley.

"Pretty, ain't it?" Morrison said.

"I always wanted to live in a house like that," Culver murmured.

"Have to burn the barns," the captain muttered. "The way the wind is—it'll take it on to the house. I don't want to burn the house."

"Still—got to burn the barns," Morrison repeated.

Old Bradly said, "Some one home. There's smoke rising."

Then a black horse came around the house, reins dragging, cropping slowly at the grass.

"That's an army saddle," old Bradly said; and then Morrison suggested that maybe it was a trap.

"What for?" the captain demanded. War was war, and if he had to burn the house along with the barns he would. He looked at his men belligerently.

"Sure," Morrison agreed gently. "You got to."

"That's orders," the captain nodded. "You take Bradly and go down there. Snoop around a bit. Maybe there's still some of Wheeler's cavalry spreading around." He added sharply: "On foot. Step lively, now!"

When war changes from battle to destruction, nerves get raw and tangled—all tangled up; and sitting on his horse and watching the two old troopers creep down into the valley, he recalled the first time he had seen a map of Georgia, a green blob; and now they were cutting a swath of destruction through. Some day his grandchildren would read of Georgia the same way. The hate would be all gone in them—he hoped. He was an artist.

"Good scout, old Bradly," a trooper remarked. "Can't see hide or hair of them."

"Deploy—into the woods," the captain ordered. The troopers led their horses into the green shelter. He saw the kid Culver grinning. Just a picnic to him—marching through Georgia. He dismounted and stroked his horse's muzzle. Then he filled his pipe.

"Home and the kids," he was thinking. He had a little wife with yellow hair—back in Boston. The kids had her hair.

Then Morrison and Bradly popped out of the underbrush; they must have circled. Morrison saluted smartly, but old Bradly shook his gray head.

"What's up, sergeant?" the captain demanded.

"A slip of a girl," Bradly put in.

The sergeant said: "It's orders to destroy all provender. Grain's provender, an' them barns are full of hay and grain. General's orders."

"I'm in command here," Seeburt said sullenly.

Bradly told him: "The horse's wet with running—maybe fifty miles today. We looked through a window and see him—just a kid. A Reb all right, but not like Culver; no fat of the land, just a thin tired kid. And she's kissing and fondling him like she ain't seen him in years. He wears a sword, proud-like, but clothes in rags. You know the way those Reb officers pride their swords.

"She cries a little," Bradly went on, "and says something to him that we don't get—strokes his face—"

"That isn't pertinent," the captain said. "What about the house—servants?"

"None—cleared out and left this girl alone. Or else, she stayed until he came. I mean the Reb kid. Now a thing like that takes a lot of guts, captain, with General Sherman and the army maybe a dozen miles away. But she's that kind of a kid, nervy-like, with a lot of yellow hair."

"We got to burn the barns," Sergeant Morrison insisted doggedly. Morrison was an old army man and resentful of recently brevetted civilians like Seeburt. A civilian never rightly understood duty.

"What gets me"— Bradly was still thinking—"is the way that boy killed his horse to get to the girl. A Reb's human. You got to remember that."

"You'll remember that I'm in command, Bradly," Captain Seeburt said, conscious of Morrison's cold stare. He ordered the deployed men to mount and advance, and they swept down into the valley, their horses' hoofs muffled in the long grass. They were spread in a thin line, and as they approached the house they flanked it. Seeburt and Morrison rode for the entranceway.

SEEBURT saw the boy first. His face distorted, he leaped for his horse. Morrison had already grasped the reins, and the boy found himself looking into the muzzle of Captain Seeburt's pistol.

Even the general insisted that war was hell; but you went on—maybe because the land was so big and splendid and beautiful, enough to fight for; or maybe not that; you were an artist, and that made it worse.

"Don't move," Seeburt told the boy. "I don't want to have to shoot you."

From the doorway the girl cried out, and the boy clawed his pistol from the holster. Seeburt sighed with relief as the sergeant's carbine struck the boy's pistol from his hand. As Seeburt dismounted, Morrison deftly unhooked the boy's sword.

"So you won't make trouble, young sir," he said.

"Bad stuff, daylight love, Johnny Reb," Culver called gaily, and then Bradly fiercely told him to keep his mouth shut. The boy stood there, glowering and miserable. The girl came forward to his side.

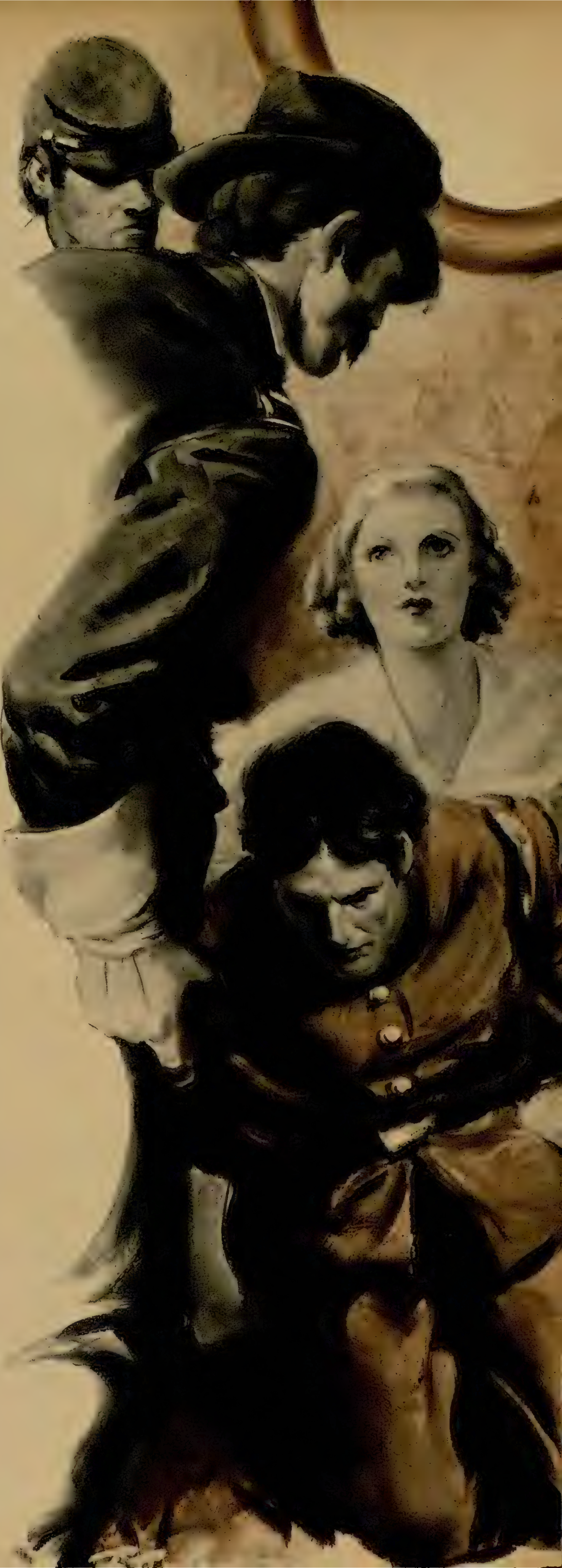
Seeburt caught his breath. He had a daughter, who was seven, but she would grow up like that, tall and slim and like a breath of air, with yellow hair on top. He could see that the girl had nerve.

She caught the boy's hand, and then his arm went around her and swung her close to him. "Gerry," she said, "God forgive me! I got you into this."

He shook his head. "It's all right."

She swung on Seeburt.

"Haven't you done enough to all of us? Can't you see



that he's sick? Take anything in the house that you want, but leave him alone!"

Seeburt took off his hat and shifted his grip on the pistol. Then he put it back in the holster and twisted his broad-brimmed hat.

"I'm sorry, miss," he said. "War is rotten business. I guess you know what rotten business war is."

"She knows what Yankee thieves are!" the boy snapped. "Don't ask them for anything, Joan."

"Easy, lad," Morrison said. Morrison was an old trooper, above hate.

"Take me, then!" the boy almost screamed. "You can't hold her. Do you have to stand there torturing her?"

Most of the troopers had dismounted and were standing close, absorbed in the drama. How would he tell the girl? How would any of them tell her? Any command was hell; it was so much easier to follow. He felt the wind with his hand. It was still blowing strongly from the barns to the house. And time was passing. They had to ride back to the main force.

Seeburt blurted out: "We have to burn the barns."

She stared, uncomprehending. Then she turned around to look at the house.

"Provender," Morrison explained. "Got to destroy it."

THE boy began to curse. He sprang at Seeburt, but two of the troopers caught him and held him. He was sobbing: "Damned Yankees—damned Yankees."

"Don't hurt him," the girl pleaded. "He's sick—"

"We won't hurt him," Seeburt said. He had had a lot of war, but nothing quite like this. Just two kids—so what did Rebel mean? A command was a command. Should he turn to Morrison and tell him to detail two troopers to set a light to the barns? Morrison was an old war dog. Did this mean anything to Morrison?

"You can't burn the house!" the boy cried.

"Got to burn the barns. That's orders."

Culver was whistling Dixie. Like a picnic. But Culver wasn't a bad kid; a thoughtless kid—and this kind of war made him hard.

A carbine cracked. Then a muffled thud of hoofs. Seeburt glanced up at the edge of the valley. The rim appeared full of gray horsemen, and Seeburt cursed himself for being caught like a fool. Culver's song halted abruptly; he sighed and pitched forward, and a trooper caught him as he fell to the ground. But no panic. Morrison's whistle was shrilling. Calculating swiftly, Seeburt decided that they couldn't run for it. On the slope they would be in the open under fire.

He gave the order, and they poured into the house, taking the prisoners with them, and Culver too. Some one else had a torn arm. In seconds Morrison had bound the boy's hands and feet. The troopers burst into the downstairs rooms, poked the glass from the windows, and returned even fire. There were at least a hundred Confederates.

After he had discharged his pistol, Seeburt stood by a tall window, watching calmly and giving orders. The charge wavered and broke; Seeburt could hear the Confederate officer shouting orders. A careful man, Seeburt reflected—old veteran. The gray cavalry had turned, dismounted; now they hid in the tall grass, keeping up a desultory fire. They had paused to feel out the opposing strength. If they charged again—

Morrison came in and reported four men wounded.

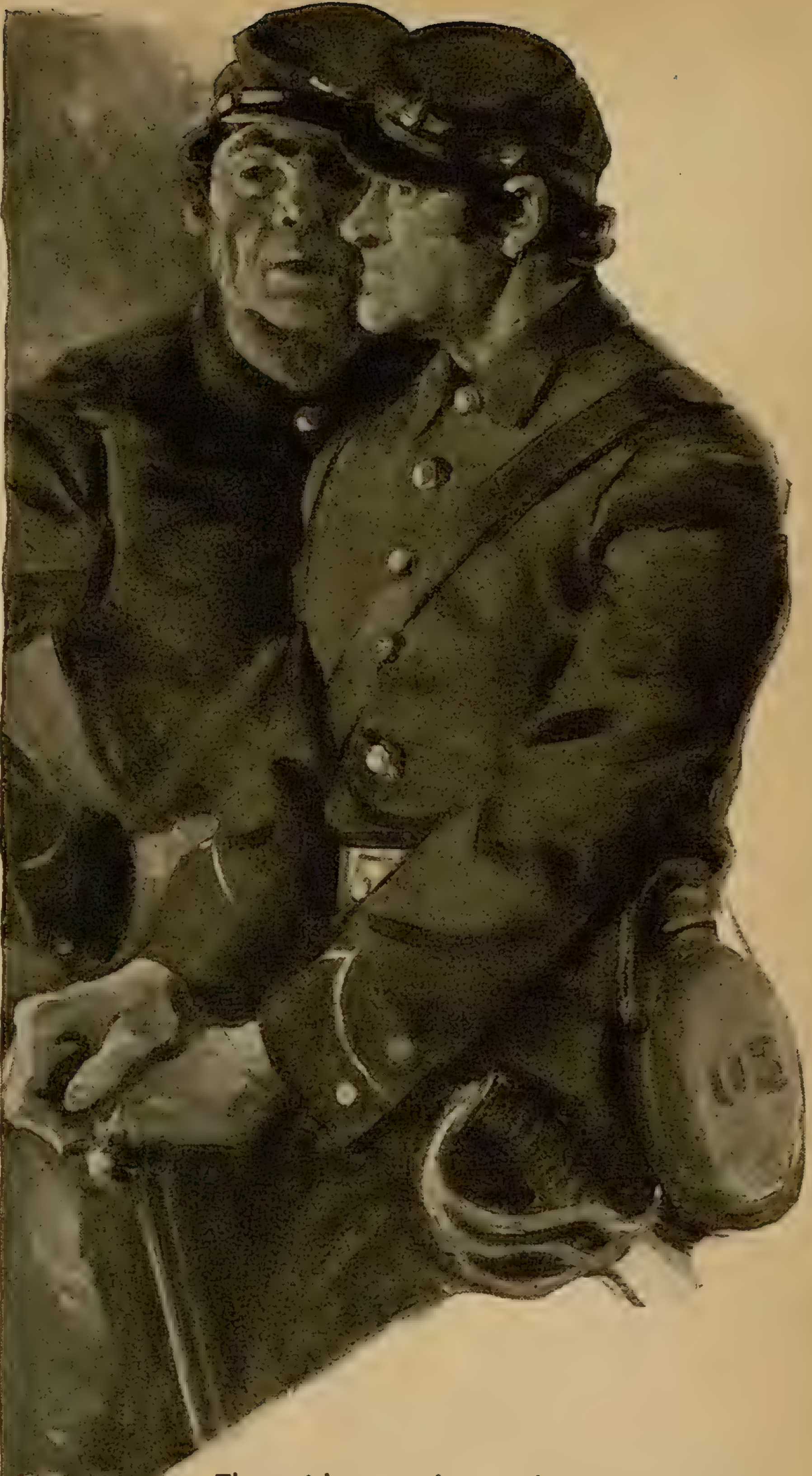
Turning, Seeburt saw the girl in the same room with him, standing in the line of fire from the window. Nerve there! She stood by the kid. Seeburt wondered whether the boy had tricked him, and then reflected that he hardly could have. The surprise was too real. And he was still glowering, struggling with his bonds.

"Tell the men not to expose themselves needlessly," Seeburt said. "No danger. The main force is near, and there are plenty of scouting parties in the field."

But Morrison knew that he was making a small thing of a great deal. "Culver's dead," Morrison said, as if one man mattered a great deal in such a small force.

"Culver?" Seeburt wondered why he always felt like a father to fool kids like Culver.

The girl came up to them. "Where are the wounded men?" she said softly. They both stared at her, and Morrison shook his head like a big dog. He walked out with her.



The girl turned on them, and Seeburt stepped back. "What men you are!" she whispered. "What splendid men you are!"

Seeburt remained where he was. The boy, bound, sat on the floor, his mouth clenched. Two troopers crouched by the window, firing now and then. Seeburt tried to think; he had to think. Two dozen men couldn't hold a hundred, and a hundred couldn't linger near an army of sixty-five thousand. So they would charge soon.

Then it would be over—finis. He had left the woman in Boston for this because he believed. To be an artist you had to believe, because beauty was belief. And after three years he didn't know. War was hell—but life was good. He wanted to come out of this and see beauty again.

Twenty-three men looked to him. But what did he know?

He went out of the room into the spacious hallway. Morrison was there.

"A nasty fix, sir," Morrison remarked. "Wouldn't have thought it—so close to the main force. They're plucky devils, those Rebs."

"I suppose you know—when they charge, Morrison?"

"I been thinking, captain."

"What about it?"

"It's our duty to get out of it, sir. We got the girl. Throw a scare into the boy, send him out there, and buy our way out with the girl. Make it strong. They know they won't gain nothing by wiping out a little foraging party like ours."

Seeburt shook his head slowly. "I don't like it. That's not war. We're white men, Americans—they are too. Where is she?"

"Hot water—bandages. She's got guts."

"Get her! I hate to— Well, get her! Don't stand there like a dumb ape!"

He went back into the room. One of the troopers was wounded, swearing softly at a bullet in his shoulder. Seeburt paced back and forth.

Morrison came back with the girl. She went to the boy, bent over and kissed him. It didn't matter that the men were there. She fondled his curly dark hair. Seeburt noticed how his eyes lighted up at sight of her.

"You love her," Seeburt said. "You love her, and a woman means a good deal to those men out there. I want you to go out there and tell them we have a Southern woman in here. Tell them that we'll trade her life for free passage from this valley. Do you understand me?"

"I understand what a filthy Yankee swine you are," the boy said evenly. "You can't bluff me—you wouldn't dare. Even your generals would not stand for that."

The girl stared at Seeburt, horror and pride struggling inside of her. She shook her head.

"Don't," she said to the boy.

Seeburt wondered how far he could carry this bluff. It was a rotten bluff—plainly rotten. But he was trading for life. He had to. Life was good and big and beautiful. But if the boy didn't break—

Seeburt drew his pistol and sighted on the girl's breast. "Will you go?" he asked the boy. At his side he heard Morrison's hoarse breathing. An occasional bullet entered the room. There was an acrid smell of powder—a blue haze in the air.

"Will you go?" Seeburt repeated, cocking the pistol. Morrison held his breath.

"I'll go." The boy broke. His head hung forward, limply. And Morrison expelled his breath in a great sigh.

The girl turned on them, and involuntarily Seeburt stepped back. He was thinking, Will I ever look at my own daughter again—and not think of this?

"What men you are!" she whispered. "What splendid men you Yankees are!"

DUMB, Seeburt stood there, his pistol dangling from his hand. The two troopers in the room were watching this, the way men watch a cat play with a mouse. Only Morrison appeared to have any calm left.

"To your stations!" he ordered the troopers.

Seeburt was breathing hard, like a man who has just finished running. But there was no time to lose. He went to the window and kicked it open. Morrison was untying the boy. Seeburt covered him with the pistol and directed him to the window.

"You know what to tell them. Go ahead. And if you play me bad, I won't shoot you—I'll shoot her!"

"All right." The boy was almost sobbing. He leaped through the open window. He stopped on the veranda.

"Gerry," the girl said. She tried to follow, but Morrison caught her and held her. Then the boy began to walk forward, slowly. He wasn't ten yards from the house when the shot caught him. The firing had slackened almost as soon as he left the window, but the Confederates were spread out, and they couldn't have all known that he was one of them.

Seeburt knew; he should have had a white flag. But now it was too late. He was sick all over.

"Hell to pay," Morrison said hoarsely.

Then the girl tore loose from Morrison, sprang through the window, and ran to the boy. Morrison cursed savagely. And Seeburt followed through the window, ignoring the warning Morrison yelled.

He walked steadily. Vaguely he was conscious that firing had stopped. He walked on to the girl, crouched over the fallen boy.

She looked up at Seeburt, her eyes wide, afraid. "He's dead," she said. "He didn't do anything. He was sick, but he came to me. Now he's dead."

Seeburt knelt down by the boy, tore open his shirt. He saw where the bullet had gone through his breast, through the edge of the left pectoral, but away from the heart and barely nicking the ribs. He stanched the flow of blood with his fingers and then plugged the wound with cloth.

"He's not dead," he told the girl. "He's not even badly wounded. I've seen a lot of wounds—I know. It's the shock. Tomorrow he'll walk."

"He's not dead?" the girl whispered.

"No, no—he's all right," Seeburt said, almost brusquely. A great load had lifted from his heart, but at the same time he was numb, dazed. He stood up and looked around. Confederates were walking toward them. One, an officer, was only a few paces away now. Nobody was firing.

Seeburt looked at the house. His men were standing in the windows—without cover. Morrison was standing at the open window, a funny expression on his face.

Bending over, Seeburt lifted the boy in his arms. Morrison stood aside as the captain came through the window, and Seeburt laid the boy down on the floor gently. Then he took a pillow from a chair and put it under his head. The girl had followed. She stood by the boy. Seeburt saw his eyelids flutter open before he turned away.

At the window two Confederate officers were standing. One of them stepped into the room. Beyond them Seeburt could see the meadow, full of gray-clad soldiers. None of his men were firing. It was all over anyway. He sighed and took off his saber.

MEN were pushing into the room. Old Bradly stood to one side, a bewildered look on his old brown face. More troopers—wounded, most of them. Culver was dead—and that was the end of the picnic. Suddenly Seeburt felt old, woefully old.

He went up to the older Confederate officer. "Here is my sword, sir. James Seeburt, captain, Grand Army of the Republic." He spoke almost with mockery.

"I don't want it," the man answered.

They stood and stared at each other, and then Seeburt held out his hand. The other man took it. Seeburt wanted to say something, but he couldn't. His throat was thick and dry.

Then the girl came over. "Thank you," she said to the Confederate officer. Seeburt nodded.

"All right, Yankee," the man said.

"One of my men is dead," Seeburt said mechanically. "I'll want to bury him."

They put Culver in a grave with a gray-clad boy who had just a run of sandy down on his lip. Seeburt made up a kind of prayer, and the bugle played. The men in gray and blue mingled around the grave, uneasy. But Seeburt and the other officer stood together, an immense calm upon them. It seemed to Seeburt that was right; that he had been mad before.

They shook hands again.

"War is hell," Seeburt said. "But when I was a kid I looked at a map of Georgia—just a green blob. Our grandchildren—"

Then he couldn't say the rest of it, but he looked into the Confederate officer's eyes.

Seeburt said good-by to the girl. "I have a slip of a daughter—yellow hair."

The girl held on to his hand. "You're a good man."

"Some Yankees are. Maybe some day I'll be back. It'll be different then." . . .

They rode out of the valley in opposite directions, the two troops. The sun was low and the valley was all full of yellow and red light. The men rode uneasily, still trying to understand how, for an instant, the war had paused.

But Seeburt thought he knew. On the brink of the little valley he paused, turned in his saddle, and wavered. Then, in a moment, he thought he knew. Men like gods, making a great and enduring thing for themselves out of a welter of blood. He was tired, but not numb any more. And when he looked at the valley at the last, the sun was beyond the brink, and the valley lay in a cool haze of mingling gray and blue.

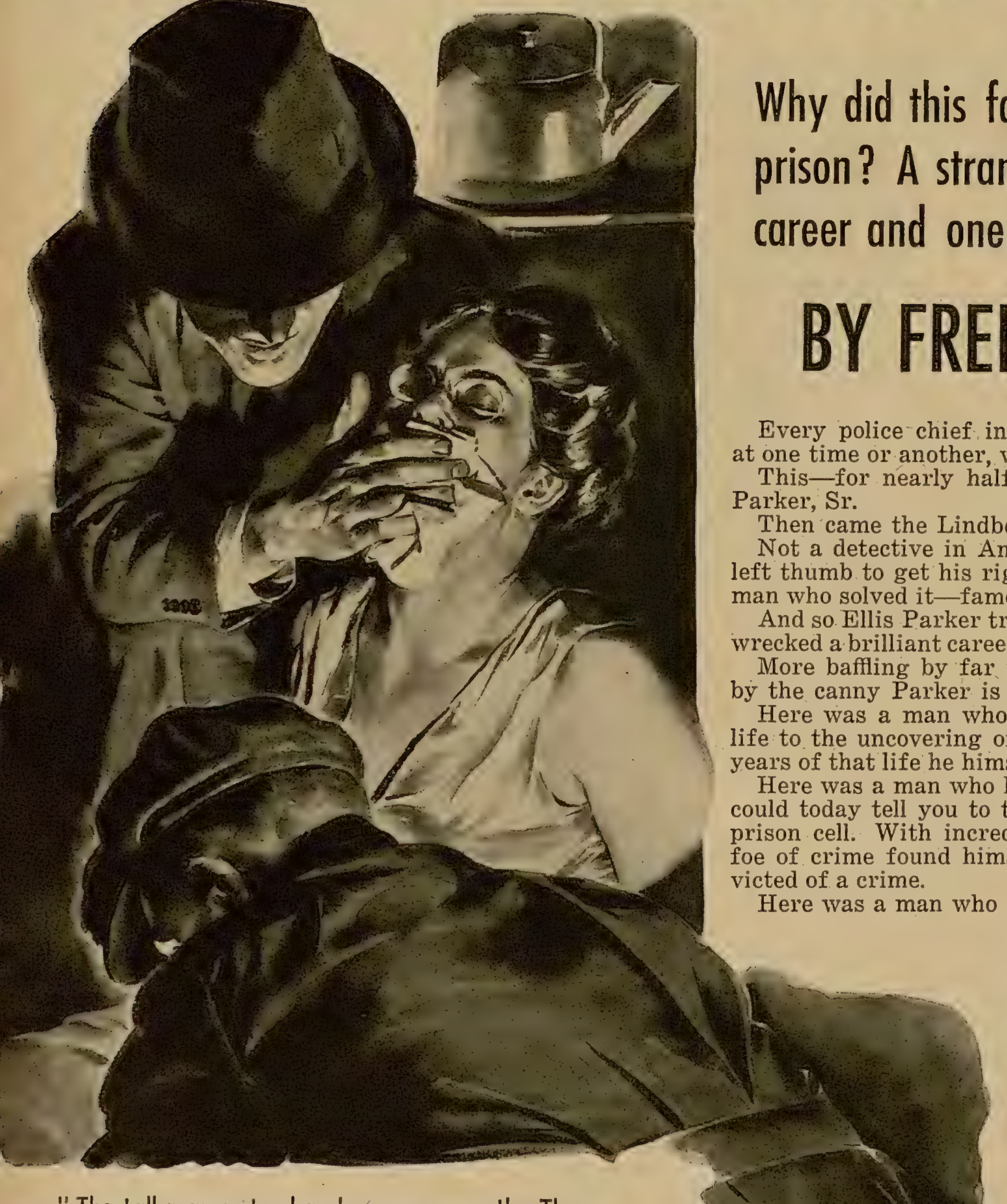
THE END

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

What Happened to ELLIS PARKER?

Why did this famous detective face prison? A strange tale of a brilliant career and one bewildering mistake

BY FRED ALLHOFF



"The tall man put a hand over my mouth. They stuffed the gag in and began tying my wrists."

WHAT really happened to Ellis Parker, the small-town detective with the world-wide reputation?

In his forty-four years as Chief of Detectives of Burlington County, New Jersey, Ellis Parker became known as the greatest detective in America.

He investigated 300 crimes, many of them baffling murder mysteries; he solved and won convictions in all but twelve. So thorough was his work that in more than half the cases he investigated he turned over not merely the guilty person but a signed confession as well.

Every police chief in America knew Parker. Many, at one time or another, wrote to him for advice.

This—for nearly half a century—was Ellis Howard Parker, Sr.

Then came the Lindbergh baby kidnaping.

Not a detective in America but would have given his left thumb to get his right into that crime pie. For the man who solved it—fame and fortune.

And so Ellis Parker tried his hand at it and completely wrecked a brilliant career and an unblemished reputation.

More baffling by far than any of the enigmas solved by the canny Parker is the mystery of Parker himself.

Here was a man who had devoted a long and useful life to the uncovering of crime. Yet in the very sunset years of that life he himself took a fling at crime.

Here was a man who had sent more criminals than he could today tell you to the gallows, the electric chair, a prison cell. With incredible suddenness, this relentless foe of crime found himself accused and tried and convicted of a crime.

Here was a man who set out to solve a kidnaping and became himself a kidnaper.

To state senators and to admiring fellow townsfolk he was known affectionately as "Ellis." To the three tools who helped him carry out an illegal plot to kidnap and extort a confession to the Lindbergh kidnaping from Paul Wendel, disbarred lawyer, chemist, and inventor, he—the selfsame man—was known, in underworld jargon, as "the Boss."

It was his proudest boast that never, in forty-four years of running down criminals, had he used an ounce of physical force on any of them.

Yet here he was, charged by the federal prosecutor who convicted him with having given orders that an innocent man in another state be spread-eagled on an improvised torture rack.

Perhaps Ellis Parker was not guilty? Perhaps not, but all the weight of nine weeks of evidence in Federal Court at Newark said that he was. A jury said that he was. And his own lack of any defense except repeated denials said that he was.

Why was he guilty? What, in heaven's name, snapped within the shrewd, orderly mind of this simple and kindly and respected country detective to make him turn—at sixty-five—to the commission of a crime?

Examine his background, and it becomes all the more puzzling. He was born in 1871 to Quaker parents on a farm near Wrightstown, New Jersey. At nine he was a healthy, stocky youngster, working on his parents' farm. A rural school gave him the only education he ever had—or needed.

At nineteen he was something of a local musician. He would object to the fancy term "violinist." He was a fiddler. He fiddled at barn dances.

He was fiddling the night Dexter was stolen—and that incident made a sleuth of him.

Dexter was the family horse. Ellis had driven him to the dance, twelve miles from home. After the dance, Ellis discovered, Dexter and the buggy had vanished.

He worked for days on that, his first case. He tramped all over Burlington County. He reviewed circumstances and decided that the thief must be a farm hand his father had discharged some weeks before.

He finally came across the farm hand, the buggy, and Dexter, thirty miles from the scene of the theft. He dragged the guilty man into court and won a conviction.

The murdered William Giberson's wife. Her screams brought help.

He became a member of the Mount Holly Pursuit Association and the Burlington County Pursuing Society and showed such uncanny skill at recovering stolen horses that, in 1892, at twenty-one, he was appointed Chief of Detectives of Burlington County.

Burlington County saw no reason to regret that appointment. Neither did Ellis Parker. In Mount Holly, quiet and neighborly little Quaker town, he installed himself in a second-floor rear office of the yellow-brick county courthouse that had been erected in 1796.

The office—which he occupied uninterruptedly for forty-four years—was as quaint and unpretentious as the man himself. A desk littered with correspondence and reports, case histories and miscellaneous papers; a window sill cluttered with telephones; baskets in corners overflowing with a curious miscellany that included books, trial-exhibit photographs, maps, and an occasional bone or two from some victim whose violent death Ellis Parker had solved. Sitting on a chair in one corner, completely attired, even to a hat, was the office mascot—a human skeleton.

FROM the little town of 7,000 his fame as a solver of mysteries spread until he was the one detective in America whose name was an international byword.

Not for a minute did this inflate him. He might have had dozens of better jobs. He wanted none of them; he liked his work and the homespun people of Burlington County. He married and had many children and swapped quaint and often flashingly humorous anecdotes with his friends, and smoked strong pipes.

He has been called a "psychological" detective. He himself insists: "All I ever use is plain, ordinary horse sense."

He was daring in his deductions. A casual conversation might be all he needed to determine in his own mind who was guilty. A tiny twig lodged between trigger and trigger guard of a shotgun was all he needed in one case to break down a murderer. He had a way with people, knew how to get information from them. He broke a murder once by giving a child a gumdrop.

Launched on a case, he suspected every one, then diligently eliminated. He worked hard—often twenty hours a day. People who attempted to fool him soon came to grief. He had an ear that detected at once the false ring of any lie. It was not, according to his own story, until he listened to Paul Wendel that that sharp ear failed him.

He was utterly implacable—a relentless nemesis of the wrongdoer. He seldom left his beloved Burlington County for long. He once chased a criminal—by cable and mail—for fifteen years through five foreign countries. He got the man.

For a brief period during the World War, Ellis Parker was sworn in as an operative of the Department of Justice. Federal agents, unable to locate a mysterious wireless station that, transmitting in code, was interfering with government broadcasts, invited him to help them. It took him a surprisingly short time to find the station and the reason why they had had so much difficulty. The station was in an automobile that kept shifting its position up and down the Jersey coast.

The years passed. Ellis Parker grew bald and paunchy. But in the year that catastrophe overtook him, his jaw was as aggressive as ever, his gray-blue wide-set eyes as shrewd and alert.

He was still—to all Mount Holly—simply Ellis.

And then he was arrested, indicted, convicted in the most surprising backwash of the Lindbergh case.

Eighty-five loyal friends and fellow townsmen flocked to Newark to testify that the kindly old man could not have directed the extortion by torture of Wendel's confession—so soon denounced as false.

Despite that, the evidence against him as to the kidnap conspiracy was so weighty that he was found guilty.

WHAT, then, had happened to him? The indictment handed up against him said he had hoped to write a book about his "solution" of the Lindbergh case, and that this book, circulated throughout the country, would "enhance the reputation of the said Ellis H. Parker as a successful and competent detective and the public would be caused to believe the said Ellis H. Parker . . . had truly solved the case . . . and that large rewards and sums of money for his services would come into the hands of the said Ellis H. Parker."

Yet Ellis Parker in previous years had given any number of writers access to his files of criminal cases without deriving a cent for himself. He had a record, too, of having turned down numerous cases that would have paid him huge fees. If he was greedy, as the indictment implied, greed had seized upon him suddenly.

United States Attorney John J. Quinn, who prosecuted him, depicted him as an overambitious country detective, an egocentric sleuth who refused to accept the real solution of the Lindbergh crime.

Was this the true explanation?

District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan of King's County, Brooklyn, where Ellis Parker's co-conspirators were tried and found guilty, said that Parker schemed to "solve" the case at Wendel's expense to "save the face of a higher authority."

Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey, lifelong friend of Ellis Parker, had risked his political career, following Hauptmann's conviction, in an investigation to "learn the truth" of the famous case which, he asserts, was not satisfactorily solved.

Does this explain what happened to Ellis Parker?

Paul Wendel himself asserted that Parker had hoped to become head of either the Department of Justice or the New Jersey State Police, with his friend Hoffman holding the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Federal Judge William Clark, who listened to the 1,700,000 words of testimony at the trial of Parker and his son and namesake, said, when sentencing him:

"I have the impression that your life as a law-enforcement officer and the position of power that you have reached in the community has given you the feeling that you are above the law. . . ."

And that, today, is the impression shared most widely. For forty-four years Ellis Parker had been "the law" in Burlington County. And then, perhaps drunk with his own security and power, he overstepped himself.

But whatever explanation you may choose will, when closely examined, show distinct flaws.

What did happen? *Something* must have!

Paul Wendel testified that, while the Lindbergh case was still unsolved, Parker had employed him to go out and listen to what people were saying and report back to him. From such reports, Wendel testified, Parker had said he might possibly make deductions sufficient to give him a wedge for breaking the case.

The courtroom roared at that. Even Ellis Parker smiled. And yet it was not as ridiculous as it sounded. By listening intently to a conversation during one of his famous murder investigations, he had made a spectacular deduction that had told him exactly where to look for the murderer.

College psychology classes to whom, later, he narrated that case and its conversation failed, almost to a man, to follow his reasoning; were unable to leap, as he had, to the obvious answer.

SUPPOSE we tell the case again. See what you can do with it. Compare your powers of deduction with his. See if you, too, can spot the flaw and pick the murderer.

The case broke, in the dark, hot early-morning hours of August 12, 1922, at Lakehurst, New Jersey. The murder victim was a middle-aged married man named William Giberson. He was the operator of a taxicab company. He was well known and rather popular, a good husband, not mixed up with any other woman. No one could think of a reason why anybody would want to shoot him.

His wife, Mrs. Ivy Giberson, was plain and plump, matronly. She had nice eyes and pretty hair, both dark, but she wore spectacles and her hair was massed on her head in old-fashioned knots.

She was as respectable as her husband was popular, a militant prohibitionist, a church worker.

The Gibersons lived in the second-floor apartment of a two-story brick building, over a chain grocery store. To enter their apartment, you went around to the back of the building and up a wooden outside staircase to a rear second-floor porch. A door on the porch opened into the kitchen. From the porch you could look out across a rear yard toward the railroad tracks.

That morning railroad employees were walking homeward along those tracks. In the darkness before dawn they heard a woman scream. When she screamed again they started for the house. They piled up the outside staircase, found the door, and heard the woman still screaming inside.

The door was open. They went in and struck matches, then switched on the lights. They were in a kitchen. On the kitchen floor, just to one side of the door by which they had entered, lay a woman in a nightgown. Her hands and feet were tied with heavy

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grocer's twine. A gag dangling around her neck had, obviously, been stuffed in her mouth until she had managed to work it out.

They began untying her. She was whimpering, moaning:

"Oh, my God! Will! My husband!"

Her eyes were fixed on a door at the other end of the room, in the side wall against which she lay. That door was ajar, but from where she lay it was impossible to see into the other room. They got her untied and found she was unhurt, except where the twine had been drawn tight.

One of the men went into the other room and found the switch and turned on lights. The minute she was on her feet, she followed him, and when she reached the doorway she began screaming again.

In that room, against the back wall of the house, was a bed. On the bed lay William Giberson. There was some blood on his face, near his left eye, where the bullet had gone in, and more on the bed where it had come out.

They made Mrs. Giberson go back into the kitchen, where she couldn't see the bed—or the dead man on it.

There wasn't any gun, so he hadn't shot himself. And the bedroom had been given a hasty ransacking. Drawers had been pulled out of a dresser, their contents dumped on the floor. Giberson's clothes were strewn all over the room, with his pants pockets turned inside out.

The true story of another of Ellis Parker's cases—one in which that "ordinary horse sense" of his led to an even more startling solution—will be told in an early issue.

Mrs. Giberson was too distraught to tell the men much, except that she had been awakened by a noise, had got out of bed, had been seized by two strange men who had clapped a hand over her mouth and tied and gagged her. One of them had disappeared into the bedroom and shot her husband. Then both had hurriedly ransacked the place and vanished out the back door. It had taken her perhaps ten minutes to work the gag out of her mouth.

The railroad workers notified the local police, and the next morning they telephoned Ellis Parker. When he got to Lakehurst, local detectives told him the respectable background of the Gibersons and gave him a synopsis of what had happened.

"She was pretty hysterical right after it, but we got a good statement from her a couple of hours ago."

Ellis Parker smoked his pipe and read the statement.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

The Ocean County detective scratched his head. "Well," he said, "it sounds pretty right to me. What she says sounds straightforward. Take the kitchen door—the point of entry. Wasn't forced. They used a key. She says she locked it herself, before she went to bed."

ELLIS PARKER nodded. "Meaning," he said, "that if Mrs. Giberson knew something about her husband's death, or was trying to cover some one, she'd say the door might have been accidentally left unlocked."

"Exactly. For the past month we've been trying to lay our hands on a pair of burglars that have been working this county. Usually they go in through a window, but a couple of times they've used a door key. And once they were surprised by a servant girl. They tied her up and gagged her, just like Mrs. Giberson."

"Never took a shot at any one, did they?"

The detective shook his head.

"Well, there always has to be a first time," admitted Parker.

"But that's one of the things that makes Mrs. Giberson's story look good to me. These burglars are both tall. She insists that the pair that came to her home was the Mutt-and-Jeff type: one tall, the other short."

"The Gibersons didn't have a lot of money, did they?"

"No. But you saw what she said in the statement. Giberson drew nearly eight hundred dollars out of the bank yesterday afternoon. He was gonna buy another taxi. He had the money in his wallet. The wallet's gone."

Parker worried his close-cropped mustache for a minute. "Check with the bank on that?"

"Sure. He drew the money out all right. Maybe he flashed that roll some place in public yesterday and these fellows saw it and trailed him. We're trying now to find out all the places he visited after leaving the bank."

Parker nodded approvingly. "I guess we ought to go over to the Giberson place," he said. "I ought to look it over. She's there now, is she? Maybe she'll remember something else about these fellows."

Mrs. Giberson's eyes were red from weeping, but she greeted them quietly enough in the front living room. Parker told her he hated to bother her again, but he'd like to look over the apartment.

"Of course," she said.

The living room was clean and orderly. Mrs. Giberson was a good housekeeper. Parker glanced into the bathroom, then followed a passageway into the kitchen, and went through the connecting door to the bedroom.

He noted with satisfaction that, except for the removal of the body, it appeared untouched. He stared down somberly at the empty bed. There were two depressions, where Giberson had lain and where Mrs. Giberson had lain beside him.

He stooped down and examined the pillow. It bore a little red stain and some gunpowder burns.

"This fellow must have stuck the gun in his face," he said.

"Yeah," the Lakehurst detective said. "He never had a chance. He started to wake up and this guy pushed the gun at him and shot him."

"How was he found?"

"On his back. His face was to that wall."

"How about the bullet?"

"We dug it out of the mattress. A thirty-eight."

"Hmm. Pretty hefty caliber," said Ellis Parker.

BACK in the kitchen Mrs. Giberson smiled at them wanly. "Do you think you can find the men who killed my husband, Mr. Parker?"

"I'm going to try," he promised. "It might help me if you'd go over everything that happened once more."

She nodded. "We went to bed rather early. I woke up some time in the morning—between two and three. I thought I heard a noise out here in the kitchen. My husband's a heavy sleeper. I didn't disturb him.

"I got out of bed and came out here. They grabbed me. The tall man put a hand over my mouth. They stuffed the gag in and began tying my wrists and ankles."

"Just where, in the kitchen, did this happen?"

She walked to a spot toward the outside entrance to the kitchen, near the wall that separated kitchen and bedroom. Ellis Parker walked over to the spot.

"The man who was tying my legs finished first and went toward the bedroom. He was carrying a flashlight. He disappeared into the bedroom and shot my husband."

Parker nodded. "I want you to try to recall anything that was said. Did your husband speak?"

"Not a word."

"Any noise of a scuffle before the shot?"

"None whatever. This man walked in there, and then there was a shot. His partner was still bending over me, fastening my hands, and he shouted out, 'Why did you have to shoot him?'

"The other man shouted back, 'He was waking up!'

"The man finished tying my hands and went into the bedroom too, and I heard them pulling drawers out."

Ellis Parker nodded slowly. Standing exactly where Mrs. Giberson had been bound, he looked toward the open bedroom door. He couldn't see into the bedroom.

"Will you try," he asked, "to give me the best description of those two men that you are able?"

She did pretty well. She recalled that one man had a scar on his cheek and that one wore a cap, and she gave estimates of the height and weight of each man.

Parker thanked her and went outside with the Lakehurst detective. He knew now how Giberson had been murdered and who had murdered him.

(Do you know, now? If you have caught the very obvious clue in this account, you do!)

They were half a block away from the house when Parker said, "What we have to do now is find the murder gun. She hasn't been away from there, except this morning when she went to the police station, so she must have hidden it pretty close to the scene."

The Lakehurst man gasped. "You think *she* killed him?"

"Sure," said Ellis Parker. "She's the one that did it, all right. The reason I know she's lying is this:

"She said these two men were tying her up. One left and disappeared into the bedroom. Disappeared is her word—and it's the right word. From where she was being tied up by the other fellow, neither she nor the man tying her up could see into the bedroom.

"What happens? No struggle. No words spoken. A shot. Then the fellow that's tying her up just yells out over his shoulder to ask his partner why he killed Giberson.

"Now, that's not natural. How did he know that when his partner walked into that room, Giberson didn't pull a gun and shoot?

"He didn't know. Couldn't possibly know. There are only two *natural* things he could have done when that shot was fired: Either duck out the kitchen door and get away, or run into the bedroom to see if his partner was in trouble. Instead, he goes on tying up Mrs. Giberson and yells to his pal, 'Why did you have to shoot him?'"

The next day they coaxed Mrs. Giberson away from the house by a ruse. From then on it was simple. Stuffed deep into the eaves of a spare closet, they found the murder gun—William Giberson's .38.

They likewise found a packet of ardent love letters from some man with whom Mrs. Giberson was infatuated. And they found a nice new black dress—widow's weeds—that she had purchased *before* the murder.

THEY put the things back where they had found them, and she wore the black dress to her husband's funeral the next day, and when she came home they arrested her.

She was quite cool and indignantly denied everything, and Ellis Parker decided that if he wanted an admission from this woman, he would have to use a trick.

So he showed her the murder gun and said, "I don't think you told us the truth. Now, wasn't this what happened? You heard these burglars and you grabbed the gun from under your husband's pillow and it accidentally went off and shot him in the head?"

"That's it!" she cried eagerly. "That's it!"

And that was the finish. By her own spoken admission, she had shot her husband. Who was going to believe the "accidental" part of it? Where were you going to find a jury that gullible?

Just to make sure of his case, Ellis Parker went over the Giberson house again from stem to stern, and this time came out with the missing wallet and its $800.

The jury that tried plump Ivy Giberson wasn't gullible. But perhaps it was a bit chivalrous. She got life imprisonment instead of the chair.

THE END

"Sorry, we want a younger man"

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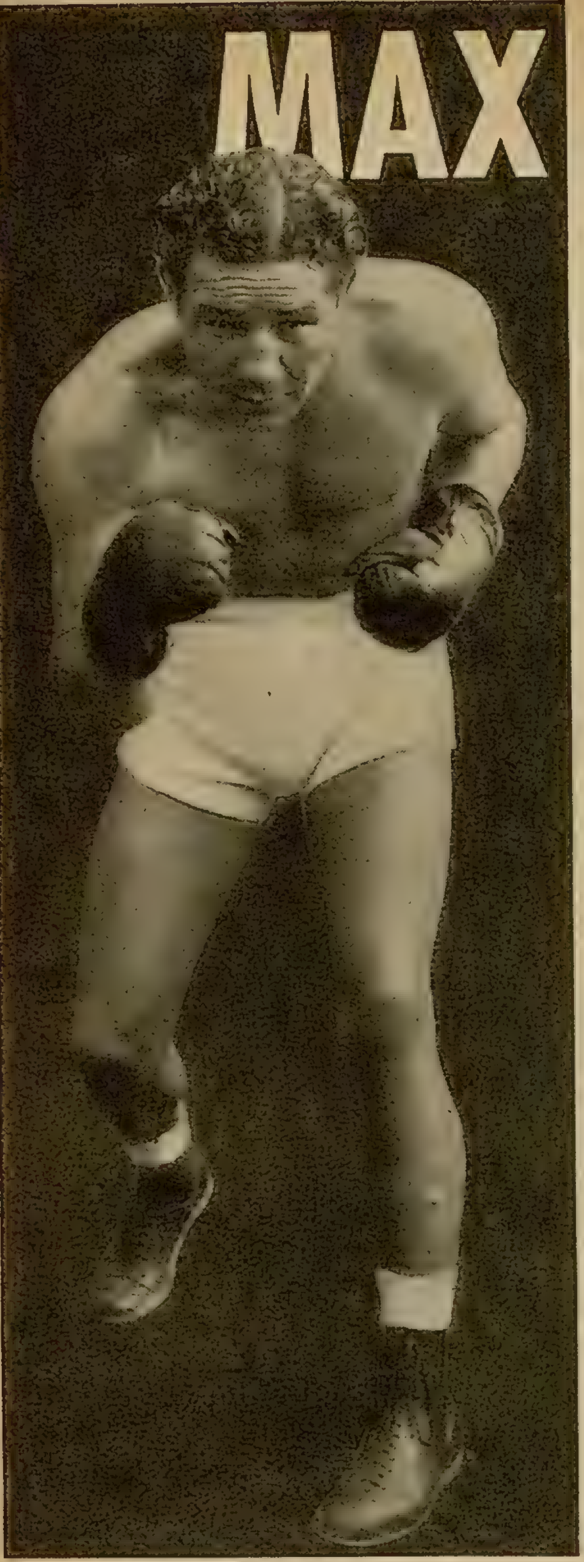
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

MAX BAER and the LUST



READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

AUTHORS' NOTE: Since there has been no personal examination involved, the authors wish to explain that the mental analysis of Max Baer in this article is necessarily a hypothetical one, based on factual data. However, scattered fragments of extraordinary significance have been woven together into a mosaic which, from the psychologist's point of view, is convincing.

WHEN Max Baer next steps into the ring he will face *two* opponents.

One of them will be human and not so elusive. The other, invisible to the cash customers, is a fight phobia that bloomed like a strangleweed in his brain for seven frustrating years—a fear neurosis that chained his punches, broke his "killer instinct," and almost ruined the most incredibly vicious fighter that ever stepped into the ring.

Sometimes that phobia is symbolized in the mocking ghosts of Frankie Campbell and Ernie Schaaf, whose twitching, bloody faces blur his vision in the ring. Sometimes it wears the grotesque mask of his own frightened face, and he sees himself sprawled on the rosined ring floor, with blood-flecked lips and his head lolling over an unhinged spine.

And sometimes, when the spotlights are turned the other way and there is no roar of the crowd swelling and throbbing in his ears, the phobia finds voice and tells the observer amazing things. Then, indisputably, the eyes of science see the damaged roots of the most prodigious *anger-fight mechanism* ever planted in a human paid to kill.

Let's look at the facts. . . .

The metamorphosis which changed Max Baer from an obscure and bawdy cow hand into a prizefighter is a process familiar to all historians of boxing. It began some ten years ago in the dusty, steaming San Joaquin Valley of California. It was there, with the challenging taunts and dares of fellow workers snapping at his ears, that he first discovered the amazing kick in his tremendous fists. No one is quite sure how it began, but Livermore legend holds that Max lost temper with a stubborn steer one day and belted the beast behind the ear with his knuckles.

The effect was devastating to the steer and, as later events would indicate, to Max as well.

The animal did a nose dive to the sod, while gaping cow hands rubbed their eyes and clustered admiringly around their miraculous contemporary. The steer got up and staggered away with nothing worse than a headache.

But a killer had been born, and there would come a day when those massive fists would thud against human faces, ripping, stunning, with the same neatness of dispatch. It was inevitable—and it was too bad.

In retrospect, it is doubtful if Max Baer gave the matter much thought, but his reactions are an old story to psychiatrists. Every combative issue in life revolves around a situation like this. Corner a man, and he has one of three reactions: 1. The anger-fight mechanism—the emotion of anger and urge to put muscles into play. 2. The fear-flight mechanism, in which he watches for a chance to run. 3. The collapse mechanism, or instinct to drop all resistance.

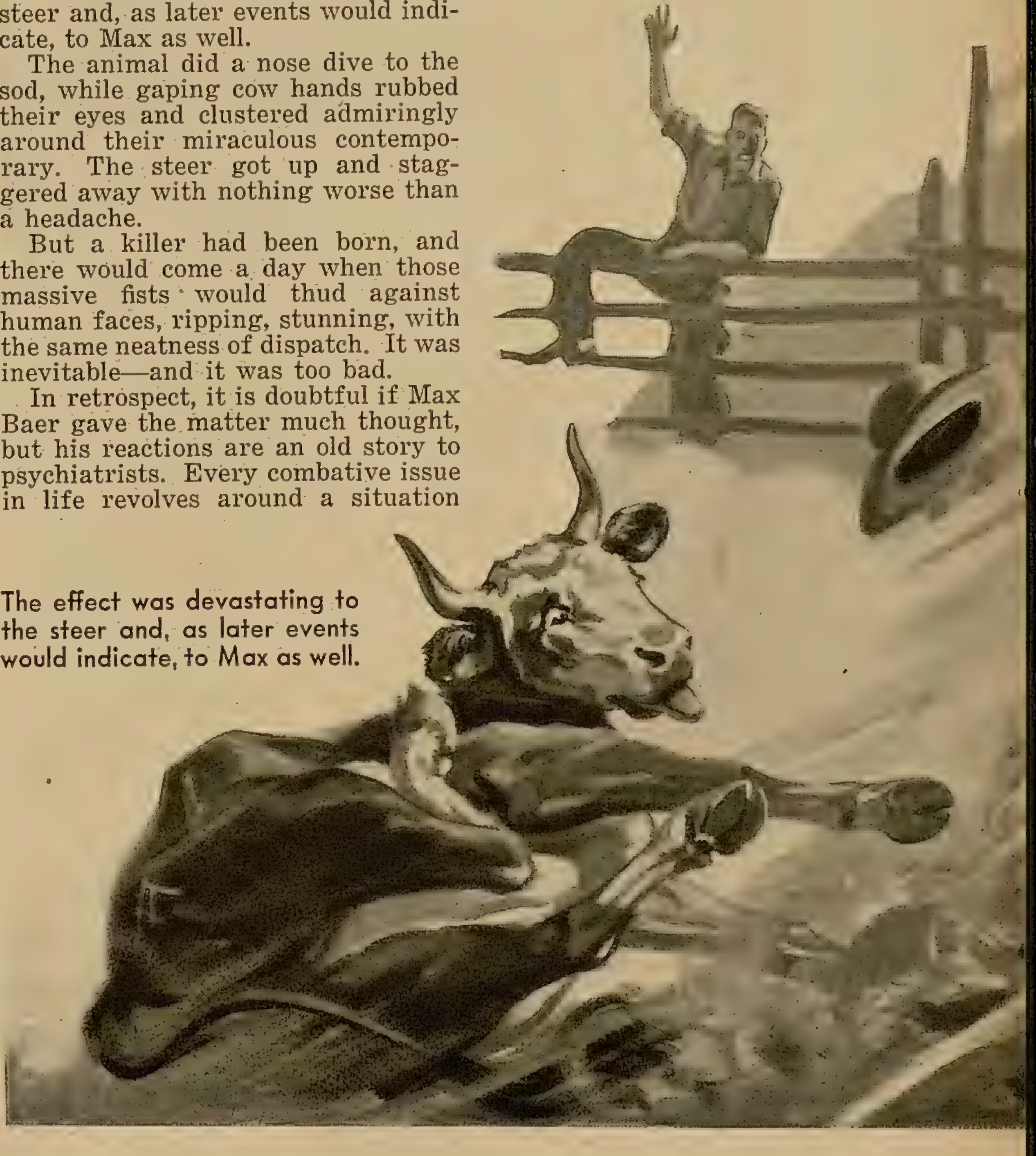
We can place Max in the first group.

Further, there is evidence in his behavior that he has an abnormally developed anger-fight mechanism. The proof comes from his own lips.

Some months ago Max was interviewed by Pat Frayne, sports editor of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin.

"Tell me, Max," Frayne asked, "what was the most satisfactory right you ever threw in a fight?"

"It wasn't in a fight," Max laughed. "I got on a ship, once, in New York, and a fellow who looked like a process server walked up the gangplank. He says: 'I got a present for you, Max.' Before he could do anything more, I hit him with a right hand to the stomach, and he folded up on the gangplank, with all the wind knocked out of him. . . . Naw, he didn't



The effect was devastating to the steer and, as later events would indicate, to Max as well.

TO KILL— A Psychoanalyst's Report

Here's an amazing document!—A vivid, penetrating study of things behind a champion's rise and fall

BY DR. JOSEPH CATTON

nationally famed psychiatrist

and DEAN S. JENNINGS

bother me again. . . . Ha-ha! . . .”

Yes—Max was quite a card.

The transition from cattle to humans was accomplished with all the customary ballyhoo and baloney, and by the end of 1929 Max Baer had become a fistic phenomenon on the Pacific Coast. He laid away twelve heavyweights that first year in one, two, or three rounds each.

To the scientific observer there is something enormously significant in the performance of this six-foot Roman candle at this early stage. He was popping and flaring all right; he had color and flash and plenty of sizzle in his fists, but he hadn't developed the comic relief that was calculated to drop the customers roaring in the aisles, even when the opponents lacked a sense of humor. But he *did* have the instinct to kill.

We call it “the abnormal and elaborate development of an anger-fight mechanism, with ability on the part of the individual to submerge, both consciously and unconsciously, all other mental mechanisms that might interfere with the expression of this instinct, to the extent that the nervous organization is ‘one-tracked’ in that particular.” It must be admitted that the public, vicariously unleashing its own social fight mechanisms, fed fuel to the ominous fire in Max Baer's brain . . . screaming, lusting, thirsting for the splash of blood and the murderous smash of leather and bone against a pain-warped face.

It was all pretty amusing to Death—who was hanging around, waiting for his cut. . . . It was paid on the night of August 25, 1930, under a clear, brisk sky in San Francisco's Seals Stadium, when Max Baer disposed of Frankie Campbell in five appalling rounds. In the first he chased Frankie into a neutral corner, stabbed him with half a dozen snake-like left hooks to the chin.

In the second, Campbell caught Max off balance, spilled him to the canvas with a swinging right, and foolishly turned to wave and grin at some friends down below the ring. Max, sprawling awkwardly on the floor, heard a roar of derisive laughter and his rage burst like a tropical storm. He shot across the ring while Campbell's back was turned and, with a terrific blow behind the ear, sent Frankie spinning dervishly. Frankie, spitting blood between rounds, mumbled: “I think something snapped in my head.” In the third and fourth Frankie staggered around with his swollen mouth open and his eyes looking like half-dried gobs of rubber cement.

Midway in the fifth round Max turned time back a thousand years. He paralyzed Frankie with a short cannon-ball right to the jaw. And then, while Campbell's arms flopped over the ropes and held him upright, Max tattooed his head with twenty vicious rights and lefts . . . thud . . . squish . . . thud . . . squish . . . thud. Frankie looked like some grotesque thing with a rubber neck, with his head nodding and rolling to the impact of Max's drumming fists. And then he slumped, dripping red, while the spectators, suddenly hushed, turned their white faces away.

Frankie died the next morning. The autopsy showed that his brain had been jerked loose from the skull tissues. His nose was flattened; there was even blood draining through the base of his skull into his spine.

The fight was a box-office and anthropological triumph.

But it left San Francisco stunned and awed, and tinged the sports writers' pens with acid. The sharpest sting came from the rapierlike pen of the late Annie Laurie, whose column the next day cried for reform.

“This thing of throwing a man up against the ropes,” she wrote, “and crushing his head to jelly after he was unable to lift a finger to help himself—this thing of making an exhibit of

Hy Hintermeister

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"GARGLE....
takes a Jiff!"
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plain, brutal murder—isn't it just about time to put a stop to it . . . ?"

Max Baer, who had already been arrested for manslaughter, read that scorching indictment. He read every other fuming word about the fight and unconsciously stored them away in the shelves of his mind.

Three months passed.

Max, freed of the manslaughter charge, left California behind and went eastward to train for a fight with Ernie Schaaf at New York. Outwardly he was unchanged, but his mind was hatching the first small seeds of uncertainty.

Schaaf beat him decisively in ten rounds on December 19, 1930, and in succeeding months, with sports writers claiming he had lost the killing instinct and referring to "Campbell's ghost striding across the ring," Max was definitely on the skids.

SOMETHING had happened to the butcher boy. He was pulling his punches, he was listless, he was floundering around, with his mind fastened like a tentacle on the distant tombstone of Frankie Campbell's grave.

It is a known fact that unconscious mechanisms have much more effect on a man's thoughts and actions than the superficial evidences of mental life of which the individual is conscious.

If Max Baer had been psychoanalyzed after he killed Campbell, it might have altered the whole strange mosaic of his career.

For there are two ways in which he could have stifled the complex that blurred his professional fighting perspective. The first method is to dig out the phobia, with or without the aid of other persons, look it calmly in the eye, and dispose of it. The indirect and more natural method is the development of a sense of humor—or a sense of nonsense—that often carries men through trying periods while an unsolved complex is brewing and bubbling behind the scenes.

Turn the calendar ahead, 1932, to Max's return fight with Ernie Schaaf on the night of August 31. For eight full rounds both gladiators apparently were rehearsing for the coming season's ballet. The referee finally warned them the dance was over, and Max Baer, plunging headlong, like a bull stung by a bee, began slugging with Schaaf. Ernie, blinking and puzzled, backed away, and was draped on the ropes when the bell rang.

Max sat in his corner between the rounds, with nostrils aflare, nervously clenching and unclenching his fists in the throes of a reborn kill fever. And then, when the gong jarred his ears, he sprang across the ring with his lips drawn over his teeth like rubber bands, fists flailing and threshing blindly out at the wide-eyed Schaaf.

Max drilled Ernie's chin with a cascade of rights and lefts, hammered at his bloody face until his eyes filmed and his arms dropped. Then, pausing only for a moment to measure Schaaf for the kill, Max brought his right fist up with a jarring, incredible smash that was audible even above the shrill echo of the crowd.

Ernie Schaaf fell flat on his face.

He was unconscious for three hours . . . . one hundred and eighty minutes of suffering and despair for Max Baer. But Schaaf recovered, seemingly unharmed, and Max left New York the following morning, shaken and strangely affected—not knowing that this time the phobia would come to stay. . . .

It was not until some months later, when Ernie Schaaf died, that he began to feel it gnawing in his brain.

Schaaf was knocked out in the thirteenth round of his match with Primo Carnera, months after the Baer fight.

He never regained consciousness.

But when an autopsy showed no other evidence of injury except "acute cranial pressure caused by some previous disturbance," and Medical Examiner Charles Norris flatly stated that Carnera's punch was "not responsible," every one concerned recalled the disastrous fight with Max.

Dr. Norris admitted the possibility that Schaaf had suffered perhaps irreparable injuries in the Baer fight—but it remained for two former champions to put the finger on Max.

Jack Dempsey, who had seen both fights, said: "Max Baer gave Schaaf a terrific beating. I don't believe he ever fully recovered from that oxlike blow."

Gene Tunney told officials he thought "Schaaf suffered a concussion in his fight with Max Baer that left a blood clot on his brain."

And what of Max himself?

Interviewed in San Francisco the day after Schaaf died, Max shuddered at the implication that his fists had contributed to the tragedy.

"My God," he said fervently, "I wouldn't want to kill anybody! . . . Why, I've been afraid of a repetition ever since the Frankie Campbell . . . Well, you know what I mean."

MAX poured his heart out in that sentence. It was confession; it was the lashing voice of conscience; it was the hidden reason for his downward slide. And it may seem incongruous to say that a fighter was slipping, in the face of the fact that he later won the championship from the freakish Carnera and crushed Germany's great Max Schmeling. Carnera was no problem, but there was a psychological reason for the Schmeling victory. In the months preceding his fight with Schmeling, friends and trainers alike whispered the thought that the German was the symbol of Naziism—that Baer must win for the sake of his own Jewish race. The idea mushroomed in his mind so that it became a secondary complex, momentarily replacing the fight phobia—and it worked.

But later, when the artificial stimuli had been removed, the fear neurosis again took control. It set up psychological barriers in his brain; it muffled the killing instinct and replaced it with slapstick.

The results of the Braddock fight (in which he lost the championship) and the one with Louis are ring history. In the first, Max stumbled around like a lighthouse keeper looking for a light, and handed the crown to Jimmy on a silver plate. When he fought Joe Louis, Max ironically became a victim of the same psychology that had made his own early reputation—the "killer" cloak they wove for the Brown Bomber. They called it a knockout. It was—but the blow had been dealt long before any one ever heard of Joe Louis.

In 1937. . . . Max crossed the sea to England, but he couldn't elude those clinging, taunting ghosts. Tommy Farr cuffed and mauled and cakewalked Max out of the decision after twelve dull rounds.

MONTHS later, at Farr's New Jersey camp while the Welshman was training for the Louis fight, Max became involved in an incident that truly stripped the curtain from his mind and laid bare the pulsing fear that has broken his career. It seems that Farr and Baer were on the verge of an argument, and that the Welshman's handlers steered him away before trouble could start.

"Suppose I lost my temper?" he half whispered as he walked away. "I might have killed him. . . ."

"Don't worry, Max," some one chided. "You didn't look very mad. As a matter of fact you looked pale."

"Pale?" Max echoed. "Yeah, mebbe I was. I get pale when I really get sore. That's when I'm most dangerous, yeah."

As a matter of scientific fact, pallor in the cheeks is a characteristic symptom of fury—or fright or other intense emotion—and you could have seen it in Max's face when he dropped civilization's mask and punched Frankie Campbell into eternity.

Baer the killer is gone.

And in his place is a man with dreams of torment burned into his brain with printer's ink nearly a decade ago. *"Plain murder. . . ."* It was Frankie Campbell's wistful epitaph, and Max the killer couldn't swallow and forget it. It was, and will probably be there forever, to chain his fists and block his path, even though he loses while the crowd screams for blood.

Max Baer read this story about himself as he finished training for his return fight with Tommy Farr at Madison Square Garden.

"You know," he said wistfully, "you've written something there that nobody's mentioned before . . . but it's true, because I've felt those things in my heart for a long time. Yet here I am . . . and another fight coming up."

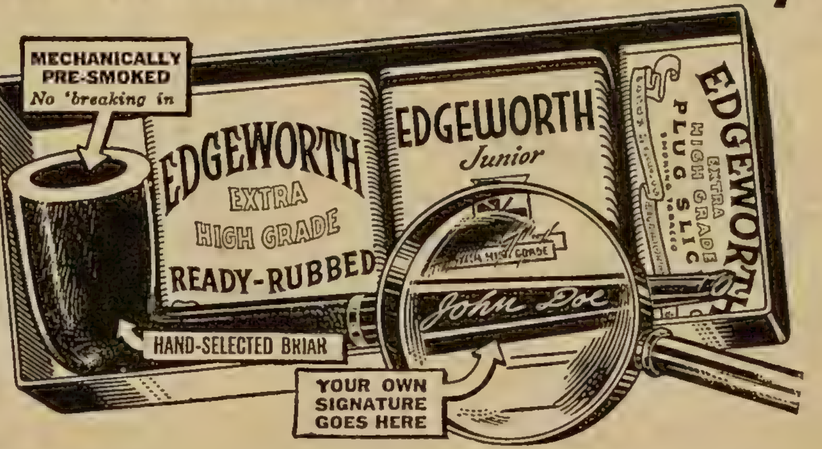
"A comeback fight, Max?"

"It's never been done—but mebbe I'm gonna be the first. If the public could only know it . . . I'm a different guy. I've got a baby now and I'm going places."

THE END

OFFER TO YOUNG MEN

Who Hanker to Smoke a Pipe



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READING TIME
22 MINUTES • 35 SECONDS

REMEMBER, KIB?

Passionate, tender, beguiling!—A tale of heartaches and hazard, a ship of dreams, and a boy and a girl in love

BY RUTH HAMBLEN SCOTT

IT'S midnight. I wait alone. An hour ago they told me how you cried out against me and then ran off into the night. And you haven't come back. I dare not think. I dare not listen to the fear in my heart.

I can't remember when I didn't love you. I can't remember before that day in June. And you, Kib—have you forgotten?

It was early in the morning. I was alone in the rowboat, determined to show up Karl by making the pull through Deception Pass on my own power. The rip tide swept the boat along so fast I lost control. She spun like a top in the whirling water. One of the oars broke, and then you shouted.

I didn't know who or where you were, but I lay flat, like you ordered. The boat capsized. I was sucked straight down in a vortex of icy water. Your voice was the last thing I heard before I went under.

Then my face was scraping on roughness. I was lying on my stomach and some one was sitting on my back, pummeling me.

A hand rolled me over and I saw you.

"Thank God," you said.

I loved your eyes from the first moment, Kib. They were storm-gray, like water under rain.

You carried me up the steep trail to the little shack where you lived, built on the ledge of rock above the sea.

"Drink this," you said, handing me a tumbler.

I drank the burning liquor and choked. You gave me slacks of yours and a flannel shirt.

"Get into these," you ordered. You went out, slamming the door behind you.

Then I saw the paintings. They were everywhere. Canvases stacked in piles; oils nailed to the walls. They took my breath with their beauty.

I pulled off my wet clothes and put yours on. I had to turn the bottoms of your pants up ten inches, and your shirt wrapped double around me.

I sat on your cot. One painting caught my eyes. There was the water churning, rocky islands edging it, and the sun's last rays slanting across the depth of the pass.

You came in the door.

"Let's hope you learned a lesson," you said. "You needed one, you know."

"I could have made it." I was stubborn. "I could have if I'd been earlier and caught the rip tide right."

"If I catch you trying it again, I'll—I'll—"

"You'll what?"

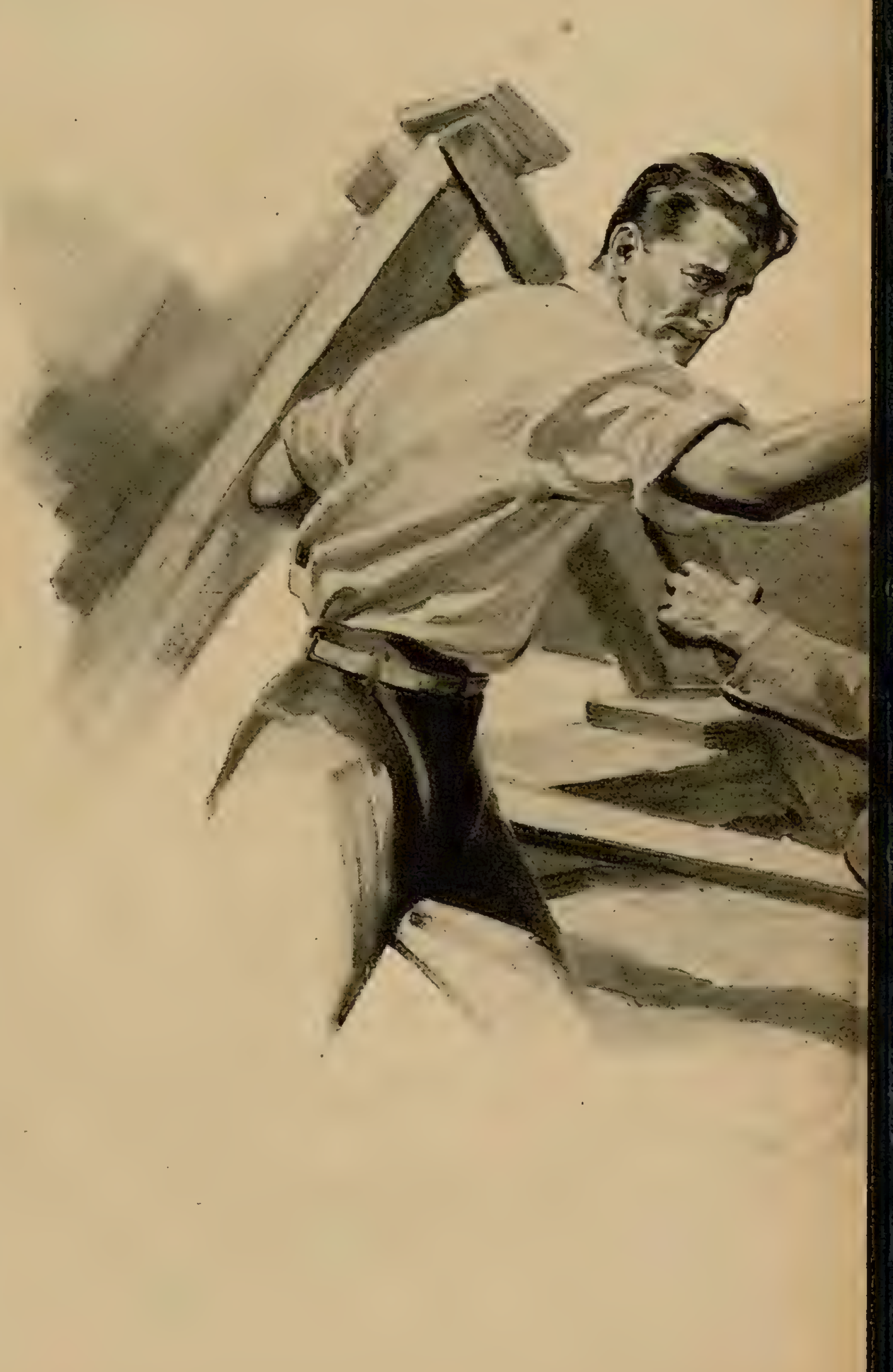
You glared at me so fiercely, Kib, you made shivers run along my spine. But I liked it.

You laughed. "Forget it. None of my business if you want to drown yourself. The question is—how am I going to get you home?"

"You must have a boat. You can't get off this island without a boat."

"That's exactly why I haven't one. I'm not leaving this island until I've done fifty oils. I've done forty already. By the time I finish the other ten, I'll have the schooner finished. I'm just rebuilding the hull. When I'm done, she'll be a beauty."

Do you remember, Kib, what a beautiful day we had together? You took me all over your little island. You showed me the rocks you loved and the trees you sat under while you painted. You showed me the schooner, and for a long while I sat up in the bow, watching, while you



You hit him then. A sock in the jaw. "When I tell you to take your hands off my girl," you said, "you take 'em off."

worked away on the hull. And you talked to me as you were working.

I asked why you were working on such a big schooner. Did you think, maybe, you were going to sail around the world? You looked at me strangely and said that was exactly what you were going to do—some day.

There was no excuse in the world for me to say it. But I did. I looked past you and the schooner, past the little islands in the distance, and I said: "I wish I could go too."

My heart pounded, for I could see in your eyes that you would like that too. And then your eyes hardened.

"You've no right to say that. What about that ring?"

I looked down at my left hand. On the third finger was a big diamond. And the strange—the true—part about that was, I'd forgotten about Karl and how a month ago I'd finally promised to marry him.

I told you the ring was my mother's and that I wore it on that finger out of sentiment. It was a lie, but the feeling prompting it was the only truth in the world.

After that, you told me all about your plans and ambitions. You told me you hoped to charter the boat to a group of scientists who were going to the South Seas. You would sail with them, you said, and paint your heart out. You looked at me that way you have, and I knew the question you wanted to ask.

But you didn't ask it. You just asked my name.

I told you: "Wixum—Wixum Lee." And you laughed out loud.

"That's a funny little name," you said. "I like it."

"It was my mother's name," I said, half indignant. "It belonged to her mother too."

"I'm going to take Wixum Lee around the world!" you cried.

You came toward me. Your eyes were smoldery gray. You tried to speak and couldn't.

You dashed off and came back with paint and brush. In great white letters you painted "WIXUM LEE" on the prow of your schooner.

"How do you like that?"

I took a step toward you.

You said your name was McKibban Byrne. Your eyes asked did I like that too. We stared at each other. It had happened! The great, wonderful, beautiful thing had happened. We loved each other.

"*Wixum!*"

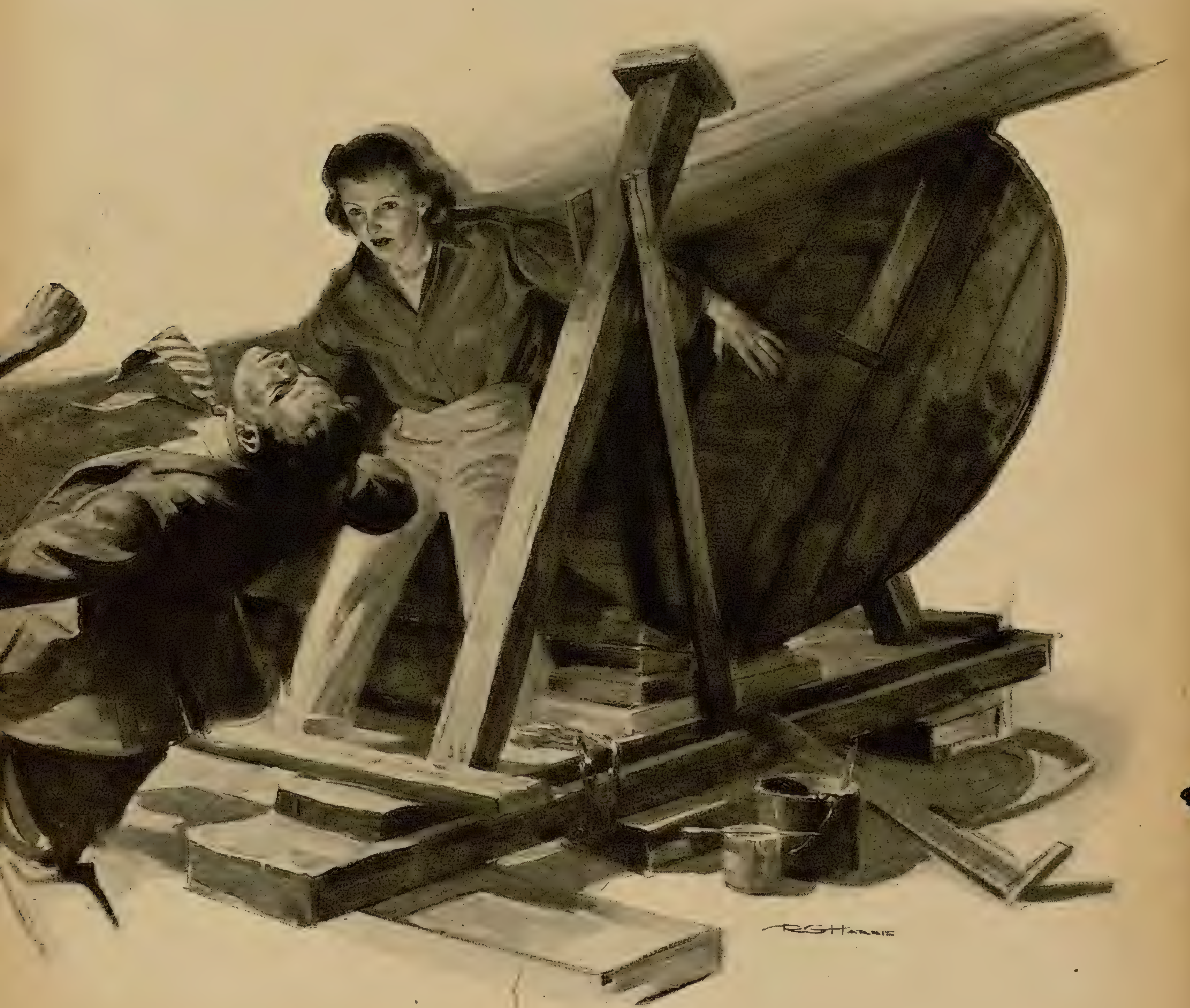
We jumped. We hadn't heard the motor nor seen the boat approaching. But there was Karl, furiously angry.

He tied up at your dock and rushed down to us. He grabbed me by the shoulders and shook. He didn't mean to hurt me, but he was wild with anger—and fear, too, I suppose.

"Keep your hands off her!" That was you shouting.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the dock. "You scared us to death, Wixum. We thought you'd drowned. I found your boat wrecked on the beach an

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS



hour ago. Mother's prostrated. Her nerves are just shattered, I tell you, and then I find you here with a—"

"Let go of her," you ordered again.

Karl ignored you. He yanked me after him. I cried out in pain. You hit him then, Kib. A good sock right to the jaw. Karl stumbled to his knees, blood trickling from his mouth. He shook his head groggily.

"When I tell you to take your hands off my girl," you said, "you take 'em off—see?"

"*Your* girl?" Karl cried, struggling to his feet.

"You heard me."

Karl looked at me. "Would you mind telling me what this lunatic is talking about?"

"It just happened!" I cried breathlessly. "I was going to tell you, Karl. I—"

"You're not going to tell me a thing. You're marrying me and you're going to do what I say."

"Is that true?" you asked.

I nodded miserably. But, Kib, I didn't mean I was going through with it. I just meant I had been engaged. But you didn't understand.

"Forgive a fool." You bowed to Karl and walked away.

I tried to come after you. Karl grabbed me. I called, but you didn't turn your head. Karl carried me bodily to his boat. I struggled, but I couldn't get away.

"You'll pay for this," Karl threatened.

"I won't marry you. I don't love you. I never did love you. I've told you so over and over, but you kept after me. I said I'd marry you because I didn't see any way out and I thought I owed it to Aunt Kate."

"You do, and don't forget it. She'll cut you off without a cent if you don't marry me, and you know it."

"I don't want her money. I don't want you."

We glared at each other.

Kib, Karl was Aunt Kate's son. She wasn't my real aunt at all. She was my mother's best friend, and she took me into her home when my parents were killed. She raised me like her own child. And, all along, her heart was set on my marrying Karl. It's true—I swear it—I never loved him, but I'd never loved any one until I met you.

I took off his ring and flung it at him.

THERE was a dreadful scene when we reached our summer home on King's Island. Aunt Kate was as outraged as Karl. Karl was mean and sulky and vindictive by turns. He swore he'd marry me and teach me to behave. I said I wouldn't. They talked and argued and screamed. I broke away from them at last and went to my room and locked myself in.

When I went into the lovely room that had been mine every summer during the last ten years I realized I'd thrown my whole ordered life away for the look in a man's eyes—a man I'd known less than ten hours.

You hadn't even told me you loved me, Kib. That's why I had to know. That's why I stole out of the house at two o'clock in the morning, wearing your slacks and shirt, and taking nothing with me. That's why you heard the motor and came running to find me tying the boat at your dock.

"Did you mean it?" I asked. "Or am I crazy?"

There was a moon. Remember? A big round silver-gold moon, and in its light I saw your face was stark and worn. You took my face between your hands.

"Wixum, it's true!"

I went into your arms and you held me against your heart as though I belonged there. We walked up the steep trail to your shack. We sat on the rumpled cot (You hadn't gone to bed. Remember?) and talked about what we were to do.

We'd known each other less than a day. You were twenty-five; I was nineteen. Yet we had not a doubt about our love. You said you'd love me forever. You said it after you'd kissed me only once.

"Come on, Wix," you said. "Put on your wedding dress."

You handed me the linen frock I'd worn in the morning. It was dry but so wrinkled. We didn't care. And at four o'clock in the morning we stepped into Karl's motorboat and headed for the mainland.

I can close my eyes and live it all again. The beautiful, beautiful early morning. The crimson wonder of the sunrise. The moon still high in the sky but pale with dawn. Our boat cutting through the smooth blue water. You and I sitting side by side, our hands clasped.

We were married. It took us four hours, but there was never such a wedding as ours. Then you wanted to buy champagne, but after you'd asked for it, you didn't have enough money in your pockets. So we bought a great bottle of red wine instead. We bought a whole basket of things. And by noon we were chugging back to our island. "Wicky's Refuge," you called it.

Oh, Kib, do you remember the days after that? How violently we loved; how frantically we fought, only to make up and love again. And you painted! You painted everything. Me. The island. The water.

Then there came the morning when I woke to find you sitting across the room at your easel. Your face was intent with a strange elation as you painted with sure, swift strokes. I wanted to move, for I was lying as you had left me hours before, with my head thrust back, my arms thrown wide. But I lay still, pretending sleep.

Suddenly you threw down your brush. You came and knelt beside me and, although my eyes were tightly shut, I could feel your look warm me. I flung my arms around your neck and pulled you close.

"God bless you, Wixum," you whispered. "It's a good painting. Great, maybe. It's to be ours—always. For us alone."

Then you crept in bed and instantly fell asleep with your head on my breast. I love to think of my happiness as I held you while you slept away exhaustion.

BUT all those days were happy. We were impregnable. Aunt Kate cut me off forever, but we didn't care. Karl threatened revenge. We laughed. And each day the schooner was more nearly done.

"We've fifteen dollars and twenty-three cents," you announced one morning. "It's time for action."

So the next time the mail boat came along, you went to Seattle to see the scientists who had promised to charter the schooner.

I waited on the island. When you came home, it seemed I could tell before the boat docked that something was wrong.

You held me so I could not see your face.

"He's gummed the works," you said. "We should never have told your aunt anything about our plans."

I knew what had happened then. Her money. Her philanthropic interests. Her scientific scholarships. Oh, dear God! And Karl had talked her into using her influence to smash all our hopes.

That next week was bad, Kib. I suggested we might have to sell the island. And you told me Alec Tarbox had loaned it to you; that you didn't even own it. We packed our belongings in the schooner. Remember, the last time we walked down our trail, we didn't look back?

For two weeks you tried to sell your paintings in Seattle. But each night you came home with the same portfolio packed with the same paintings. And then, quite suddenly, we had only a dollar left.

"If you'd take Dawn," I suggested hesitantly, "you could surely sell it for lots of money."

"I wouldn't sell Dawn for all the money in the world!" you cried.

Your face was grim when you left that morning. I was watching for your home-coming all afternoon. At last you came down the dock. I saw you were laughing, and I rushed into your arms.

Once we were in the cabin you drew out your wallet.

"We've five hundred dollars!" you shouted.

You pulled the bills out and tossed them all around us. We were laughing so we could hardly pick them up. Then, suddenly, I heard a strangled racking sound. Kib, you were crying. I couldn't bear it.

You were on your knees. I knelt beside you and caught your head to my breast. Your arms went around me as though I were the only thing in life you could hang on to. Wordlessly we rocked back and forth.

"I had to do it, Wicky," you said at last. "There wasn't any other way. I borrowed money on the Wixum Lee."

"But that's wonderful, Kib. That's marvelous! Why do you feel so dreadful?"

"Alec Tarbox wants the schooner, Wicky. He saw it at the island, and he wants it. He made me sign a note swearing he could have her free and clear if I didn't pay up in six months."

"We'll never let him have her, Kib. We'll pay him back long before then and be rich besides."

Remember how you shouted then, Kib? You smothered me with kisses. Then you said:

"All ashore who's going ashore."

"Not me," I said.

"O. K., mate," you said.

"Where to, skipper?"

"Through the Golden Gate to Frisco."

That trip! Our first voyage together. Oh, Kib, you must remember.

We loved San Francisco that first month. We set up housekeeping on the Wixum Lee, tied up at Fisherman's Wharf. We made friends around there. And we sold some paintings. The Tamburino family bought one for five dollars. Tony had tears in his eyes when he paid you. It was so beautiful, he said, that he would give five thousand, if only he had the money.

Angelico, the fair-haired poet with the haunted pain-ridden face, bought another painting, but he had only seventy-nine cents. We sold one for twenty-five dollars, one for fifteen, and one for ten. We felt good.

It was fun until the second month rolled around and we had only three hundred dollars left of the money we'd borrowed and a total of fifty-five dollars and seventy-nine cents from art sales. That night when we counted it all over, we were solemn.

When you came home the next night, I was cooking dinner.

"What you been doing today, Wix?" you asked.

"Just walking around, seeing the town," I said.

"That's not what I set out to do," you said, "but it's darn near all I did."

"Never mind, Kib. All great men go through times like this— Oh, Kib, when you grab me in your arms like that! Some day you'll crack my ribs." Some day— Oh, never now. You'll never again hold me breathless. You told the Tamburinos you hated me. But you didn't hate me then, Kib, and our hamburgers burned to black crisp. How we laughed! Kib, you *do* remember that night.

FROM morning till night you tried to sell your pictures. Then, suddenly, you didn't try that any more. You went out to hunt a job—any job. And so did I.

Christmas. Easter. An odd job now and then. Another painting sold for a few dollars. Your face growing gaunt, your body thin. And the fear in me getting big. Oh, Kib, I wasn't afraid of going hungry. I could even bear losing the Wixum Lee. But you weren't painting any more. And there was that wild look in your eyes.

Then, last night—or, dear God!—was it only last night?—you came home. It was April thirtieth. You looked at me, eyes burnt out.

"One more month," you said—"one more month to raise five hundred dollars. Wixum, I've eighty-three cents left. Eighty-three cents."

"I—I hid five dollars in the coffee can, Kib."

Your laugh hurt deep. It was as though you hit me. That's why I shrank back.

"I know, Wicky," you said. "You wish you'd never married me."

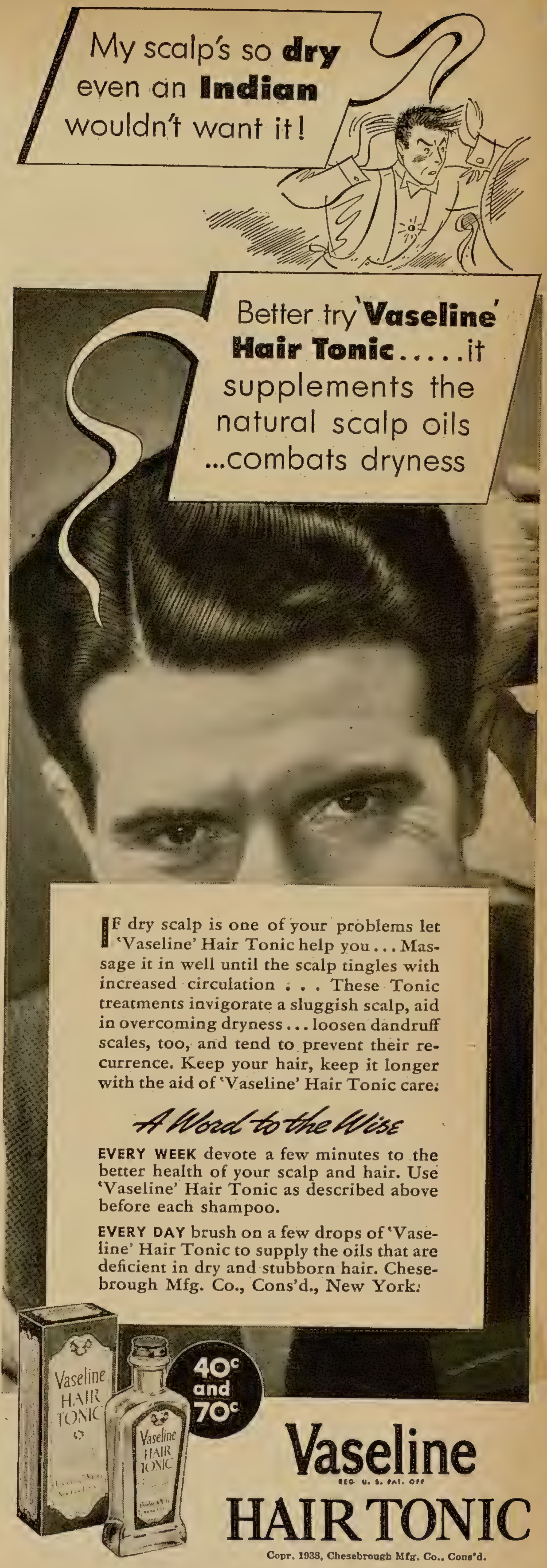
Kib, you accused me of that!

That night we lay beside each other, stiff, tense with ache. We didn't touch. Sleep must have come, because I woke in the gray light of dawn to find you gone.

Finally I dressed. I sat down and thumbed through the canvases that were piled in the corner. I found the one you did of me on the island. The one you said no one in all the world should ever see but you and me.

All day I fought the battle. At three o'clock I took the painting, that one only, and put it in a portfolio.

I went to the finest art store in San Francisco. I would not be sidetracked. And at last I saw the owner. He was old—about forty, I think. I pulled out the painting and laid it on the desk before him. He looked at it.



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"How much do you want, young lady?" he inquired.

"Five hundred dollars," I said.

"I'll buy it," he said.

I couldn't breathe.

"Will you have dinner with me?" he asked.

"Is that a condition?"

He smiled. "No need to be so—so tense, my dear. I'm not an ogre. But—yes, it is on that condition."

"Very well," I said. "I'll have dinner with you."

He asked my name. He wrote the check.

"Don't you have to consult any one else, Mr. Parvin—partners or something?" I asked.

You see, Kib, I had to be sure the check would be good.

"No," he said. "I'm buying this for my private collection."

He rolled the canvas. "Ready?"

"Now, Mrs. Byrne," he said when we were in his car, "suppose you tell me where we can find your artist."

It was terrible of me, Kib, but I started to cry. Dreadful sobs that tore through me.

"Is there no innocence or faith left to youth!" he said strangely.

He waited until I quieted, then asked again where he could find you. When the chauffeur headed for Fisherman's Wharf, I felt panic grow in me. I was afraid of what you might do when you learned I had sold our Dawn. But I couldn't be sorry for what I had done. Oh, Kib, I had been prepared to do so much more for love of you.

YOU can be great one day. Great. I know it more than you. And it's my fault you lost your chance to paint your heart out the wide world over. My fault—and I couldn't bear it.

We drove to the Wixum Lee. But you hadn't come back.

"We'll have to go without him, I'm afraid," Mr. Parvin said.

I'd made a bargain, Kib. I had to keep it. I pinned the check to the pillow so you would see it the minute you came home, then I went with him.

In the restaurant he offered me champagne, but I shook my head. I thought of the time we tried to buy a bottle and didn't have the money. He didn't insist; his lips twitched in amusement. He had a consultation with the waiter. But, Kib, all I could think about when I looked at the beautiful food was how you'd been living on beans and hamburger and fish for weeks. I couldn't eat.

Mr. Parvin didn't seem to notice. He talked to me all the time in a friendly, almost disinterested way. When dinner was over, he told me we were going to a private preview of Western paintings.

"You won't hang Dawn?"

"I shall certainly hang Dawn."

I couldn't speak. It belonged to him.

Mr. Parvin forced me to meet his eyes.

"You're very young, my dear. There is much you have to learn. You have married a man who has the touch of the great artist. There is no subject a great artist cannot make beautiful. And in such beauty there is only good. If your husband is to develop his creative power, he will have to give to his canvas the things he finds most beautiful in life. There is no sacrilege in that. Such paintings belong to the world."

It is true, Kib. I knew it as I listened to him speak. I know it now.

The preview was held in an old home on Nob Hill. When we arrived, there were many people gathered in the big rooms. Mr. Parvin gave me into the care of a sweet-faced older woman. Then he went away with the canvas.

Oh, Kib, the triumph of it! Out of twenty votes of the judging board your Dawn won seventeen firsts. Think of what that means. A year's scholarship. And freedom to paint anything.

It was over by eleven o'clock, except for the late supper to be given by the judges for the artist winners. There were three besides you. But I couldn't stay unless I could find you and bring you back. So Mr. Parvin drove me back to the wharf. Our schooner was ablaze with lights.

The cabin was turned upside down. Paintings thrown everywhere. And on the floor I saw pieces of paper torn to bits. I gathered them in my hands and fitted them together. It was the check you'd torn. I sank to the floor and buried my head in my hands. Mr. Parvin touched my shoulder.

"Never mind, child. It's easy to write another."

But I wasn't crying for that. A dread fear had hold of me as in a dream I'd once had. It seemed as though I had been there when you came home to find the check. I knew what you thought I had done. But I couldn't move to hold you; I couldn't speak to make you understand. And then you went away. That meant—that meant . . .

Mr. Parvin pulled me to my feet. "We'll find this man of yours," he said soothingly. "Have you two wild ones any friends where he might have gone?"

We rushed over to the Tamburinos'. They said you had been there. They said you were like a crazy man when they told how they'd seen me come home with a tall man in a huge limousine and then go off with him again.

They wrung their hands, they wailed; their eyes pleaded with me to tell them you had not meant those words you said before you rushed away. And then they told me.

"I hate her!" you had cried. "What does she think of our love? Five hundred smackers."

Oh, Kib.

I'm afraid. I didn't go to the supper party. I've been here waiting for you to come back, hour after endless hour. I've sat with a pencil in my hand. I *had* to believe in our love. I *had* to live over our year.

You can't hate me, Kib. You've held me in your arms night-long. Even if I—even if—oh, Kib, it wouldn't have mattered. Not when I love you so.

If you'd only come home. If you'd look into my eyes, you'd know. But you're not yourself. You're imagining things that aren't true. You're walking along the docks. You're looking into the water. And you're thinking . . . if I'd loved you I'd have found another way.

I did, Kib. Can't you hear? I did!

It's no use. You'll never come back. You're dead. I'm tired—Kib—I—don't want—to live any—

BUT, Kib, you didn't drown. You didn't even try to drown. You came home at last, to find me asleep, head on table, stub of a pencil clenched in my fist. You dropped on your knees beside me. I know, because it was your lips kissing the tears away—even in sleep my face was wet—that woke me to life again.

"You're not dead, Kib?"

You caught me close. You didn't speak. We held each other, and through the porthole we saw the sun glint on the fishing boats.

"I can take care of you, Wix," you said. "I've got a job. A night-watchman's job."

You held my face between your hands and looked into my eyes. "It didn't happen, Wix. It was a dream."

Your voice shook, Kib, but it didn't break. Looking at you, I saw you believed it—it had happened. But thinking that, you knew it had not been faithlessness.

Then you said: "Don't—don't ever tell me."

Oh, Kib! Never tell you!

If you could have seen your face as I saw it, when, nights later, you bent over my tear-stained pages! I watched you live our year together. Your eyes were wet when you looked up.

"Promise me, Wix," you said, "that every year until we die you will tell our story for me to read."

Our first year ended at dawn today, Kib.

The Wixum Lee is stored with provisions. The sails are flying full. The prow is cutting through the ocean waves. We've money locked in a tin box. We've paint and brushes to last a whole year through.

It was this morning you dumped me out of bed.

"All ashore who's going ashore," you said.

"Not me," I said.

"O. K., mate," you said.

"Where to, skipper?" I said.

"The wide world," you said.

Our year is over. Oh, Kib, what will I have to tell you twelve whole months from now?

THE END

What does most to heal the sick? One physician gives you a plain answer

Women patients ate up his every word, drank bottles of his black "tonic," and got well.

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

Doctors DON'T Tell

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

I DIDN'T start a clinic in Canaking, or anywhere else. Instead, I accepted Uncle Billy's invitation—which I consider the greatest compliment I ever received—to go back home to Duggan to take over his practice as fast as he could let it go. He was getting old; and although he was still as mentally alert as ever, he had lost his zest for hard work and cold climates. He was anxious to lay down his tools. It seems he had always had me in mind for the job.

I sold my practice in Canaking to a young man, Dr. Breslau, who was the son-in-law of Dr. Edwin, a popular physician of state-wide reputation whose office was some fifty miles west of Canaking. Dr. Edwin was financing Dr. Breslau, and would undoubtedly send him work. Breslau was also a classmate of Larry Baker—and that ought to help.

The opportunity was now greater for a good young doctor in Canaking than it was when I came there.

Most of the older men had gone to meet the Greatest Physician of all times. Those who were left had pretty well given up the fight against progress.

The hospitals were better equipped. Breslau should have none of the difficulties I had in overcoming prejudice and getting the tools with which to work.

The most important reason of all, however, why I felt sure that my successor would prosper in Canaking, or anywhere else, was that he had that "something" which makes the successful doctor.

I wish I could define that "something." It would help all of you in choosing the right physician! All I know is that it exists in every truly successful doctor, however humble his sphere of operations.

I recall one fine old man whom I came to know during my service in Canaking. He was the sole physician in a tiny village up beyond Danesville. This doctor—his name was Towson—had only one chief and good remedy—Epsom salts. But he knew how to use it. Therein lay the secret of his success.

Every week he would take two pounds of the salts and add a bit of jalap, then enough water to make a few gallons. The old doctor's office girl would bottle this mixture in her spare moments and put it up in four-ounce bottles. Unless a patient was actually dying, this was all he got from old Dr. Towson!

But my friend had other methods of effecting his cures. He was invariably attentive and sympathetic. He insisted on "going over" every patient very carefully. Painstakingly he examined chest, heart, and lungs; made blood counts; looked into throat and eyes; gave the impression that his life as well as yours depended upon the one examination at hand.

When he had finished with this elaborate prologue to the Epsom salts program, he would sit in his chair opposite the patient, look him over from head to foot, and grunt. Then he would go into the dispensary, and return with a bottle of the black Epsom mixture. It was always heavily flavored, this week with wintergreen, next week with peppermint or orange.

Giving the patient the bottle, he would proceed to elaborate on just how and when to take the black medicine. There was a pretty ritual to these instructions. After it, he would say in a positive tone:

"Take this just as I have instructed. Don't worry about yourself. You will be fine in a few days!"

And, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, you were!

He was really a second father to his women patients. They ate up his every word, drank many bottles of his black "tonic," adored him, and got well.

I was talking this way to my Cleo one night soon after we got back into

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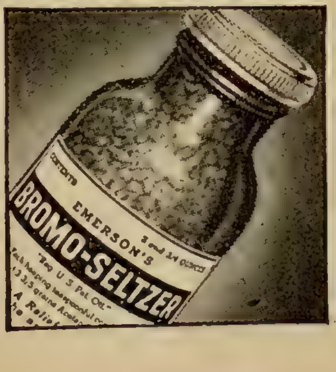


our old house in Duggan. "What are you anyway, you doctors," she laughed, "but modern voodoo men?"

She was right.

There is little difference between the ancient medicine man with his strange costumes, sacred trinkets, charms, incense, unintelligible prayers and tom-tom drums, and the modern university-educated physician with his awe-inspiring tail coat, his nosepincher glasses with the wide black ribbon, his unbreakable poise, and, above all, his sugar-coated pills.

Instead of a loincloth and a carmine-stained torso, we modern medicine men sport the expansive waistcoat, the striped trousers, the spats, the wrist watch, and the yellow gloves. For sacred trinkets and charms, we use a thermometer, a stethoscope, a rubber percussion hammer, a blood-pressure manometer.

Instead of tom-toms and a procession to the shrine of the voodoo man, where the evil spirits of sickness used to be chased away, the noble savant arrives in a gasoline chariot or sends his gong-clanging ambulance to spirit you away to that shrine of the modern voodoo man—the bare, white, ritualistic hospital.

Instead of chewing raw herbs or aromatic leaves gathered by the medicine man himself, you are now handed gelatin capsules or sugar-coated pellets manufactured in huge modern factories. But they contain the same roots and leaves that the ancients used.

Instead of listening to the mumbled, incoherent mutterings of the witch doctor, we are given a cabalistic scrap of paper inscribed with what is intended to be Latin. The purpose and effect are the same—the mystification and hypnosis of the ailing layman.

If the cave man of old had an angry ulcer on his leg, he showed it to the chaser of evil spirits.

"What is this ulcer?" he asked.

The ancient voodoo man merely reached into his fire and drew forth a fiery ember; then, amid the screams and cries of the poor victim, he held the hot ember to the ulcer. This finished, he struck a pose and announced: "I know not what the ulcer was, but now it is a burn. I can heal a burn!"

So it is with us modern surgeons. We cut out that which is unexplainable, or which we feel is useless or diseased. If we do a neat mechanical job, we have a clean wound. A wound, if clean, heals by first intention. All the doctor can do is to hasten and ease the process.

Then why all this secrecy, all this pomp?

Well, this impressive, pontifical, and highly organized body that we moderns call the medical profession got its origin from two different sources. The physician sprang from the witch doctor; the surgeon from the barber. Neither of these groups had much knowledge of real practical import, so when they did acquire something concrete, they chose to hold this knowledge as a secret. Imposing guilds and orders were formed, which correspond to our present-day medical societies, local and national; and the principles established by these guilds forthwith became as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Naturally jealous of their meager and often bogus knowledge, these guilds loudly proclaimed all other schools of thought heretical. The attitude persisted through the ages. So vigorously and seriously have we medics propagandized our public that we have succeeded, the world over, in getting our lawmakers to establish laws favorable to medicine and medicine alone.

By impressing our patients, by keeping our methods secret, by using ponderous terms to describe simple things, by writing the simplest prescription in the language of the dead, we have made the public feel that only the medical profession, of all the healing cults, is beneficial to mankind.

Legislatively or otherwise, we have gone after the chiropractors, the physiotherapists, the masseurs, the naturopaths, the podiatrists, the occultists, and the Christian Scientists. We have formed investigating committees, censoring bodies, legislative lobbies. If we had pursued the beams in our own eyes half as relentlessly as we have the motes in the other fellows' eyes, we would not now be facing, as a profession, a bewildered, questioning, and angry public opinion.

As it is, we may as well recognize the fact that the public is demanding better service, fewer medically controlled laws, less poor diagnosis, fewer unnecessary operations, and smaller fees. We may as well quit donning our halos of dignity and issuing pontifical ukases against all comers.

We may as well admit that we have but fourteen specific remedies for all diseases and know lamentably little about how to use those fourteen.

In short, we may as well tell the truth: Nature, not medicine, is the Great Healer.

THE END

A DOCTOR'S ANSWER TO "DOCTORS DON'T TELL"

As was to be expected, this challenging series has been stirring up discussion throughout the English-speaking world. Many a letter writer has pronounced Dr. "Raymond"—and Liberty—unjust to the medical profession. What grounds have honest, conventional doctors for this criticism? You will find them stated frankly by such a doctor

In Liberty Next Week

Kill Him with a Smile

—and you get fun, as Hollywood proves anew in another of those gay murders . . Miss Lombard is haywire again

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell in the screen's latest assault-and-battery farce, There's Always a Woman.

★ ★ ★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor, Frances Drake, Jerome Cowan, Robert Paige, Thurston Hall, Pierre Watkin, Walter Kingsford, Lester Matthews. Screen play by Gladys Lehman, based on an original story by Wilson Collison. Directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 90 minutes.

THE tide has turned, goody, goody. For the first time in months comes a heroine who makes some sense. She acts like a nut, but it is acting only. Really she is as bright as a mirror in the sun and much more gleefully exhilarating.

Here is how that all happens: Bill Reardon, formerly of the district attorney's office, has tried to set up shop as a private detective but has failed at it. Sally, his wife, says she will take over the job when Bill insists he wants to go back to the d. a.'s office to assure their eating regularly. Whereupon a Mrs. Lola Fraser walks into Sally's office and hires her to shadow Mr. Fraser, who obligingly gets himself murdered that night. It becomes a matter of husband against wife then, Bill representing the administration and Sally trying to track down her own clues.

Which, done literally, would make this just another murder mystery. But this has been turned out in high spirits, being murder mixed with farcical married love after that slick, successful formula which The Thin Man originated. Almost as delightfully, this has some blended moments of romance and horror. The lively scene in which, after a night of being given the third degree, Joan Blondell as Sally is still fresh as a spring lamb is alone worth going out of your way to see.

Melvyn Douglas as the harassed husband turns in a honey of a light-comedy performance. Joan Blondell is riotous, and Mary Astor and Jerome Cowan are blackly villainous.

VITAL STATISTICS: Yep, it's another assault-and-battery farce, Melvyn Douglas vs. Joan Blondell. . . . Hollywood writers are harder put to find ways of Boy to Sock Girl than they used to be for Boy to Meet Her. Women, it seems, don't mind seeing their heroes and heroines push each other around on the screen—as long as they don't let blood, gouge eyes, wrench arms and legs from sockets, and the fight has a happy ending. If women objected, the whole haywire era would come to a sudden close. Why don't you object, girls? . . . Joan Blondell and Dick Powell spend $1,100 a week running their house. Dick's become legal daddy of Normie Barnes Powell, and will become a bona-fide pop around June, Joan expecting either a boy or a girl about that sunny time. Joan appears as ash-blonde in this for first time; has been platinum till now; bares her ears for the first time in her life. That's news, fellers! . . . Mel Douglas Hesselberg wanted to be a poet, not an actor. He's been in the army; would go again were the enemy worthy of his services. Came to Hollywood after a considerable stage career to play op Gloria Swanson in Tonight or Never. He's since married to Helen Gahagan; there's a son. He likes to travel, isn't vain of his appearance, hasn't a wardrobe bigger than yours or mine—although he has more in his bank account. His blood is Scotch-Rahshn. . . . Frances Drake claims Sir Henry Morgan, the pirate, and Francis Morgan Dean, the clergyman poet, among her ancestors; she's a New Yawker; Canadian- and London-bred. Has been around Hollywood for some years; is still unmarried and unhurried about becoming so. Likes the social game. . . . Mary Astor (Lucille Langhanke) is going in for sports and the quiet married life. She's a Quincy, Ill., lass; came to Hollywood via a contest; made good immediately. She's now Mrs. Manuel Del Campo. Her hobby is needlepoint.

★ ★ ½ FOOLS FOR SCANDAL

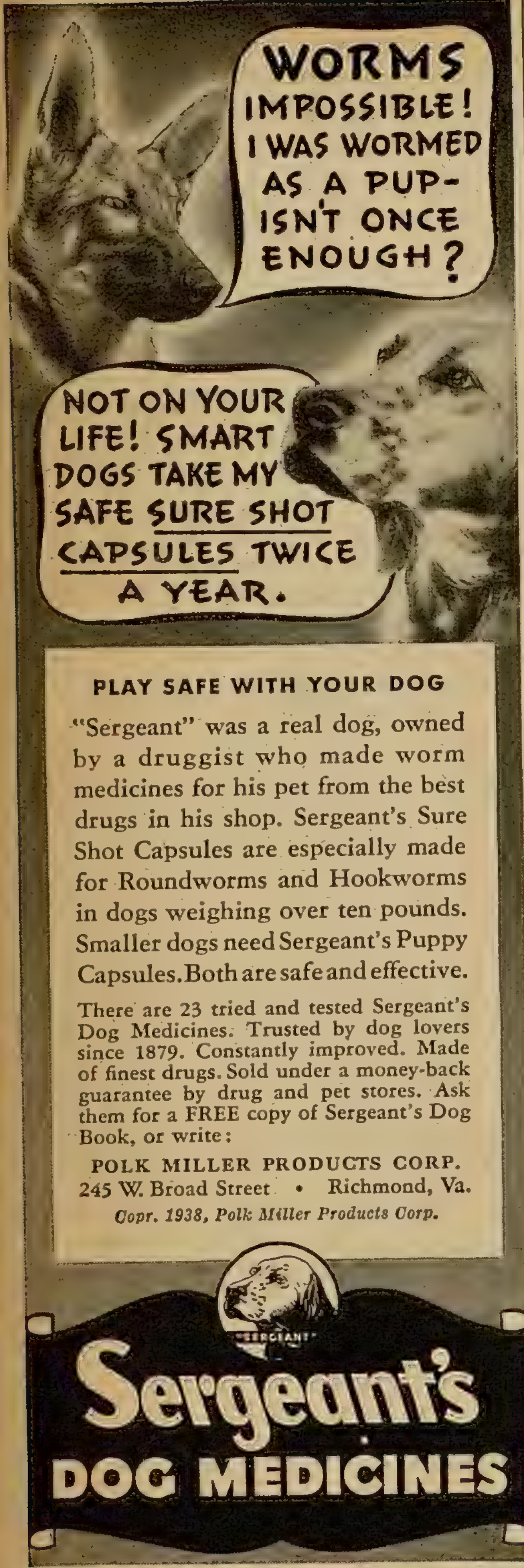
THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet, Ralph Bellamy, Allen Jenkins, Isabel Jeans, Marie Wilson, Marcia Ralston, Heather Thatcher, Tempe Pigott, Jeni LeGon, Tola Nesmith, Jacques Lory, Michelette Burani. Screen play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields, based on the play, Return Engagement, by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute, and Rosemary Casey. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time 80 minutes.

HERE is another version of that too-familiar romance between a harebrained, beautiful heroine and a hero who is so cute that Shirley Temple appears as dignified as Chief Justice Hughes by comparison. Two years ago, even six months ago, before we had experienced such a glut of goofy love stories, it might have got its full quota of laughs.

The zany plot centers around Carole Lombard, a movie star come to Paris for thrills, and Fernand Gravet, a French baron who, though broke, resolves upon their first meeting to marry her. She is almost engaged to Ralph Bellamy, and when Fernand begins rushing her, even following her to London and getting into her house as what the papers promptly label "her love chef," it results in more scandal than you can shake a censor at. But bliss and orange blossoms are forecast when Fernand literally cooks his way into her heart.

Ralph Bellamy repeats the boob suitor he did so well in The Awful Truth, only it seems less original on its return date. The orchidaceous Miss Lombard throws herself around violently in very beautiful clothes, which is about all her role calls for. Isabel Jeans is magnificently malicious as a catty friend, while Mr. Gravet, restrained perhaps by his innate French caution, manages to remain quite charmingly superior to scenes that force him to be enticing while dressed in a parlor rug.

VITAL STATISTICS: For 1937 Carole (She Who Gets Socked) Lombard paid income tax on $467,000; left herself only about $120,000 when all bills were paid. Second big-money earner of the year, she ranked only 22d in b.-o. appeal.



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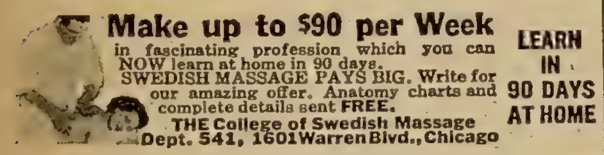
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ALLAN G. HURST, *Manager*

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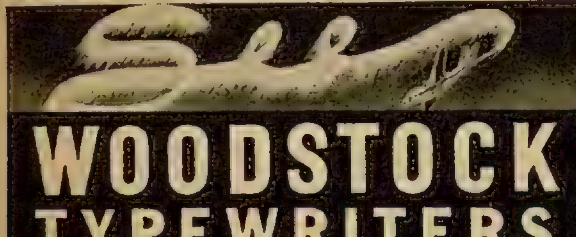

WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITERS

Always a business shrewdie, her salary's jumped to $150,000 per pic since she set Hollywood haywire with her My Man Godfreying. Nobody can take it like Carole. She hasn't been complimented or kissed romantically for her past six pix. She's been slapped around, kicked in the antspay, bopped on the kisser, came away with no broken bones but with plenty of lumps, bumps, and technicolored blacks and blues. She's learned to relax before, during, and after taking it; can fall like a ju-jitsu expert and can dish it out pretty soundly, being well muscled and cleanly fit. . . . Fernand (Gravy) Gravet is Belgian-born, French-reared. Was imported as Graavet, studio hacked out the surplus a, made the pronunciation Grah-vay. Public immediately responded by making it Grayvet. Fernand commutes from Paris to Hollywood; is married to French actress. . . . Boy Wonder Producer Mervyn LeRoy is really Mervyn Levy, nevvy to the Warner Brothers. . . . Silliest prop function of the week: Since Carole Lombard hates turkey, propmen wrapped roast beef around that gobbler drumstick she undaintily munches somewhere in this. . . . Marie Wilson can whang the tar out of a piano; takes lessons with a boxing coach in order to be able to take it when she gets a sock role. . . . Ralph Bellamy's very much in the dough since those "worthless" oil wells of his down Oklahoma way started gushing.

★ ★ ISLAND IN THE SKY

THE PLAYERS: Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, Paul Kelly, Robert Kellard, June Storey, Paul Hurst, Leon Ames, Willard Robertson, George Humbert, Aggie Herring, Charles D. Brown. Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray from an original story by Jerry Cady. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 70 minutes.

THE week's second murder-vs.-love movie, a fairish minor entry. The Island in the Sky is a night club on the seventieth floor of a skyscraper. Thereto travel Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen to coo over their mutual love, never dreaming that the club's silken draperies hide a sinister secret. Michael is assistant to the district attorney, Gloria is his secretary. On this one night, they declare, they will forget murder, think only of their approaching marriage. So up pops a murder. It looks like a simple case, however, and the jury convicts the suspected son of the dead man. Only Gloria has a hunch it isn't that simple, and sets out to prove his innocence. Right here the melodramatic, underworld, whodunit suspense begins pulsating, and Gloria gets involved with escaped felons, automobile accidents, jail breaks, and other thrill-makers. Still and gosh, she does unravel the mystery.

Miss Stuart and Mr. Whalen, who aren't the peppiest pair in the world, are still agreeable to look at; but June Storey and Robert Kellard, as the younger lovers, are so sincere they're fierce (and you can take that in any way you choose).

VITAL STATISTICS: Gloria Stuart and Mike Whalen have been screen lovers twice, were married in Change of Heart, are Thin Manned again. In Change of Heart, Mike proposed by asking: "Let's me and you fight!" Being a bit of a husky, Gloria can hold her own in marital screen battle; fights at 126. In private life Gloria's Mrs. Arthur Sheekman; there is little Sylvia Sheekman, aged four. . . . Mike Whalen was recently cast for a big Western, until 'twas found out he couldn't ride, didn't care about hosses. Was put on dry land instead. He's veddy unmarried, quite a smart dresser, a Wilkes-Barre lad, has lived in both Pottstown and Chambersburg, Pa. . . . Paul Kelly was born op the old Brooklyn Vitagraph Studios, was a kid actor, never had much of a youth, has had a serious, difficult Hollywood career. . . . Ex-Foreign Legionnaire Paul Hurst was a megger for 15 years, has risen to comedy acting. . . . New stock material June Storey came to Hollywood from Southampton, Society's snooting grounds, to which she came from Toronto. . . . Toby Doolan plays the part of George Spelvin, the corpse; had to lie before cameras for four days—ten minutes on screen—with nary a line to utter. All screen corpses are billed George Spelvin, name invented in Brewster's (original) Millions when Actor Edward Abeles refused to have his name appear twice on the same program. . . . Producer Wurtzel has just built himself a Roman-style swimming pool with eighteen statues of Cupid lining the edges, spouting water. Wurtzel used to be William Fox's foxiest stooge; never went beyond grade school; has survived three regimes at Fox studios, is the B-keeper of the lot now; turning out little B pix that provide the golden honey with which to feed A-pic production costs.

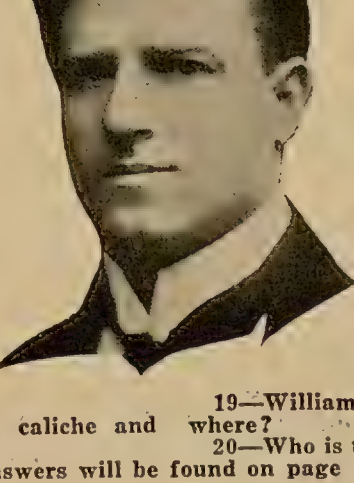
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling.

★★★—The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—This week's early photo is of which star of opera? Born 1885, he made his debut in the country of his birth in The Girl of the Golden West. Recently he was honored with a silver-jubilee program at the Metropolitan, New York City.

2—"Tinker to Evers to Chance" recalls what sport?

3—What martyr founded the Mormon Church?

4—Which of the following are frequently cracked: petroleum, nuts, china, corn?

5—What is the birthstone for May? What is the flower?

6—Which of the following abbreviations has two common meanings: B. A., B. C., B. S.?

7—What is Switzerland's monetary unit?

8—Is a kumquat something to sit on, to play, to eat, or to wear while sponge diving?

9—What antiseptic comes from caliche and seaweed?

10—Who, opposed to slavery, was nicknamed "the Quaker Poet"?

11—What is the largest city park in the U. S.?

12—Who was Germany's first President?

13—Touchstone is the clown in which of Shakespeare's plays?

14—The fur of the coypu, falsely sold as otter, is properly called what?

15—Which Biblical character escaped with the skin of his teeth?

16—Insulin is generally prescribed for those suffering from which disease?

17—Should uncooked meat in the refrigerator be wrapped or uncovered?

18—"Nothing is certain but death and taxes" is a saying attributed to whom?

19—William Penn and his two wives are buried where?

20—Who is the voice of Mickey Mouse?

(Answers will be found on page 51)

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Shorty McCoy sits in on a séance—and hears from the law

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

Words and picture by BERT GREEN

HIYA, Mazie?

Holy smoke, I'm so hungry I could eat the leg off a pool table. Listen. Slip me a order of that deep-sea goldfish and a double-header of hashed brown berdadoes, hey?

Gosh, you sure look more booful every day, kid. Every time I take a peek at you I get fuller goose bumps and my breath comes in short pants. Speaking of romance, here I've been saving up my dough so me and you can do a Lohengren, when I run into tough luck that puts me in the red.

Here, give a listen to what happened to me:

The other night I was parked in front of the Penn Station waiting for a customer, when who trucks up to me but a little heavy-set guy.

"Listen, buddy," he says, hurling me a smile. "I'm a stranger in this here town and am looking for a certain fortune teller on Park Avenue. His name begins with 'M' and I think he lives in the Fiftie's."

"Who, Mohammed?" I asks. "Sure, I know the joint well. In fact, I'm capping for the place."

"Capping?" he asks, a bit puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I'm working for it," I said. "The fortune teller kicks me a percentage for every customer I bring up."

Then I reached in my pocket, pulled out a handful of Mohammed's cards and handed him one. Here, take a squint at it, Mazie!

MOHAMMED ABDULAH
The House of Islam
Spiritualist, Psychic Phenomena and
Crystal Gazing
897 7/8 Park Avenue

Well, toots, after he looked the pasteboard over, he smiled and said:

"Yes, that's the place I'm looking for. How about driving me over?"

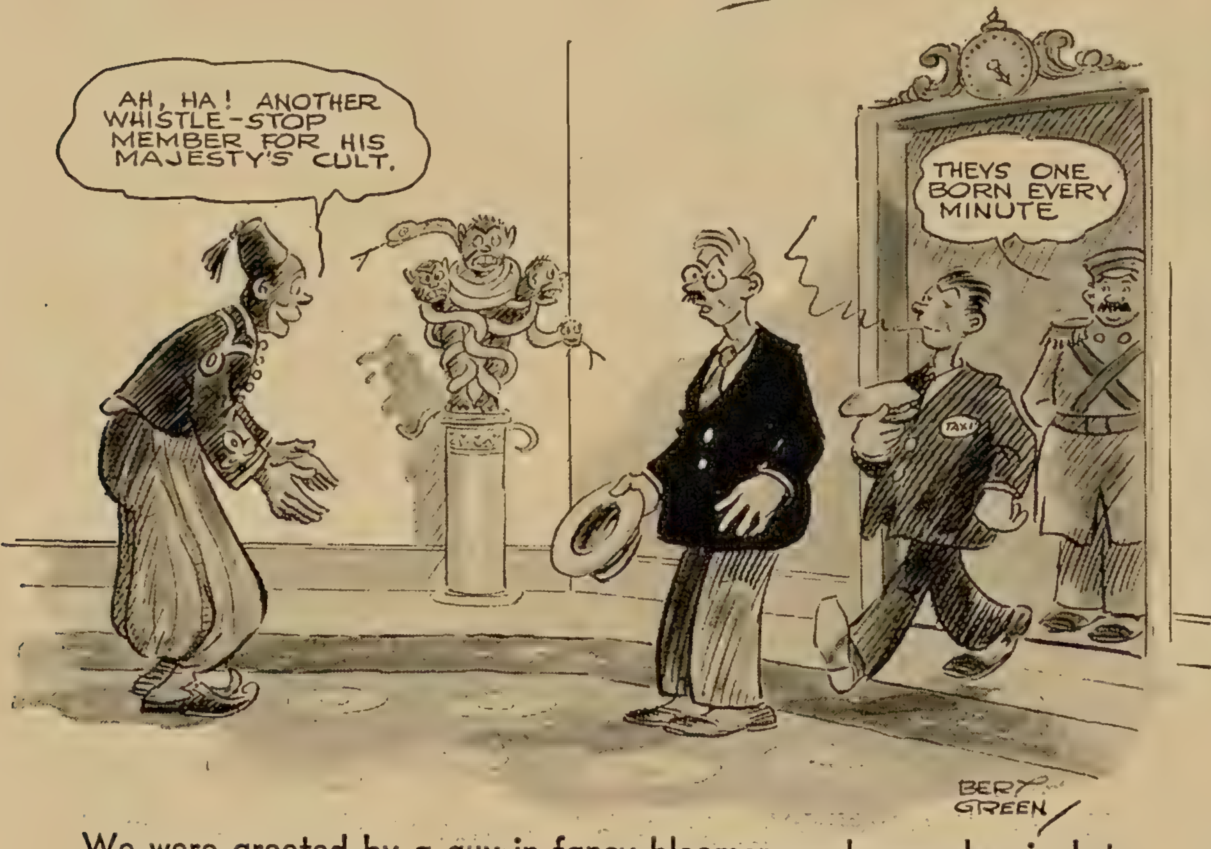
"With the greatest of pleasure," I hurled back, and off we went. I had only gone about six blocks when he began yelling at me.

"You know, pal," he says, "*I'm studying* to be a fortune teller myself; that's why I want to see this guy."

"I don't blame you," I says. "It's a *real racket*, a pushover for heavy dough."

"Brother, are you telling me?" he laughed.

"This guy Mohammed," I retorts quickly, "takes the dames like nobody's nevermind. It's simple. Why, he puts the bite on 'em for *fifty smackers* a *horror-scope* and makes 'em love it."


AH, HA! ANOTHER WHISTLE-STOP MEMBER FOR HIS MAJESTY'S CULT.
THEYS ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE
TAXI
BERT GREEN

We were greeted by a guy in fancy bloomers and a monkey jacket.

"That's a yell," he says, "where does he dig up the customers?"

"In *beauty parlors*," I throws back.

"In beauty parlors?" he pants. "How come?"

"Why, those places are a set-up for chumps. You see, when a dame goes into a wave garage to be glorified, she usually pops off about her past, present, and future."

"Oh yeah?" he says, a bit puzzled. "But what's that got to do with Mohammed?"

"Ample!" I says. "It's the tip-off. As soon as the beauty operator gets the story of the dame's life and learns she's out to grab a man, she tells the customer she should *consult* a marvelous *fortune teller* like *Mohammed* and slips her his card."

"What happens then?" asks my new friend.

"Well, while I'm driving the dame over, the beauty operator calls Mohammed and gives him the low-down on everything she told her. Get it?"

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughs. "That's a pip! Mohammed has a great technique!"

Well, Mazie, when we reached the fortune teller's apartment my pal nearly swooned when he saw what a Ritzy joint it was. Instead of me waiting outside like I expected, my pal insisted I should go in with him to watch the fun. I was tickled silly because I had never seen the inside of Mohammed's dump.

As we got off the gold-plated elevator at the penthouse floor, we were greeted by a guy in fancy bloomers, a monkey jacket, and on top of his scull was perched a little red hat. He led us into the swellest wahooing parlor I ever hung my lamp over. It was full of fancy cushions, imported drapes, and hairy rugs. At one end of the room was a throne made out of ostrich feathers and beside it was a statue of a guy named Buddah.

Seated in the middle of the room were four Park Avenue dames and an old bald-headed fossil—all waiting to have their fortunes told.

While we were waiting, who ankled in but an Arab dame with a bed sheet over her head. She lit some colored powder in a funny-looking vase and when it started to smoke, the joint smelled like a soap factory was on fire. A minute later, in walked four more Egyptian Judies chanting something queer like they were coming off an operating table. When they reached the center of the room, they got down on their knees and began to bob up and down like they were troubled with gas pains.

"What a showman this guy Mohammed is," whispered my pal.

But before I could answer, in walked Mohammed himself. Boy, what a lulu he was! He had six pounds of wet wash wrapped around his noggin and on his pan was smeared Hollywood Sun-glo, Number Six. To add to his snappy make-up, he had a red portier about his belly to keep his plus-fours from falling. Hon-

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est, kid, I've seen some nifty slacks before, but those bloomers were wows. No fooling, you could have hid a locomotive in each leg without much effort—slip me a copy of that coconut pie, Mazie, minus them flies!

Well, Mohammed parked himself on a big silk cushion and the five Judies sat around him. Sister, what a P. T. Barnum he was!

The bunch were no more than seated than who came trucking in but the cutest little job I've ever seen. She must have weighed 290 in her mules and had fourteen chins. In one mitt she carried a bottle of neck oil, and in the other a hooka.

A hooka, Mazie, is a Turkish pipe. It's a toss-up between a floor lamp and a fire hydrant. On top they put the tobacco and in the bottom is an aquarium. After they lit the thing, the troupe inhaled through rubber gas pipes. From the smell of it, I couldn't tell whether they were shoeing a horse or smoking a camel's-hair coat.

Well, kid, after that session, Mohammed suggested we all have a spot of hashish, saying it would "get us in the mood to contact the spirit world."

What's hashish? Well, I'll tell you, Mazie. It's a trick drink they make in India. They boil a bail of hemp and save the gravy.

AFTER we got through putting a dent in the Indian tonsil bleach, Mohammed proceeded to get in touch with the spooks. When the lights were turned low, queer noises seemed to ooze from Buddah like he was fulla phonograph records.

"I get the name of Sarah," mumbles Mohammed. "Does any one here know Sarah?"

"I do," meekly pipes up one of the Park Avenue dames.

Then everything was quiet.

"Is this Mrs. James Throckmorton Drexel?" asks the fortune teller. "If it is, Sarah wishes me to tell you there is a tall, handsome, blue-eyed man coming into your life. He has a villa in Cann and wants to marry you—"

Just then, up pops my pal.

"I get the name of Mohammed Abdulah, alias Mike Grogan, a *faker!*" he roars.

"What's this?" squawks Mohammed. "What's the big idea of bustin' up this sea-ants?"

"Plenty!" hollers the guy I took for a sap. "You're *under arrest* for being an *impostor and a extortonist.*" Then he blew a whistle and in blew six dicks with an assortment of cute hardware such as axes, smoke bombs, and shiny cannons.

When I reached the bastile, I was booked as *"an accomplice"* and charged with "steering people into fake spirit parlors."

Listen, beautiful. The next guy who steps in my hack and wants to see a ghost, I'll grab the tire iron and lay him like a rug. I gotta cop a sneak.

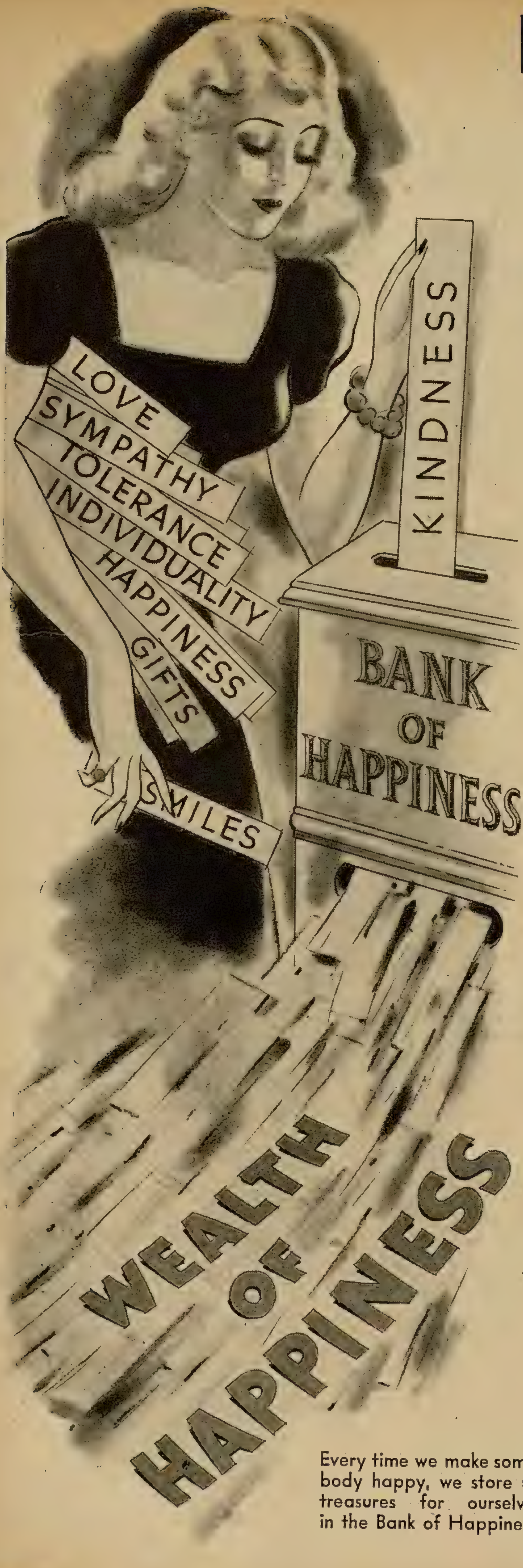
Still more delirious doings await our midget hero. His fanciful reports on them will be found in an early issue.

HOW TO PAY FOR HAPPINESS *in Advance*

BY MAE MURRAY

Challengingly a famous lady reveals her joyous creed of living and giving

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



Every time we make somebody happy, we store up treasures for ourselves in the Bank of Happiness.

I ONCE knew a man who, through parsimony and rigid economy, had accumulated several millions of dollars. He believed a man had to be rich to be happy. He was the unhappiest man I ever met.

When his business failed he killed himself. He had tried to borrow money to stave off ruin. But he could borrow nothing. He had no friends. He had never done anything for anybody—when he could have done much. He had made nobody happy. And when he died, there were no mourners.

Some months ago I wrote an article for Liberty, telling people how to live in ecstasy. I have received something over four thousand letters since then, from readers all over the world.

They wanted further advice on how to be happy. But not one of them asked how they could make others happy.

Well, that is where the mistake begins. Instead of saying, "Give me, give me, give me!" say, "I want to give. I want to make others happy, too."

People do not seem to realize that, while happiness is here for all, we must pay for it in advance.

We must give in order to receive. Every time we give, every time we make somebody happy, we store up treasures of happiness for ourselves.

Do not be afraid to give and give and give. The more you give, the richer you will be. Do not be afraid that some day you will break yourself with generosity. Remember the tides of the sea. They come in, piling up waters on the shore, giving, giving, giving. They recede again, true. But the ebb tide is always followed by the flood. You may go broke through giving; but the tide of riches will return again and again and again.

The basic reason for withholding money is fear. Fear of poverty. Fear of hunger and want. This fear is senseless. I do not believe in storing up wealth. I trust in God. I know He will never forsake me.

I do not fear poverty. I have been broke at times, but did not stay so long. It is a part of life, as rich a part as any other.

I do not say money is not good. It is. I do not say a man should not make all the money he can. I do not say he should not store it up for security. I am not advocating any form of Socialism or Communism.

My creed is only this: Give, if you would be happy. Give of your money, your time, your counsel, your sympathy, the work of your hands. Forget yourself. Do not fear the future. Do not fear anything. Happy people have no fears. Happiness knows no fear.

May I tell you about another rich friend of mine?

FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT
SEND COUPON DON'T PAY TILL RELIEVED

FOOT ITCH

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissues of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money. Don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

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Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

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He too had laid up earthly treasures; but he had created happiness for many others. He had treasures in the Bank of Happiness. When he went broke, he did not kill himself. Friends came to him, loaned him money. Today he is prospering again. But he is not storing up money now. He is giving it to those who need it more than he does. And he is giving more than money, too.

"For the first time in my life," he says, "I am really happy. For the first time in my life, I have no fear of any kind. I may go broke again. But what of it? It is friends that make you happy. Nothing else. I do not care if I never make much money, so long as I make friends."

That man has found out a simple truth of life: that you must not keep—you must give—to attain true happiness. There is no real security except in spiritual things.

It is my firm belief that every good and heartening thing you have done will come back to you—probably when you most need good and heartening influences.

Everything depends upon what you do to and for others. You pay for everything. You pay for many things in advance. Why shouldn't you pay for happiness in advance?

Happiness is what we all desire. Ask for it. That Great Force that is ever near you will give it if you devoutly seek it. And if you are happy, everybody you meet will catch some quantity of happiness from you.

Oh, yes, you can be very happy taking from those who give. For in the taking you are giving happiness to the person who asked you to take. But the giver has the better of it. The taker is happy for a moment or two, the giver so long as he gives.

One of the letters I received is from a poor woman who listened to me on the radio.

"It is easy enough to be happy if you are rich," she says. "Then you can get a kick out of giving. But what about me? My husband is a cripple. I have two boys to support. I work hard every day, in a rich woman's kitchen. What can I give anybody? What chance have I to be happy?

"I'd like to give my husband a chance to be operated on. I'd like to give my kids a decent home and a proper education. . . . Don't talk to me about happiness. It's not for the likes of me and mine."

This woman is giving more than most people, and doesn't realize it. She is giving herself, her life, to the support of a cripple and two children.

She will never have money to give, perhaps. What of it? She is giving much more than money. She is piling up stores of riches in the Bank of Happiness, and some day—when she most needs it—she will cash in.

Some day those boys will grow up. They will be fine men. With such a mother, I am certain they will be fine men. And who will be happier than the woman who gave all she had to make them fine?

It is too bad she is not happy now. But she has the wrong slant on life. Her ideas are those of the majority—that only the rich can be happy.

She can be proud of herself, being the breadwinner of the family, being a person intelligent enough to write such an excellent letter. But that old bugaboo, fear, blinds her to all the potential happiness about her.

I can understand her wish for an operation for her husband and an education for her sons.

She can have these things too. There are many people who will be glad to give them—if she is not too proud to take them. It is written. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find."

Sometime I may have something to say about pride—the pride of the poor, and the pride of the rich, and how it bars the door of happiness.

We are so class-conscious, we whom God has made equal. We adore the conspicuously rich and powerful. We want to be seen with "people of importance." And we snub tradesmen and taxi drivers, browbeat waiters.

REMEMBER a man named Abraham Lincoln? He kept a store once. And he once split rails. He was one of those in the "humbler walks of life." Well, so were many others who are "tremendous people" today.

Perhaps you are one of these "humble ones"—how I detest that phrase! You need not be. You can be anything you wish to be, if you pay in advance. I have heard many say, "Why should I kill myself on this job? The pay is terrible."

To shirk, to hold back the full measure of talent and ability, to do slovenly work—this is not the right way. You are cheating yourself as well as your employer. But if you plunge into the job with sincerity and zeal, nothing can stop you from succeeding beyond your dreams. You must pay in advance for success, for success is happiness.

Do not be shy and awkward in the presence of your so-called "betters." Do not bend over backward to show your self-sufficiency. Do not snub a rich or powerful or influential person merely to prove you are not fawning on him. Treat everybody, rich and poor, as you would have them treat you. Always be yourself. Remember you are important, too, in God's scheme of things. You have a certain design to weave into the pattern of life.

When you have problems—as people call them—seek the answer in yourself. Look for the mistakes you made. Find out the cause of your trouble and you will cease to call it trouble. You will go gallantly on, meeting life, conquering all obstacles and all seeming obstacles. Conquer yourself, and you will have the strength and the riches wherewith to help others who may not have learned so quickly.

Do not be afraid of that rainy day. Welcome it. You do not know how tremendously happy you can be in the rain.

THE END

The Permanent

BY JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

"AND now that you have all this money, Margaret," I said, "what are you going to do with it?"

Margaret was old, penniless, on relief and charity. In addition she was blind and her face was scarred as if from some horrible accident. The money, about a hundred dollars, had been a windfall from a forgotten savings-bank account in a distant city.

"I think," she said, "I'd like a permanent."

A district nurse is used to the unexpected, but this was so grotesque that it made me gasp.

"But, Margaret," I protested, "you need clothing, blankets, food . . ."

She let me finish, then said quietly, "I think I'll get the permanent first. Perhaps," she went on, with a note of eagerness in her voice, "I could have my hair touched up too . . . you know, reddened . . . and then with those golden glints or whatever they call them . . ." She stopped and said abruptly, "What color is your hair?"

"Sort of brownish," I said.

"Mine was brown too," she said, "*but* brown with a reddish underlay and . . . you may not believe it . . . but in certain lights there were distinct touches of gold in it. And it curled, too . . ." Again she stopped short. "How much does it cost to have your face lifted?"

"Surely, Margaret," I said, "you're not thinking of . . ."

"No, no," she said quickly, as if dismissing the idea. "I'm sure it would be too costly. But," she added wistfully, "it would be nice." Then, as if she saw the expression on my face, she said, "When you're young it's hard to understand how the old were once just as firm of flesh as you . . . had the same vibrant thrust for life. . . . Memories. That's all we have left now. Lines . . . wrinkles drawn by time in our emotions."

I could hardly believe I was hearing correctly. It was as if some one behind the mask that was Margaret was speaking. And then, somehow, without understanding I seemed to understand. I put my arm about her poor bony shoulders.

"I'm sorry," I said, but I couldn't have told you exactly what I was sorry about.

"That's all right," she said.

She drew back from me a little, stretched out her hands to touch my ace, my hair.

"You—you must be pretty," she d. "Are you?"

"I don't know," I answered her.

"Oh, but you do know," she said. "Every woman knows. And is there some man you love and who is quite crazy about you?"

"There are a lot of them I like and who, I think, like me," I said; "but there is no one man."

"There were many men with me, too," she said. "They waited every night at the stage door." I must have started at that. "Oh, yes, I was on the stage—a star. No, I'm not going to tell you the name. . . . There were dozens of men, though . . . and really only one. And he . . . he was a worshiper of beauty. He said that was why he loved me. . . . I *was* beautiful. And my hair . . . I told you about it; reddish brown with those flecks of gold . . . I think he loved that most of all. He couldn't keep his hands off it, nor his cheek. . . . And every time he'd paint a picture—he was an artist—he said he was painting me . . . painting me in terms of the sunset . . . in the heart of the woodland . . . in the glory of the sky. That's what he said. And I was young and in love and I was seeing the world through his eyes . . . the eyes of an artist and a poet and a dreamer.

"Sometimes I wonder if I have not just dreamed it. Or whether I have added to it by thinking of it all these years. Or whether it was some play I acted in, like Romeo and Juliet. And yet, I know it really did exist . . . that it was all as I remember it . . . only more warm, more throbbing."

She stopped. I did not speak.

"Strange, isn't it," she went on finally, "how in a single hour your whole life can come tumbling down about you. One day I was a prominent actress and a young girl with life flooding her. The next day I was just a part of an ugly tragedy. There was a fire in the theater. So there was tradition to be upheld and we were good troupers. We played on while the audience got safely out. The papers spoke of our heroism. Some of the best notices I ever received. And *he* . . . he was wonderful. Came to see me every day while I was in the hospital. It must have been torture to him to sit there and look at a face that was only a mass of bandages.

"And all the time he would tell me about the things we would do when I got well . . . of the beautiful places where we would go . . . of the beautiful picture he was going to paint of me. Beauty . . . always beauty, beauty. When they took off the bandages, I asked for a mirror. From that day I never saw him again.

"Oh, he called daily—sometimes two or three times a day. But I refused to see him. He wrote me letters. They all began, 'My beautiful Margaret.' In those days there was none of that nice scarless healing of wounds; plastic surgery had not been heard of. I went to doctors abroad. I spent almost all my money. And then—then I discovered I was going blind. I hurried back to America. I changed my name . . . and with it my life."

"YOU never told him, never sent him any word?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I was no longer the girl he had loved, but only an ugly caricature of her. I am grateful that I have been able to do that for him. For he has kept on painting me in his sunsets and woodlands and skies." She smiled a bit sadly. "It makes me almost . . . almost happy."

It came to me then. A permanent was her tribute to a memory, an attempt to get as close as she could to a vision he had had of her.

"You shall have your permanent," I said.

And as I said it the word *permanent* took on new meaning—new significance.

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

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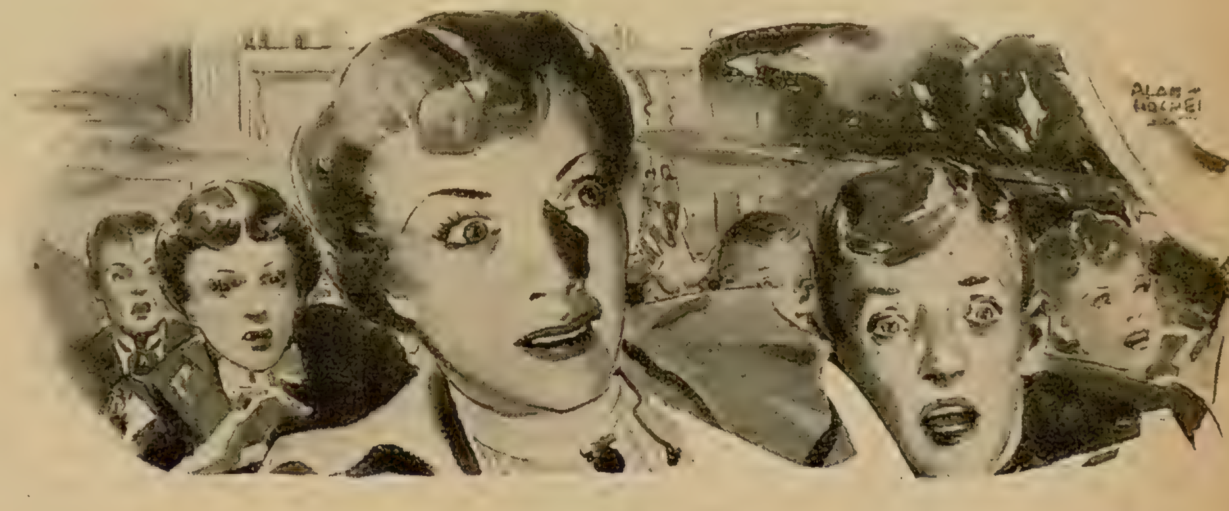


JOAN CRAWFORD'S SECRETS

Waitress to

THE STORY OF ONE GIRL

LAST week Miss Albert told of Joan's early poverty and her bitter experiences as a slavey in Mrs. ———'s private school. When she left to work behind a notion counter, she snatched eagerly at the fun she had never had, and flung herself wildly into the cheap, noisy tempo of dance halls. But ambition was working within her; she realized that, if she wanted to "be somebody," she would have to know more. And one evening she told her friend, Ray Sterling, that she was going to college.

The raw material of a star—the girl of the early "hot-cha" days.

IN the fall of 1935 Joan Crawford, million-dollar box-office star, married Franchot Tone, one of the most able of the younger actors. The romance had been widely publicized, and wherever they went during their honeymoon in New York, hundreds of gaping "fans" followed them. These admirers saw only their public gestures. A more intimate picture is available.

Their expensive suite at the Waldorf-Astoria is decorated with long-stemmed red roses, growing gardenia plants, orchids in low bowls—gifts from important people. The bride is wearing a chic black dress and an expensive hat which prophesies day after tomorrow's mode. From the tip of her tiny slippers (this present-day Cinderella wears size 4-B) to her hat's pointed crown, she breathes luxury and extravagance.

She and Franchot are not alone. Hotel managers wonder obsequiously if everything is all right. Bell captains arrive with telegrams, notes, letters. Joan, slim, vital, exciting, slits the envelopes. She discovers that Miss Crawford and Mr. Tone are invited to attend a tea given for one of the most famous violinists in the world. Miss Crawford and Mr. Tone are earnestly requested to honor another writer with their presence at the opera the following Wednesday.

At the bottom of the pile is a letter written in pencil on lined tablet paper. "Dear Miss Crawford," this letter reads: "I seen you last night when you left the hotel. I wanted to speak to you but I was scared to because you are so beautiful and have everything. I would be the happiest girl in the world if you would just say hello to me. I'll wait at the automobile entrance of the hotel if the cop doesn't chase me away. Please just speak to me. I seen you in all your pictures."

Is it strange that it is this letter Joan Crawford considers first? Is the sending of a hotel attaché to bring the girl to her suite the condescending gesture of a cinema queen? Or does the actress want to watch the girl's reactions, in case she might one day be called upon to play a similar scene on the screen?

But Joan Crawford does not need to watch a shy girl before a great lady in order to portray such a moment. She need only think back to her own bitter past, to revive the emotions she herself felt when she was a waitress at Stephens College. For the little girl who "seen" the star and waited for her at the automobile entrance might be Joan Crawford herself a few years ago. And for this reason Joan inspires beauty-starved, ambitious girls. Joan is a modern Cinderella who no longer fears the fatal midnight.

During those early days in Kansas City nobody but Ray Sterling, her young sweetheart, realized that the over-painted, noisy dance-hall kid had within her the potentialities of greatness.

When she and Ray were seated that night in his o car, planning a college career so that she could "lea something" and "be somebody," he talked to her a

Glamour Girl AGAINST THE WORLD

The most candid, revealing chronicle of a screen Cinderella's fight for success that has ever been written

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

he had been a wise father instead of a lovesick lad. He said, "Don't be so defiant, Billie. I know the girls have been rotten to you here. I know they've talked about you and criticized you, and you've laughed in their faces. Don't do it. They'll like you if you'll just be yourself and not put on an act and not try to 'show' them."

It was with the resolve to conform that Joan presented the credentials she had been given by Mrs. ——— and was admitted into Stephens. Her wild days were behind her. She looked forward to warm, intimate evenings with girls; sorority parties, football games—all the pleasures that Billie Cassin, who snatched her fun too eagerly at dance halls, had never known.

She had to work her way through, of course; but that was an old story. She was to have her schooling by waiting on tables.

At first everything was fine. By lowering her voice, leaving off the defiant chip on her shoulder, and conforming to the communal rules, she ingratiated herself with the girls at Stephens. They liked her, and one of them asked her to become a pledge of a sorority.

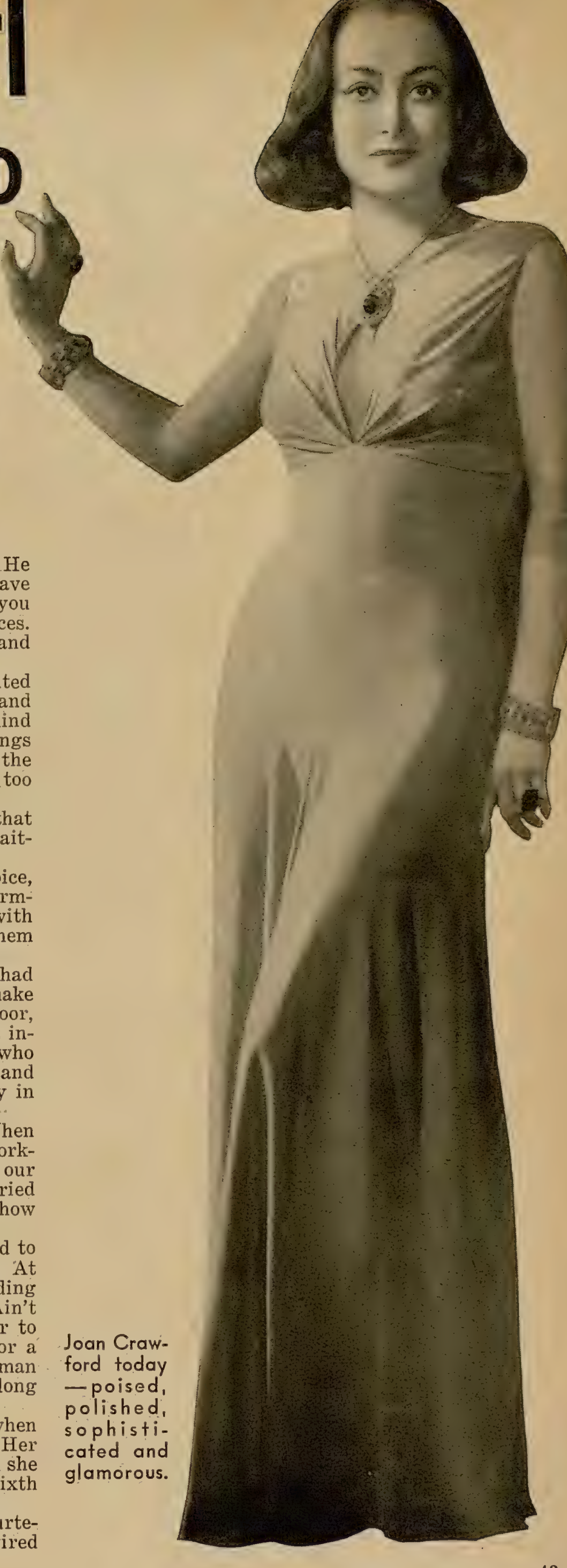
Joan waited in her room the next day, for the girl had said she would come back then with the others and make Joan a pledge. And when there was a knock on the door, she opened it eagerly, ready to greet the group. But instead of a number of girls there stood only the one who had talked to her first. The girl seemed embarrassed and her eyes would not meet Joan's. Standing nervously in the middle of the room, she blurted it out:

"Billie, I have the most awful thing to tell you! When I suggested you as a pledge I didn't know you were working your way through. It just so happens that in our sorority we don't take girls who are . . ." She hurried on, backing toward the door . . . "I can't tell you how sorry I am." And she was gone!

As she always did when she was hurt, Joan turned to dancing. Girls would not accept her, but boys would. At the College Inn was Orville Knapp's orchestra, grinding out Yes, We Have No Bananas, Collegiate, and Ain't We Got Fun. There were always college lads eager to have that snappy kid named Billie in their arms for a dance or two, and there was a kindly night watchman who would leave the door open and let her sneak in long after the "lights out" signal had sounded.

She had been at Stephens for only a short time when she realized that she could never pass examinations. Her credits from Mrs. ——— were in order, but actually she had learned nothing since she left St. Agnes in the sixth grade. In classes she was completely befuddled.

Impetuous and untrained in the commonest of courtesies, she did not explain to those in authority. She wired



Joan Crawford today —poised, polished, sophisticated and glamorous.

Ray collect to meet her in Kansas City, packed what few clothes she had, and sneaked out. She was waiting at the station for the train to pull in when she looked up and saw Dr. James Madison Wood, president of the college, standing beside her.

This wise, kindly man, who has since made a remarkable name for himself as an educator, said softly, "Where are you going, Billie?"

Joan walked away. "Leave me alone! I'm going home. The girls hate me. I can't keep up with my studies. What's the use of it? What's the use of anything?"

He followed her out of the dreary little station and took both her hands in his, looking deep into sullen eyes which were one day to decorate millions of feet of film. "No, Billie," he said. "You can't go like this. You can't just run away. You must, for your own sake, and for mine, come back and get your discharge. This isn't fair to yourself or to the school."

The train pulled in. Joan got on. Dr. Wood followed and sat beside her. He talked to her all the way to Kansas City where Ray Sterling was waiting for her. He talked to her again that night when he sat with her and Ray and her mother in the living room back of the laundry.

Finally Joan was persuaded to return and, as Dr. Wood pointed out, "leave right," if she must leave.

Joan went back, but she could not stay. She knew, what none of them did, that Mrs. ——— had given her credits simply to save her own face, and that Joan was struggling with college subjects with no preparatory education.

The Kansas City department store took her back at the usual twelve dollars a week. She was resigned to the fact that she could not "learn anything," but she told Ray she would "be somebody" yet. And when she heard that a revue was being organized by some one who had headquarters at the Biltmore Hotel, she went one noon hour, said she could dance, did a few steps, and announced that her name was Lucille LeSueur. It was the first time she had used her real name. The chorus director laughed. "Well, kid," he said, "you sure picked a fancy one."

The show consisted of sixteen girls and a so-called prima donna whom we shall call Lily Lotus. It was a cheap affair and a week after its exit from Kansas City lay stranded in a little Missouri town. Ray sent Joan money to come home. When she bade the prima donna good-by Lily Lotus said, "If ever you are in Chicago, look me up. I might be able to help you get a job."

A girl used to the easy promises of show business would have thanked the entertainer and forgotten all about it. But Joan was unschooled in the nuances of touch-and-go courtesy. Lily Lotus told a big-eyed kid in a tawdry chorus she would help her. The big-eyed kid believed her. And a few months later Lucille LeSueur kissed Ray Sterling good-by and stepped on a Chicago-bound train with nothing but her ticket, four dollars in cash, and Napoleonic ambition.

New revelations in this amazing life story—and the truth about the wild reputation that nearly led to ruin—will appear in an early issue.

In spite of the fact that Ray had warned her about the wolves in sheep's clothing who preyed upon young girls, she asked a man on the train to direct her to the Chicago address Lily Lotus had given her. When he told her he was going that way in a taxi and would gladly drop her off, she accepted the offer. She had, remember, only four dollars. When at last they arrived at the rambling none too elegant house, Joan jumped out of the cab and ran up the steps without a word of thanks. Does the man remember the frightened child in whose life he played such a curiously haphazard role?

At the door, she was told by a frowzy woman that "Lily Lotus ain't here. On tour somewhere—Baltimore, Boston—I dunno. Won't be back for a couple of months."

It was a blow. But Joan was used to hard luck. Instead of crying, as a girl less accustomed to defeat might have done, she found a drugstore and looked up a name in the telephone book. During her brief contact with Lily Lotus she had heard the prima donna mention Ernie Young, a Chicago producer with whom she said she had once worked. An hour and a half later, having been on and off a dozen streetcars and lost three times, Lucille LeSueur opened the door of Ernie Young's outside office and walked in. What she saw made her heart pound and her knees melt.

Seated on benches and chairs along the walls of the huge room were dozens of ravishing girls. They were, most of them, slender, sleek, and beautifully dressed.

And there at the door stood Joan in a cheap blue suit and a hat that had cost one dollar.

Sickeningly she realized that these lovely, chic girls were willing to work in Ernie Young's chorus. How dare inexperienced gauche Lucille LeSueur show her freckled face among them! Why didn't she turn and run away—go back to the notions counter, where she belonged? But what Joan Crawford has, that ten thousand other girls who wanted the same things haven't, is courage—courage whetted by desperation born of bitterness and fear—and the driving, maddening ambition to "be somebody."

She ran. But she ran across the huge room, to the astonishment of the waiting beauties, to a door marked "Private." She flung open the door and leaned against it for support. A man, obviously Ernie Young, and a horrified secretary looked at her, aghast.

Joan knew that she had only a second before she would be thrown out; so she gasped, all in one breath: "Look! I've got to get a job. I've just got four dollars and I can't go back to Kansas City. I haven't had much experience—only one show and that was terrible—but I can dance. I know I can! Oh, please, Mr. Young, just give me a tryout!"

The secretary started toward her. But Ernie Young waved her aside. "Suppose you catch your breath and tell me why you picked me to give you a job."

And then the tears began, the tears she had been saving ever since she found Lily Lotus was not in Chicago.

Just then Mrs. Young, who assisted her husband in producing his shows, came in, and when Ernie explained the weeping child, she smiled and said, "Well, let's give her a tryout, Ernie. Come along, my dear."

For one of Joan Crawford's most successful starring vehicles, a film called Dancing Lady, a scenario writer who did not even know her wrote a scene in which the leading lady, played by Miss Crawford, is a desperate kid who bursts into the office of a theatrical producer, played by Clark Gable, and begs for a job. When the star had finished the scene on a Hollywood movie set, the director told her, "That was the best piece of acting I've ever seen you do."

The star smiled. "I don't deserve any credit. You see, I'd had a rehearsal that you didn't give me."

Ernie Young gave Lucille LeSueur a week's work in a night club at twenty-five dollars. Then she was sent to the Oriole Terrace Club in Detroit to replace a girl who was ill. Lucille LeSueur, starting out to be somebody!

She worked twelve hours a day, but she didn't care. She was dancing—dancing every day. The other girls looked upon her as a hick and dubbed her "the squirt," "the dumbbell." They made it so uncomfortable for her that she dressed in a dark cubbyhole a flight of stairs away from their room. But, for the first time, Joan did not resent ostracism. She was dancing. She was happy.

One night she was out on the floor in a gypsy costume with full skirt and many jangling beads. She whirled joyously. Her skirt billowed out across the tables, and she heard the crash of a glass. The joy was drained out of her body. As she danced on, in terror now, she saw a waiter mopping up the damage she had done. The three men at the table seemed angry.

When the number was over, she hurried to her little dank dressing room at the end of the stairs, and cowered there. She would be fired. She would lose her job!

She heard unfamiliar men's voices in the big dressing room above. One saying, "There's another girl, isn't there? There was another one on the floor."

"Oh, yes," a girl answered. "Squirt's downstairs."

The sound of the men walking to her dressing room. The tap on the door, and then three men standing there. One was the man whose glass she had broken!

J. J. Shubert had an experienced eye. He remembers the moment vividly and recalls fondly, "Plump, shy, inexperienced as she was, I knew what that kid had—energy, fire, ambition."

He had not come to upbraid her for breaking the glass. He had come to ask her to join his show, Innocent Eyes, in New York.

Although Joan was a chorus girl in New York for many months, she scarcely knew one street from another. She read nothing. She had seen not more than three movies in her life. She had heard no music, seen no paintings. She knew only that she was through with scrubbing floors and being knocked down stairs. She knew only that Kansas City, where she had lived in a laundry agency, was far behind her. She still had ambition walking beside her, and some day, as she used to confide to Jack Oakie on their strolls along Broadway and down Fifth Avenue after the performance—some day she would be a great dancer and have beautiful clothes like the clothes in the shop windows.

Of what was going on in the world she was unaware. Lindbergh's flying the Atlantic, a scandal in Washington, meant nothing to Lucille LeSueur. So it was not surprising, except to the other girls, that she should ask, "Who is he?" when one of the chorus reported, in great excitement one night, that Harry Rapf was out front.

The girls explained that Harry Rapf was an important Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, in New York looking for talent. Joan shrugged her shoulders. She knew nothing about the movies. She did not want to act. Dancing was the only activity that made her happy. And when a note came back saying that Mr. Rapf would like to make a screen test of the girl third from the end, only the excitement of the other girls and their elaborately colored and quite inaccurate picture of life in Hollywood made her go, the next day, to the M-G-M test studios.

A FEW days later she sat in the office of Harry Rapf and Ruben. "When she walked in," Ruben recalls, "her eyes looked just like a cow's—wide open and scared. We couldn't get a word out of her. Yet we had seen that the test had possibilities. Girls were always thrilled when we mentioned Hollywood, but this one just sat there looking dumb. When we asked her if she wanted to be an actress, she just shook her head. 'I'm a dancer,' she said. We tried to persuade her that this was a great opportunity. She just looked that much more scared and said she was going home for Christmas. Harry said, 'Will you condescend to give us your home address if anything comes up?' She nodded. 'May I go now?'"

It was on Christmas Day, in Kansas City, that the telegram came. It said, "You are put under a five-year contract at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. Leave immediately for California. Contact Kansas City office for transportation."

The excitement of her mother and of Ray transferred itself to her. Seventy-five dollars a week represented untold riches. But it was with mixed emotions that she entrained for California New Year's Eve. She was going into an untried world. She was giving up her beloved dancing, and what lay ahead was too much for contemplation at the moment.

She had never read a motion-picture magazine, so it must have been from the girls in the chorus that she got the idea she would be greeted at the Los Angeles station by five or six bands, an army of marching men in uniform carrying banners, and hundreds of little girls throwing flowers. However, the station was quiet. Finally some one touched her arm. "Are you Lucille LeSueur?" a sweet-faced woman asked. "I'm Harry Rapf's secretary. Mr. Rapf sent me down to meet you."

Lucille LeSueur was one of several dozen girls who had been put under contract that year. She wore a badly fitting gray suit and a big hat. Her hair was too curly and stuck out from under the hat. There were bows on her shoes and she weighed 145 pounds.

Harry Rapf's secretary had seen many girls come and go in the motion-picture industry. She knew raw material could be cultivated, yet this material seemed very raw indeed. For Lucille LeSueur still had a long way to go before becoming Joan Crawford.

THE END

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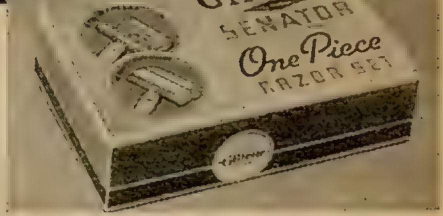

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BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

ON the night she is married to Harry Hanneman, a rich California politician, Laura Lane tells Les Burns, her former newspaper pal, that she really loves him. Then she is off gaily on her honeymoon to New York. Fascinated as he is by her, Les is nevertheless appalled at such deception.

Jake O'Hara, who is drunk most of the time, is fired by Stacey Moise, political rival of Hanneman, and his job of publicity man in the campaign is offered to Les, who accepts it, provided the salary still goes to Jake. He does this to help his unfortunate friend, and especially to ease the mind of Jake's loyal sweetheart, June Taylor. Les has always been fond of little June.

Out of a clear sky Les gets a wire from Laura asking him to meet her plane when it arrives at the Oakland airport. Much disturbed at its implication, he meets her. Laura is alone, and she offhandedly informs Les that her husband flew home last night by himself. But on reaching the Hanneman house they discover Harry's dead body on the floor. His gun alongside him, it appears to be suicide. His bride-widow is unmoved. She tells Les that now he and she can travel down a golden road together! This horrifies Les, and he suspects Laura of committing murder in spite of her perfect alibi.

Quite otherwise, when Captain Meek, Sergeant Delaney, and Inspector Levine take up the case, their suspicions fasten on Les Burns. The Times-Star, whose managing editor is Hack Doyle, for whom both Laura and Les have worked, comes out strongly for the suicide theory. Other papers support this view.

Laura requests Les to introduce her to Moise, the shady lawyer. She wants him for her counsel in settling her estate. Les opposes this move. Then he has a fight with Jake O'Hara and breaks his jaw. And, to cap the climax, while he is lunching with Laura, they are interrupted by Levine, who says Les is wanted at headquarters.

PART FOUR—"YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT"

THE heat and the smell of ether in the waiting room were, to me at least, almost overpowering. I glanced at Inspector Levine, sitting stiff and tireless on the bench beside me. I turned and looked at Sergeant Delaney, who was on my left.

The two dicks had drawn back in their shells. I couldn't have been more alone if I had been on a desert island, only on a desert island I wouldn't have had handcuffs on my wrists.

I could only sit there, faint and sick, and pray that those surgeons in the operating room were winning their fight. I could only pray . . . and think . . . and think. . . .

INSPECTOR LEVINE stood waiting there in the entrance of the booth. He was a tall, heavy, dark-skinned fellow, with a long sharp nose and close-set black eyes. I hated the very air he breathed, although until last night, when we found Harry Hanneman's body, I had always thought he was a right guy.

I looked across the table at Laura. Her face had gone pale and her gray eyes had the faintest glint of steel; but she, again, was taking it all in stride.

"You got a warrant, Joe?" I asked.

"Don't be a sap!" he snorted. "Are you coming or ain't you?"

"Les is just ribbing you, Joe," Laura said quickly, wasting one of her loveliest smiles on this hulking dick. "Of course he's coming."

She picked up her bag and rose, stood waiting for me. I could hear her toe tapping impatiently on the floor as though she were saying: *"Get up on your feet, you fool! Don't you know you can't argue with a cop?"*

I got up on my feet. Levine stood aside. I took Laura's arm, walked up to the desk and paid my check. We went outside with Levine practically tramping on our heels.

"Suppose you go up to my office and wait for me, Laura. Here. I'll give you the key."

"No. I'll drive over to the Hall with you and Joe. I'd like to see the press-room gang."

"That'll be just ducky," I said. "Such nice people, that press-room gang. Where's your car, Levine?"

Levine drove over to the Hall and parked squarely in front of the press room, which is on the ground floor. As I got out, I saw Pep Coombs standing in the window gazing idly at the passers-by. I helped Laura to the curb, and when next I glanced around, there were half a dozen men at the window. I could almost hear their gleeful chortling.

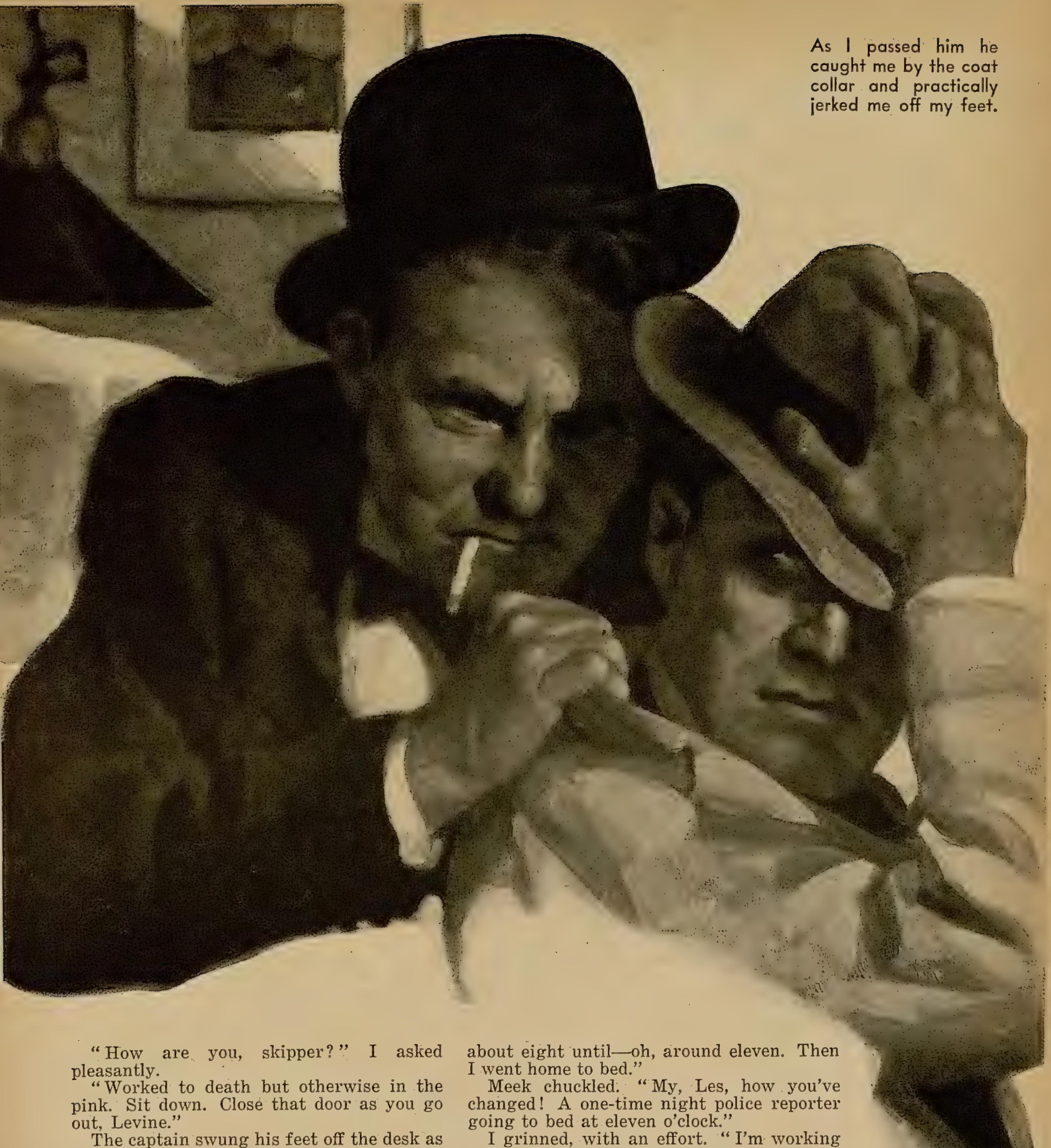
"I'll wait for you in the press room," Laura said gaily as we walked into the Hall. "Give Captain Meek my love."

The light touch. Well, maybe that was the way to handle it.

Joe and I walked up the stairs to the Detective Bureau on the second floor. The thin, spectacled, worried-looking Bill Meek, captain of detectives, was in his shirt sleeves. He had his feet on his desk and was smoking a cigar.

"Hello, Les, my boy. Come in, come in."

Last night I was just plain Burns. Today I'm Les, my boy. So it's the fatherly role, is it? All right, Meek. Shoot the works.



As I passed him he caught me by the coat collar and practically jerked me off my feet.

"How are you, skipper?" I asked pleasantly.

"Worked to death but otherwise in the pink. Sit down. Close that door as you go out, Levine."

The captain swung his feet off the desk as Levine disappeared. He was busy for a minute putting a match to his cigar, though I was sure it was already lighted. And as he squinted at the end of it, I knew he was watching me through the swirls of blue smoke.

I was sweating, all right, and the old man knew I was sweating.

"By the way, Les," he asked pleasantly, "were you out on Piney Hill night before last?"

Night before last!

"Let's see. No, I don't think I was. What did I do?" I stopped a moment to consider. "Oh, yes. I played pinochle in the press room with Bellingham and Herrick from about eight until—oh, around eleven. Then I went home to bed."

Meek chuckled. "My, Les, how you've changed! A one-time night police reporter going to bed at eleven o'clock."

I grinned, with an effort. "I'm working days now, Bill, and I'm working hard."

"Yes, you look it. You look tired, my boy."

I could see it coming now. He was about ready to slip out of the fatherly role and turn on the heat. I wanted to duck and there wasn't any place to duck to.

"Yes, I'm tired all right," I admitted with a shrug. "This extra work of Jake O'Hara's has me running in circles."

"Not worried, are you?" He was positively purring now, getting ready for the spring. It came to me all at once, in a flash, how to throw him off balance.

O. K., smart guy. If you want to play the sympathetic papa, I can play the unhappy son.

HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN

OF course you have no men friends if you've let yourself become dull, cross, and nervous. Men like lively, peppy girls—girls with plenty of energy to go places and enjoy life.

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"Yes, Bill. I've been worried plenty. I've been so worried I thought I was going to blow my top. For a while there, I was just about ready to do what Harry Hanneman did the other night."

The captain blinked two or three times, and I knew I had him.

"What were you worrying about, Les?" he asked, easing off a little on the fatherly tone.

"Laura, of course. What did you think?"

"I don't quite get you."

I shrugged, looked at the floor. Oh, I was going good—or thought I was.

"I supposed you knew, Bill. Everybody else in town seems to know. I've been crazy about Laura for years. I always thought that when my business got going good, we'd be married. And when she up and decided to marry Hanneman—well, it was a blow. What I mean, it was a blow."

"Hmm." He was grunting now, and puffing hard on his cigar. "Been brooding about it, Burns?"

"No, not brooding. Just feeling sorry for myself."

"Sore at Hanneman too?"

"Sore at Harry? No! Why should I be sore at Harry? Was it his fault Laura decided she wanted a million bucks more than she wanted me? Was it his fault his grandfather left him all that dough? Certainly I wasn't sore at Harry. He was one of the best friends I ever had."

"Yeah? Hmm." Meek rubbed out his cigar. "So you weren't out on Piney Hill night before last."

"No, Bill, I wasn't."

"All right. You can go."

I stood up and turned toward the door. But of course I couldn't walk out with my trap shut. I had to be smart and take one last jab at him.

"I still don't get it, Bill. Did you send your crew out to round me up just to ask me if I'd been on Piney Hill the night Harry killed himself?"

Bill Meek popped on to his feet. He pounded his desk with a gnarled old fist and bellowed:

"Listen, wise guy! You're not putting over a thing on me. Confessing you're nuts about Laura Lane! Confessing you almost blew your top when she married Hanneman! Admitting you had all the reason in the world for rubbing him out!"

"All the reason, yes," I said quietly, "except that I liked the guy."

"O. K.—*O. K.!* Have it your way, wise guy. But let me tell you something, Burns. You were out on Piney Hill night before last."

"That's a lie!" I shouted.

He shook his finger at me. "You were out there, Burns!" he roared. "I don't know whether you went out there to play pansy-wamsy with June Taylor or—"

"If you weren't an old man I'd knock your head off!"

"Or whether you went out there for some other purpose. But you were there, Burns, and I know it. Now get out before I lose my temper."

I turned on my heel, and there was Joe Levine grinning at me. He slapped me so hard across the face I thought my head was knocked off.

"Next time, Burns," the big detective said slowly, "you hold your language down when you're talking to the captain. Now scram."

I started out. As I passed him he caught me by the coat collar and practically jerked me off my feet.

"I almost forgot. Here's a present for you. Smart Guys, Incorporated, has declared a dividend."

He shoved a paper in my hand and I walked out. In the corridor I saw he had given me a summons to attend, on the following morning, the coroner's inquest over the body of Harry Hanneman.

Down in the press room Laura, as usual, was the center of attraction. Somebody had bought her a drink and somebody else was telling her a story.

I didn't look at a soul but Laura. "Let's go, kid," I said, pleased that I could take her away from them.

"Just a minute, darling! Can't I finish my drink?"

"You can finish ten drinks for all of me."

I started out, but she caught my sleeve. "Don't be childish, Les!"

Pep Coombs poured a drink into a paper cup. "Here, Les. Have a shot and cool off."

"You know what you can do with that, Coombs."

I could see Laura was seething. "Well," I said, "make up your mind."

She stood up; her smile was as sweet and brittle as rock candy. "Good-by, gang," she said. "Sorry to rush off, but I think the baby needs changing."

WE walked out with everybody laughing. We started down the street and at the first bar I stopped.

"I'm going in here. You can come or not, just as you choose."

She barely opened her teeth to say, "I choose to come."

We went up to the bar and ordered two ryes. I downed mine and ordered another one.

"That was a lovely entrance you made in the press room."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," I said.

"For a man in the publicity racket, you certainly know how to win friends and influence people."

"I don't need friends like those cutthroats."

"I don't agree with you." She was staring hard at her glass. "Before we're through with this thing, you and I may need every friend we can get—particularly among the press."

It was the first time she had even hinted that Harry might not have killed himself. I asked:

"What do you mean, this thing?"

She kept staring at her glass. "You know what I mean."

My heart gave a wrench. For the thousandth time I asked myself: *Where were you night before last, Laura Hanneman? On the other side of the continent? Or up in your fine new home on the Hill, drinking rye whisky and waiting for a chance to kill your husband?*

Still she would not look at me. "What happened to your face?"

"Levine cuffed me."

She gave her shoulders a shake in exasperation. "Will you never learn! Haven't you any better sense than to antagonize those dicks? What did Captain Meek want to see you about?"

"He wanted to know where I was the other night."

"What other night?" Laura asked sharply.

"What other night would you imagine?" I asked, my voice sounding dead and hollow.

She thought about that for a minute. "That Meek," she said slowly. "That old fool Meek! And I always thought he was a brain. After what I told him last night, how could he believe that Harry could have done anything *but* kill himself?"

I called for another rye. "Was what you told him—last night—the truth?"

She took a deep trembling breath. She downed the last of her rye, glanced at the bartender and nodded for another one. In a husky hurt voice she said steadily:

"Les, you have known me for quite a long time. Did you ever know me to tell a lie?"

"Well, I'd hardly call you a congenital liar, Laura. Still—a thing like that—"

"Look at me, darling."

I met her eyes. They were wide and cool and gray, and terribly in earnest. She said carefully, in that husky whisper:

"I can *prove* I didn't lie . . . to Captain Meek."

You can prove it! . . . Well, even that may be a lie.

"Do you still want to see Moise?" I asked.

She looked up at the clock behind the bar. "Do you suppose he'll be in his office? It's almost five o'clock."

I phoned and learned he was still in his office.

It was worth going up there, almost, to see Peggy Maple's eyes pop when I walked in with Laura.

She said: "Good afternoon, Mr. Burns. Mr. Moise is waiting for you," but she never for an instant took her eyes off Laura.

In Laura's company Peggy Maple was just a cheap minor leaguer, and Peggy realized it, and her dark eyes were sulky as she opened the door of Moise's private office.

Moise was standing behind his desk, handsome, unsmiling, sympathetic. No glad-hand stuff today; just a quiet-voiced "Good afternoon, Les."

He needed only a frock coat to make a perfect picture of the complete funeral director.

"Mrs. Hanneman—Stacey Moise," I said.

The rye was wearing off already. Introducing them, seeing them together, I felt pretty sunk—because Stacey Moise was a shrewd hombre, and if there was anything fishy about Harry's death, this big handsome ferret was just the lad to smoke it out.

Moise bowed to Laura, came around the desk, pulled over a chair, and helped her into it. As though Laura needed help to get into a chair!

Then he went back behind his desk and sat down. I couldn't have been left more outside if I had been shoved into the next county. *Oh, to hell with 'em!*

I HAVE a couple of stories that ought to be out by six o'clock, Laura. Will you come up to the office when you're through here?"

"Yes, darling. Of course."

She wasn't even looking at me. She was watching Moise, measuring him.

I went into the outer office and closed the door behind me.

"I think you have something there," Peggy said.

"Do you? Your opinion, of course, means a great deal to me."

"She's very lovely, isn't she? Widows can get away with a droopy come-hither look in their eyes, even widows who get that way under mysterious circumstances."

"What are you talking about?"

"Her husband didn't really kill himself, did he?"

"And where did you get the idea he didn't?"

"Well, I have a girl friend who has a boy friend who has a brother who is a cop. I had lunch with her and her boy friend today and he says—his name is Tony Levine—that the police know Mr. Hanneman was murdered."

"You don't say! Well, well! Didn't your girl friend's boy friend tell you who murdered Mr. Hanneman?"

"I don't think the police know—yet."

"They're certainly slow. The body was found all of twenty hours ago. Well, thanks for the low-down. Imagine! All this time I thought poor old Harry killed himself."

I walked out. I was cold sober now. Not that Peggy's information had come as a surprise, but it was a blow to realize that the police were so sure of their conclusions that Inspector Joe Levine was shooting off his mouth.

Back in the office I found the telephone ringing. June Taylor was on the line.

"I thought I'd missed you," she said breathlessly. "Will you be in your office for a while? I want to see you."

"I'll be here as long as you wish. Where are you now?"

"I'm at the hospital."

"How is Jake?"

"He's all right."

"Good."

"I'll take a cab and come right down. Will you wait?"

"Of course I'll wait."

I got busy knocking out some copy, though the stuff sounded like the maiden efforts of a cub.

JUNE arrived in about ten minutes.

"I'm probably being a fool about this, Les," she began contritely. "But something is going on out there that has me worried. And of course, being worried," she added with a little laugh, "I have to come tearing down to bother you."

"You're not bothering me, June. What is it?"

"When I finished work I went out to see how Jake was feeling. I got to the door of his room, and then the nurse stopped me. She wouldn't let me in."

"He isn't worse, is he?"

"No, they say he's getting along all right," she replied nervously. "But the reason I couldn't see him—Captain Meek was talking to him."

"Meek, huh!"

"Yes. Now, do you suppose Jake is crazy enough to try to prefer charges against you for breaking his jaw? Oh, Les, I can't believe it!" she exclaimed miserably. "After all you've done for him—to have him turn like that—and try to make trouble for you. I just can't believe he could be so cowardly."

I thought about it for a minute and then said gently: "I think you ought to realize, June, that Jake is a little crazy. A man can't drink as he has, for so long and so heavily, and keep his balance."

"But what reason would Meek have—"

"I don't know," I broke in, watching her nervous hands playing with her bag. "I don't know, June, but I have a very strong hunch, and it isn't at all a nice hunch. Meek had me dragged out of a restaurant a couple of hours ago and pulled up to his office."

"Meek did! Why?"

"To ask me if I'd been on Piney Hill night before last."

"Why—what—" She checked herself. Her hands stopped fumbling with her bag. She sat for a long moment in frozen silence.

"I wasn't on the Hill night before last," I said quietly. "But when I told Meek that, he blew up and insisted I was. And there the matter stands. Except," I added, dropping my eyes from June's white shocked face, "somebody has told Meek that he saw me out there."

"Jake!" The one word was almost a sob.

"I'm afraid so, June."

"But Jake wouldn't lie—and, besides—what does it matter? Suppose you were out there? Who cares? I don't get—"

Our eyes met across the desk for a space of seconds before I said: "The police, June, believe Harry Hanneman was murdered."

"They don't! I'm—"

She stopped as the door swung open and Laura came in, a Laura as radiantly lovely as I had ever seen her.

"June! Darling!" she beamed.

I could see June was slowed to a walk; I was sickened, myself, at the ease with which Laura could forget that her husband lay on a slab in the morgue. Or had she forgotten? Was this just her way of shying from the morbid sentimentality of the sympathetic?

She kissed June and, before the latter could get in a word, rushed on with:

"You look tired, darling. Too many late parties on the Hill? Les, I'm sorry I kept you waiting so long. I felt the need of a drink, and Mr. Moise took me out and bought me one. Or, to be absolutely accurate, he bought me three. You don't mind, do you?"

"Would it do any good if I did?" I countered. "How'd you like Moise?"

"You mean Stacey Moise?" June asked in astonishment.

"Yes," I said. "Laura has the idea she wants him to handle her affairs."

"Oh, let's not go all over that again," Laura said impatiently. "Besides, we haven't come to any decision. Let's skip it and go down and have another drink. June looks like she could use a pick-up herself."

"Don't you think you've had enough for a while?" I asked.

"*Dar*ling! Are you pretending to advise me how to drink?"

"Hardly, inasmuch as I've never seen you even slightly drunk. Let's go. June? You'll come with us, won't you?"

WE stood up at a bar for half an hour and had three or four ryes. We kept up a nervous running fire of conversation without once mentioning Stacey Moise or Harry Hanneman, Jake O'Hara or Captain Meek. I was actually surprised there were so many other things to talk about.

June finally shoved off to do her shopping and go home and get dinner for Pop. Laura and I were left with nothing on our hands but time, nothing on our minds but a lot of worries.

"Do you want another drink?" I said.

"Of course I want another drink."

We went on like that until ten o'clock that night. She remained completely sober, while I had to bear down all I could to seem even halfway sober.

"I'm dead," I said finally. "If we don't get out of here I'm going to drop. Shall I take you—home?"

"All right, darling. It's been nice, this pleasantly wet evening with you."

I got my car and drove out to the new house on the Hill. As I parked at the curb, I said:

"Are you really going to stay here?"

"I have to take the plunge some time, don't I?"

"With—with that rug?"

"The rug was sent to the cleaner's today. I had the house brushed up and the phone connected too. It's my home, you know, and I see no reason why I shouldn't start living in it."

I took her arm up the long flight of steps. I remember once as a kid getting up to the front door of a haunted house on a dare, and tonight I had that same empty, frightened feeling as we stepped on to the porch.

But inside, with the lights on, it didn't seem so eerie as I wandered around, looking for ghosts. There was another rug in the living room and all of Harry's things had been moved out of the master bedroom.

"There's part of a case of Scotch in the kitchen," Laura said brightly, "and ice in the refrigerator."

"Well," I smiled, "no one can say you don't know your own home."

"I was here all morning."

I poured a couple of drinks and brought them into the living room. Laura had taken off her coat and hat, and we sat down on the chesterfield and sampled the Scotch. It was very good.

"Alone at last," Laura said, snuggling up to me. "Just you and I. Nice?"

Nice! It was horrible. I couldn't forget how Harry had looked when we walked in last night, like a too-fat baby curled up asleep on the beautiful Persian rug.

"It's been a long time since we were really alone together," I remarked. "And when you stop to think about it, I guess that we never actually were alone."

Her eyes were shining up into mine. Her cheeks were flushed. Her full red lips were moist and parted, and I could see the gleam of her even teeth. They were small and sharp and very white, like an animal's.

"No," she murmured huskily. "Never, *never* truly alone."

I set my glass down on the coffee table—the same table on which had stood that single glass last night. I set Laura's drink beside mine. I took her in my arms. It was like holding a big warm soft cat, a lazy cat, uninterested in alley life.

"Darling, you'll never leave me, will you?" she whispered.

"Yes. In about ten minutes."

"No!"

"Yes. You asked for it, now you'll have to take it. I didn't want to bring you out here to spend the night alone in this big house—"

"I'm not afraid," she said firmly.

"I know that. You're not afraid of anything, and sometimes I admire you for it. And then I realize you don't deserve any credit for what seems, to other people, to be such courage. You were born that way—with something lacking. Sensibility, you might call it. The power of feeling strong emotion, the—"

"Please, darling, don't go psychological on me."

"I'm sorry. I was just thinking out loud, I guess."

"But if you have to think out loud, couldn't you think how much you love me?"

"I guess if I loved you, Laura, I wouldn't doubt you."

Though she didn't move a muscle in my arms, I could feel her drawing away from me. Her voice sounded hollow and not so provocatively husky.

"How—in what way—do you doubt me?"

"Don't you know?"

After a long tense moment she said dully: "I think I do. I know—yes. I know what was in your mind when we walked in here last night and found Harry. . . . Les, your heart is throbbing so hard."

"It's the alcohol."

I WAITED and waited. It seemed hours and it might have been half a minute. And then I realized she wasn't going to talk any more about it. She wasn't going to admit she had killed her husband—she wasn't going to deny it. She was going to let me sweat.

"I guess I'd better go now," I said.

Her insidiously lovely arms drew around my neck. "There are four guest rooms, darling. You may have any one of them."

"Look here," I insisted. "Why don't you go over and stay with the Doyles again tonight?"

"But if you stayed with me—in a guest room."

"That would be just dandy for your reputation—the neighbors going to work in the morning and seeing my car parked in front."

"My reputation doesn't matter."

"You don't mean that. You mean the queen can do no wrong."

"Well, can she?"

"I suppose not. I'm going."

I took her arms from my neck and slid away from her. Picking up my drink, I downed it, rose, and stood looking into her sulky eyes.

"Quit acting, Laura. Now make up your mind. You'll stay here alone or you'll stay with the Doyles. What'll it be?"

Smiling, she reached for her glass. Smiling!

"Why, darling," she admonished gently, "I told you I was going to stay here. Must we go all over that again?"

She sighed and stood up and came over to me. "Will you condescend to kiss me good night?"

I kissed her. There was no spirit in my kiss, but she didn't seem to realize it.

"My darling!" she said throatily. "At least, you will be my darling some day."

"I question that."

"Oh, don't be so pigheaded and unreasonable!" she ordered sharply. "Oh, skip it! Go home!"

"That's what I've been trying to do for half an hour."

At that moment the telephone rang.

"Will you answer it, darling?" Laura asked pleasantly. "It's in the library, across the hall."

I didn't quite see why she couldn't answer her own phone and let me go home. But I went into the library and found Hack Doyle on the wire.

"Hello, Les. I saw the lights and thought you must be there. When are you and Laura coming over?"

"We're not. I'm going home and Laura is staying here."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"She must be crazy."

"No, just stubborn. Think nothing of it. She'll go to bed and sleep like a log."

"Well, you're probably right. She insisted on moving her bags over this morning. See here, Les. Will you drop by on your way home?"

"Hack, I'm dead for sleep."

"So am I, but I want to see you. It's important. Red Campbell is here. He's dug up something pretty hot."

"Won't it stay hot until morning?"

"Look, Les. I don't want to put too much stress on this, but I'm giving it to you straight: You're in a tough spot—and you ought to know about it before tomorrow morning."

"Oke. I'll be right over."

What has Red Campbell dug up that will entangle Les still more in the fatal net closing in around him? Will it also involve Laura? Does it concern the secret evidence of Jake O'Hara? Be sure to get your next week's Liberty for startling revelations.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Giovanni Martinelli.

2—Baseball.

3—Joseph Smith—born in 1805 at Sharon, Vermont; slain, 1844, by an anti-Mormon mob at Carthage, Illinois.

4—All four.

5—Emerald; hawthorn.

6—B. C. (Before Christ; British Columbia).

7—The franc.

8—Something to eat, since it's a small citrus fruit.

9—Iodine.

10—John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-92).

11—Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

12—Friedrich Ebert (1871-1925).

13—As You Like It.

14—Nutria.

15—Job; see Job 19:20.

16—Diabetes mellitus.

17—According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, uncooked meat should be unwrapped and placed in an uncovered dish or pan. Thus the meat will partially dry on its exterior, which tends to retard the growth of bacteria. If kept more than a day, the refrigerator temperature should be about 47 degrees Fahrenheit.

18—Benjamin Franklin.

19—Jordan's Churchyard, near Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, England.

20— Walt Disney

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Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

The Rivermount, a summer hotel in Hillhigh, is having more than its share of tangled romances. Judith Gillmore, the hostess, is in love with Bill Martin, a young doctor who lives at the hotel. Betty Corbin, daughter of the Rivermount's manager, also loves Bill. And Saks Lewis, who leads the hotel's college orchestra, loves Betty, who whiles away the time by flirting with him when Bill isn't around.

Judy is uncertain of Bill's feelings toward her. True, he seems jealous of Bert Wallace, a wealthy young man who is pursuing her with strictly dishonorable intentions. And Saks tells her that Betty realizes that "Doc Martin hasn't a dime's worth of time for her when you're around." But Bill is poor, and so—since her father's financial crash and suicide—is Judy. She realizes that Betty's devotion and money might be a temptation to a young and ambitious doctor.

Besides her personal affairs, Judy has her job to worry about. It isn't easy to keep a horde of guests happy, when those guests include jealous wives, husbands with roving eyes, women like Candace Howland whose career is man hunting, and unattached gentlemen who expect highly personal attention.

Mr. Ellerton, who has come up for a week-end to see Candace Howland, is one of these. He remarks to Judy in the lobby, "I like this place. I might be induced to take myself a vacation if you'd be nice to me."

Judy, turning, sees Bert and Candace standing near by, and realizes that they have heard.

PART SIX—"JUDITH, MY DARLING . . ."

JUDITH felt rather than saw Bert Wallace's slow smile. He promptly engaged the amiable Ellerton in conversation as, an instant later, they turned away from the desk. "By the way, Mr. Ellerton," he asked, "are you by any chance a collector?"

"Collector?" inquired Mr. Ellerton, astonished.

"You know—first editions," explained Bert casually: "phonograph records, match covers—"

"I liked stamps," replied Ellerton, "when I was a kid. Never been able to understand adults who go goofy over a bit of cracked old glass or a hunk of pewter."

"I see," said Bert gravely, "that the fever hasn't caught up with you. Me, I dote on beer-bottle caps."

Ellerton looked at him as if he were slightly insane, and Judith thought, seized with a wild desire to laugh, I wish I'd smacked him last night—hard!

But Ellerton was now devoting himself to her. Wouldn't she dine with them that evening, in the grillroom? His eyes asked, How come a pretty girl like you has to take a job like this? But it's a break for me, isn't it?

"Yes, do," supplemented Candace cordially, and, turning to Wallace, "You too," she urged. "Let's make a party of it. It's always becoming to a couple of lone women to be surrounded by twice their number of males."

Bert said he'd be delighted; but they must all have cocktails with him before dinner, in his rooms. Judith hesitated appreciably before she accepted. However, if dining in company with Mr. Ellerton and his friends constituted being "nice" and would win him as a guest of the hotel, she didn't mind—much, she told herself.

Candace had a moment with her as the group dispersed. "You made quite a hit with George," she commented. Her charming smile was bland, but Judith received the strong impression that the elegant Miss Howland would have enjoyed cutting her throat then and there.

She said lightly: "I imagine that Mr. Ellerton is merely being—pleasant."

She hoped she spoke the truth.

Cocktails in Bert's rooms were, as one might expect, good, strong, and served with all the trimmings of appetizers, smoke, laughter and noisy chatter. His nondescript guests turned out to be rather surprising personalities, once Judith had their names straight and learned a little about them. One was, of all things, an expert on the molecular theory, and the other was an amateur golfer, runner-up in the last open tournament. Ellerton himself, she gathered from his gloomy predictions touching on Big Business, was a broker.

It wasn't a very common name. She wondered if there were a Mrs. Ellerton. It was the molecular-theory gentleman who enlightened her by breaking in on his host's glum soliloquy by remarking:

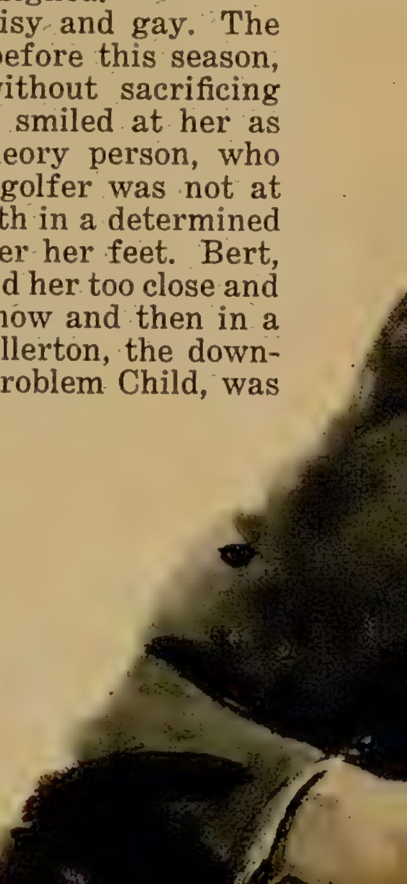
"After all, George, it isn't the high cost of living but the upkeep in alimony which really hurts."

"Marie," said Ellerton, with a sorry grin, "was always an expensive proposition."

Judith set down her glass. Marie Ellerton. Yes, that was her Problem Child, registered as Mrs. Brainley Ellerton. "But do call me Marie," she had sighed.

Dinner was lavish, and likewise noisy and gay. The grill, in which Judith had not dined before this season, achieved an intimate atmosphere without sacrificing space and light and air. Saks Lewis smiled at her as she danced by with the molecular-theory person, who proved an excellent dancer. But the golfer was not at his best on a dance floor. He held Judith in a determined but impersonal clutch, and trod all over her feet. Bert, of course, was another matter. Bert held her too close and said very little, simply smiled at her now and then in a most infuriating manner. And Mr. Ellerton, the downtrodden broker, late husband of the Problem Child, was

Sudden, revealing drama flashes into a vivid tale of a girl bewitched by a love she tried to forget



a problem in himself. He held her even closer than Bert, and shouted loud nothings in her outraged ear, above the crash of the music.

"Never thought I'd really want to spend a week or two at a summer resort," he bellowed. "Like a hunting lodge myself. Good fishing and no women. But a girl like you certainly changes a man's point of view."

She wished he would change his dancing technique.

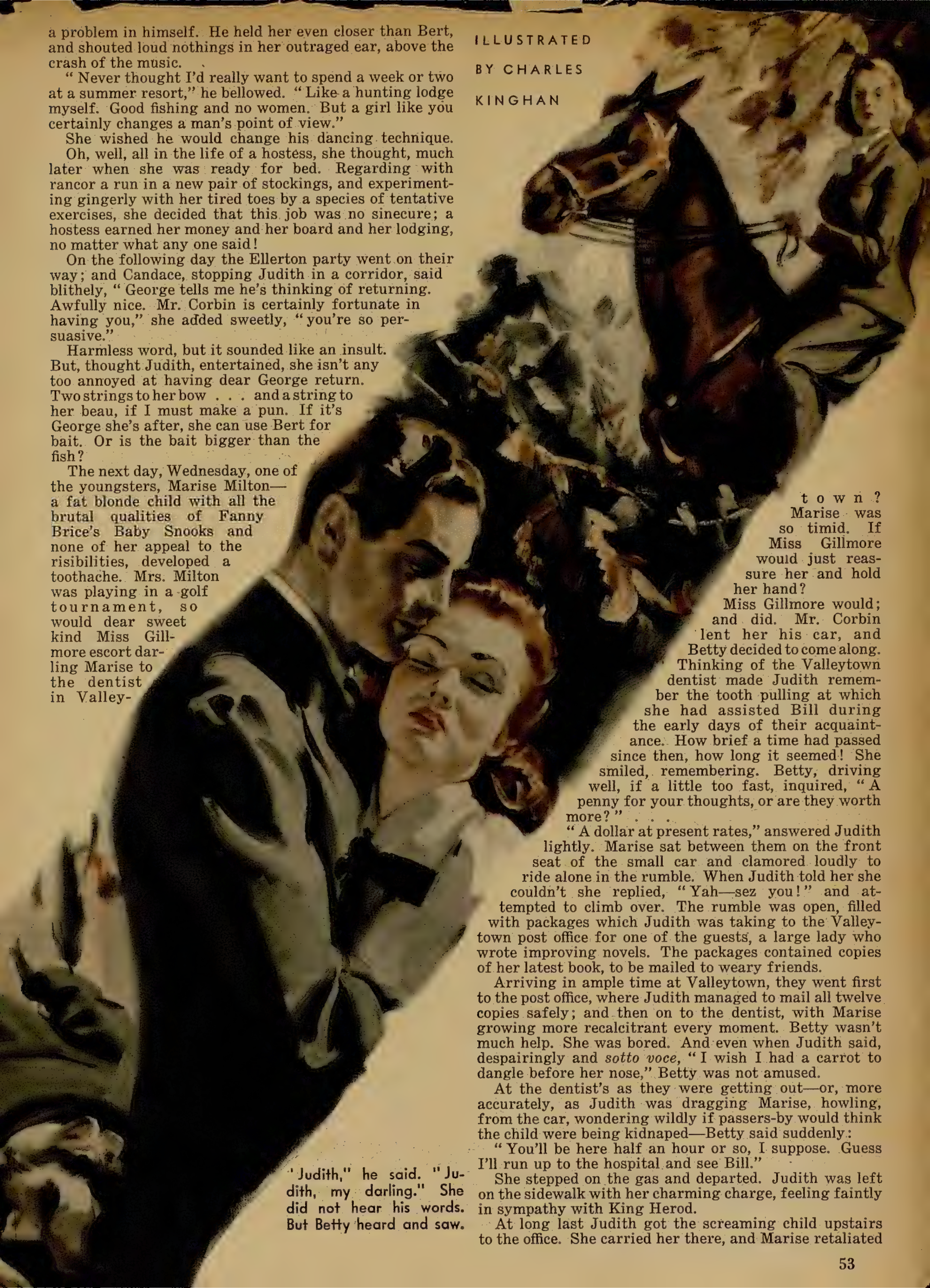
Oh, well, all in the life of a hostess, she thought, much later when she was ready for bed. Regarding with rancor a run in a new pair of stockings, and experimenting gingerly with her tired toes by a species of tentative exercises, she decided that this job was no sinecure; a hostess earned her money and her board and her lodging, no matter what any one said!

On the following day the Ellerton party went on their way; and Candace, stopping Judith in a corridor, said blithely, "George tells me he's thinking of returning. Awfully nice. Mr. Corbin is certainly fortunate in having you," she added sweetly, "you're so persuasive."

Harmless word, but it sounded like an insult. But, thought Judith, entertained, she isn't any too annoyed at having dear George return. Two strings to her bow . . . and a string to her beau, if I must make a pun. If it's George she's after, she can use Bert for bait. Or is the bait bigger than the fish?

The next day, Wednesday, one of the youngsters, Marise Milton—a fat blonde child with all the brutal qualities of Fanny Brice's Baby Snooks and none of her appeal to the risibilities, developed a toothache. Mrs. Milton was playing in a golf tournament, so would dear sweet kind Miss Gillmore escort darling Marise to the dentist in Valleytown? Marise was so timid. If Miss Gillmore would just reassure her and hold her hand?

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN



"Judith," he said. "Judith, my darling." She did not hear his words. But Betty heard and saw.

Miss Gillmore would; and did. Mr. Corbin lent her his car, and Betty decided to come along. Thinking of the Valleytown dentist made Judith remember the tooth pulling at which she had assisted Bill during the early days of their acquaintance. How brief a time had passed since then, how long it seemed! She smiled, remembering. Betty, driving well, if a little too fast, inquired, "A penny for your thoughts, or are they worth more?" . . .

"A dollar at present rates," answered Judith lightly. Marise sat between them on the front seat of the small car and clamored loudly to ride alone in the rumble. When Judith told her she couldn't she replied, "Yah—sez you!" and attempted to climb over. The rumble was open, filled with packages which Judith was taking to the Valleytown post office for one of the guests, a large lady who wrote improving novels. The packages contained copies of her latest book, to be mailed to weary friends.

Arriving in ample time at Valleytown, they went first to the post office, where Judith managed to mail all twelve copies safely; and then on to the dentist, with Marise growing more recalcitrant every moment. Betty wasn't much help. She was bored. And even when Judith said, despairingly and *sotto voce*, "I wish I had a carrot to dangle before her nose," Betty was not amused.

At the dentist's as they were getting out—or, more accurately, as Judith was dragging Marise, howling, from the car, wondering wildly if passers-by would think the child were being kidnaped—Betty said suddenly:

"You'll be here half an hour or so, I suppose. Guess I'll run up to the hospital and see Bill."

She stepped on the gas and departed. Judith was left on the sidewalk with her charming charge, feeling faintly in sympathy with King Herod.

At long last Judith got the screaming child upstairs to the office. She carried her there, and Marise retaliated

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by kicking her. The dentist, however, proved to be a large man with an impressive scowl and a still more impressive smile, and perfectly accustomed to handling children. He took Marise away from Judith in one vast expert gesture. He said, "I'll manage." And he did.

Judith, savagely determined to keep her promise, held the victim's unappetizing hand while the tooth was prepared for a filling and then filled. Later she staggered out with the slightly subdued child, feeling as if she had been let loose in Chaos. Those appalling shrieks!

Arrived on the sidewalk, she saw that Betty had not returned. Marise was demanding ice-cream cones as a sop to her physical discomfort when the Corbin car slid to a stop at the curb. Betty, looking much more animated than when Judith had last seen her, was apologetic. She was so sorry, but she got talking to Bill . . . he let her go up to the nursery and look through the glass at the babies. She'd never seen anything so precious!

Flushed, happy, eighteen; happy because she had been near her idol, because he had spoken to her gently, because she had had him all to herself—in the midst of at least a hundred people—for a moment. Judith was very much afraid that she knew exactly how Betty felt, even if she hadn't been eighteen for several years.

SHE herself saw little of Bill as the days went on. There was a good deal of sickness in the Valleytown section . . . summer colds, pneumonia, and the following week the start of an infantile paralysis scare. There was one close call from drowning when, during a regatta, a small boat overturned; there were the usual minor complaints among the guests, and in Hillhigh itself a perfect epidemic of new babies.

When the week passed and Ellerton did not return, Judith breathed a sigh of relief. And somehow, as though by a tacit understanding, she found that Bill had at least time to take her to lunch on her next Monday off. Passing Aunt Hetty's, they saw the old lady raking a flower bed. Judith waved, and Aunt Hetty flapped a dirty hand in her direction, a response which said quite plainly, "I mean this for you and not for him."

"Still adamant," said Bill.

"I went around today," confessed Judith, "before you came for me. She's a lonely old woman, Bill."

"Well, what can I do about her?" he demanded. "Golly, I'd move in, bag and baggage, if she'd let me."

"You *would* . . .?"

"Sure. That is, if she'd stand for me coming in and out all hours of the day and night. I don't expect she would. But I wouldn't be much trouble. I could eat at the hotel, as I do now, or get my meals anywhere. It's just," he explained, a little abashed, "that you sort of want some one of your own, no matter how—how uncongenial they may be."

Judith resisted the temptation to put her hand over his as it lay on the wheel. She was very much on her guard with Bill these days. She felt shy with him, almost awkward. Saks' diagnosis of Bill's personal cardiac case had probably been in error, born of his jealousy of Bill and Betty. Yet, if Saks was right, the first move must come from him. But he said nothing; he maintained the same friendly, rather teasing attitude toward her.

She said, "Look, there's time, isn't there? Let's drive by Carcassonne."

Obediently he swung the car around the corner, up the street, over the hill along the country road until they reached the gates of the place which was now Bellevue. What a name! she thought. But it was appropriate enough, for the old white house commanded a magnificent vista of mountains, valley, and river.

"Miss it a lot?" he asked gently.

"Terribly. Wish I hadn't come. I've managed to keep away from it up till now, even on my walks."

"You should have it back again."

"You never get anything back, not really."

"Well, then you should have something like it." He looked at her swiftly and then away. "A substitute."

"Don't worry," she said, "I never shall. And it's something to have enjoyed it all those years."

They were passing the Wallace property. The big gray-stone house was shuttered and boarded. It looked very desolate despite the tended lawns.

"Wallace could give you this," muttered Bill, gesturing.

"I suppose he could," said Judith evenly, but her heart jerked in her breast. "But he doesn't want to. And even if he did, I wouldn't want it."

"The more fool you, then," said Bill firmly, and her heart quieted and grew cold. She did not answer. After all, if he could say that and mean it, he couldn't possibly care for her. She looked at him briefly. He must mean it, his face was so still and grave.

WITHIN the next few days George Ellerton returned. He had not been established at Rivermount for more than two hours when Judith saw that she would have her hands full. Luckily, the height of the summer season would provide her with considerable occupation. Boat races, fishing parties, golf, badminton, and tennis tournaments, and swimming meets; picnics and moonlight excursions, dancing and movies and children's parties. She had a finger in almost every social pie. Guests coming and going, and the usual quota of lonely hearts, both male and female, who must be looked after and amused. She began to stop taking her day off, despite Mr. Corbin's expostulations, or at least to spend it behind locked doors in her own room, doing necessary odd jobs. A spot of manicuring, a shampoo, letters to her mother and her friends, and dinner in bed with a book borrowed from the hotel library.

But Bert Wallace was very much in evidence as Monday neared . . . where would they go, what did she want to do? And Ellerton, having learned somehow—from Betty probably, never from Candace or Wallace—that one day a week the hostess was free to be a guest, plagued her interminably.

She finally went driving with him one Monday afternoon, and returned stormy and disheveled to the hotel. The man was an idiot, she told herself, and she certainly hadn't been hired by Mr. Corbin to indulge in a sort of catch-as-catch-can with his male guests. Bert, sitting on the veranda, saw her get out of Ellerton's car alone and hurry toward the lounge. He followed, and caught up with her at the elevators.

"Not so fast."

"Oh, let me go," she said irritably, shaking his hand from her arm with annoyance.

"You look like one of the prettier Furies," he remarked calmly. "Better come quietly and cool off and tell Uncle Bert all about it."

HE whisked her past the elevators, through the lounge, and out to the more secluded part of the veranda.

"Well?" he asked.

She said angrily: "It's really none of your business; but, if you must know, George Ellerton should have been born in—in Turkey."

"Like me to speak to him?" he inquired.

"Of course not," she said. "Why should you? And what in the world would he think?"

"I might remind him that I have known you for a good many years and—how is it that they put it so prettily in the movies? . . . that you are not That Kind of a Girl. I might even go so far as to say that I'd proof—or perhaps I'd better not," he added hastily, as she turned toward him with an up-blaze of anger. "In any case, I could say *something*. Unless this is the way you play your lone-wolf hand, Judy, and are just sore because you haven't brought Ellerton to time. He's eligible enough, isn't he?"

Judith looked away toward the mountains and the river. Silly, in the face of the steadfast calm of one and the unhurrying journey of the other toward the sea, to feel so upset and filled with loathing for the human race in general—Ellerton, as an example of it, in particular. Nothing mattered much, really, did it? You just kept on, and preserved your own personal integrity as best you could.

She said more mildly, ignoring his last sentence:

"Thanks, Bert; I know you mean well enough—"

"What a horrible thing to say of any one!" he exclaimed.

She smiled at him, turned from the veranda railing, and walked toward the doors. "I think I'll go to my room now," she said.

Bert watched her go in, shook his head, and went in search of Ellerton.

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He looked at his watch as he went. Betty and Candace were riding; they would be back soon. He had a date with Candace. He yawned. She did not wear very well and she was exceptionally—eager. Well, he was a lot smarter than she, he thought. He could see through her transparent stratagem of playing him against Ellerton. It was funny, when you came to think of it . . . Candace outwardly cool but anxious under her poise, determined to make this summer pay. Himself and Ellerton both fully aware of her design for living . . . and each determined to make his own design . . . which didn't include Miss Howland.

He strolled on, smiling. He thought that he knew the right approach to Ellerton. It should work. And he believed that Judith would be grateful to him—as long as she didn't know exactly what device he used to free her of "dear George."

Judith *was* grateful to him, for from that day forward Mr. Ellerton was no longer her problem. He devoted himself to Candace. For at least he knew where he stood with Candace, but the Gillmore girl was another matter. . . . "Watch your step, old man," Bert Wallace had warned him pleasantly, "unless you crave to find yourself married. Judy's a sweet kid, but this job of hers is just marking time. After all, a girl who's had everything once couldn't be satisfied with this, could she?"

MR. ELLERTON had no intention of marrying again. Marie was, as he had stated, an expensive proposition. And Candace was—or had been—expensive too. He had bought her off, a neat payment in full, rather than figure in a breach-of-promise suit. Candace had feathered her nest once before after that attractive fashion. He couldn't for the life of him understand how he had managed to escape her . . . and how she had managed to remain, well, at least his friend. But so it had been. She had conducted the whole affair with a delightful disregard of reality. She had never really threatened in so many words. And she had given him his letters without a struggle. She hadn't asked for payment. But just a little later she had found herself hard up and wrote him asking for "a loan." And she had continued to write him, as a friend, with a wistful note underlying her light phrases. She must have read a book, he thought gloomily. And somehow he'd found himself committed to stop by Rivermount and see how she was getting along—on his money. And, stopping, had seen Judith, and so had returned. He hadn't believed that Candace would put anything in his way. They were all washed up and he had provided for her summer's hunting.

But Judith was a different matter, with her background and—and everything. Also the afternoon's entertainment, the quiet drive into the country, had amply proven that Miss Gillmore was not interested in the pleasant pastime of holiday dalliance.

He was grateful to Bert, too. And left, within a day or so, because of the sudden pressure of business.

"You had a hand in that," Judith accused Bert, and he just grinned amiably. . . . "Sorry?" he said.

"Of course not. I'm enchanted. And with the season as it is, one more or less doesn't hurt the hotel."

But Candace was puzzled. Mr. Ellerton had given her no explanation for his abrupt decision to return to the city during the summer heat. She regarded Judith now and then speculatively. But her speculations got her nowhere. She found that an attempted closer friendship with Judith came to nothing also. And it was more amusing to devote herself to little Betty, who obviously admired and adored her, and who had all the hotel gossip at her pretty childish finger tips.

Candace knew by now all about Betty's devotion to Bill Martin. She knew about Saks Lewis' hopeless devotion to her. There was nothing that Candace didn't know . . . except what had happened to Ellerton and how matters stood between Judith and Bert Wallace.

Bert was Candace's game—now. She had tried all her little tricks on him, but so far they hadn't worked. She had "sprained" her ankle slightly when walking with him. She had taken to her bed with a headache and sent for him. "Would you bring me a book . . .? it would be angelic of you . . ." She had endured fishing trips which she hated; she had gone motoring—but Wallace's motor never seemed to run out of gas. It was all very unfortunate.

Bert's vacation drew to a close, but he decided that the business could get along without him until after Labor Day. Candace felt as if the decision had given her a respite and hope. She had, she told him, just about decided not to return to Washington at once. She might take a little flat in New York for the autumn months. It would be exciting, a change. Summer and the resort season might end, but Miss Howland was determined not to abandon her big-game expedition.

"You needn't think you're escaping me too," Bert told Judith, during the Labor Day dance.

"How do you mean?" she asked, smiling. She was no longer very angry with Bert. He had made a nuisance of himself early in the season, but after that his conduct, while occasionally infuriating, had been impeccable.

"I'm flying back week-ends. And I'm a keen skier . . . you didn't know that, did you? So, when the snow falls, I'll be falling with it . . . for you," he added softly.

"Bert, must you be so absurd? You sound like a popular song."

"Without music. It will be nicer in winter, anyway. Fewer people—you'll have time on your hands."

"When are your mother and father coming home?" she asked.

"Not till spring, or later. They're going to England to visit Edith and that dime-a-dozen husband of hers. . . . You mean, I suppose, what will my father say when he discovers that I've neglected business for—what might be pleasure? Well, he won't say anything. He's always doubted me as a business man. Yet I haven't done so badly. I made some good clients for the firm this summer. I'm not as dumb as you think, my dear."

He had been rather clever, he thought, during the past weeks. He hadn't alarmed her. He hadn't even angered her, very much. He could afford to be patient. Sooner or later, he thought, now that she is off her guard . . . .

He could not endure opposition to his will. He had broken the will—and the spirit as well—of half a dozen good dogs in his day. He had done the same with his horses. He could not endure that anything should defy him. Least of all this redheaded black-eyed girl whom he had known for most of her life. So he would wait.

AFTER Labor Day the season was over. The vacationists went home, and presently the hotel was half empty again. But enough remained to keep Judith busy.

Saks Lewis and his boys departed also. They had procured an engagement in Boston, at one of the hotels. Saks, after the last dance, took Betty away from every one, out of the hotel, on to the grounds. She sat there beside him in their regular meeting place, the old pergola.

"Will you miss me, Betty?"

"Of course." . . .

"I don't believe it. You're crazy to get rid of me. Crazy to have the people go—so you can see more of Martin. You won't give me another thought."

"Of course I will. And I'll come to Boston . . . Marge Larkin has asked me to visit her this autumn . . . so I'll see you, Saks. And I'll write . . ."

"Every day?"

"Silly, of course not. What would there be to say?"

"If you loved me," he told her, "you'd find plenty—"

"Please, Saks . . ."

But he had clutched her and now held her despite her halfhearted struggles, kissing her eyelids, her childish cheeks, and her young mouth. "I do love you so much—"

If it hadn't been for Bill, she thought, not especially dismayed and not in the least repulsed, she might have loved Saks. He was sweet, really, and so crazy about her . . .

Well, the season was over. Judith was tired to the marrow. Mr. Corbin had very kindly suggested a little vacation to her. But where would she go? Chicago was too far, and besides she couldn't afford it. So she shook her head and told him that she wasn't tired at all; that they all would have plenty of time to rest, now that there wasn't so much going on.

"But there will be," he said, "week-ends specially.

We'll have a hunting crowd up, first thing you know. And the first snow, the skiers will be here in full force before you can say telemark."

On Mondays she went again to the village, to see the Parsonses and Mr. Alcot, and always stopped by to have a cooky with Aunt Hetty and pretended that she didn't know the old lady was pumping her about Bill. . . . "What's that good-for-nothing of a Bill Martin been up to?" Aunt Hetty would ask slyly. And Judith would tell her—long stories of hard work and healing. . . . "Some day you're coming in with me," she told Bill, "and ask her, 'Aunt Hetty, may I have a cooky too?' "

"Not me," denied Bill. "Once bitten, twice shy. It's a wonder she didn't give me hydrophobia the first time I tried barging in, last spring."

"You're as stubborn as she is," Judith accused him.

They were still, it appeared, on their old friendly footing, right where they had been at the beginning. Saks had been imagining things, she thought hopelessly.

SHE hadn't liked Candace, but she rather missed her and all the excitement, she thought, one windy blue October morning, walking down to the river before luncheon. One of the gardeners came stumbling to meet her. He was a ghastly color, a dirty green. He said, gasping, "A man—shot himself—down there . . ."

Judith began to run. She called back, "Get Dr. Martin at once . . . *hurry!*" . . .

The man was lying under the trees near the river. She reached him, fell on her knees beside him, staring incredulously at the horror and the blood. She knew him, of course, despite the mutilation. He was Mr. Carlin, a hotel guest, a quiet man who had come up a few days ago. She stared at him, sick and shaken. Bearded, his eyes closed. She thought, But I've seen him before . . . I didn't realize it until now. . . .

Bill came galloping down the terrace, cutting across the lawns. "For heaven's sake, Judith!" he said.

She turned and rose unsteadily.

"I know him," she said, as if astonished. "He didn't have a beard then. . . . That's the man . . . that my father . . . I mean, he's been in prison . . . and now . . ."

She swayed toward him, and he caught her as she fell.

"Judith," he said, completely unprofessional for a split second . . . "Judith, my darling . . ."

She was unconscious. She did not hear his words nor feel his kiss. But Betty, riding her little mare along the river bridle path and coming upon them suddenly, heard and saw.

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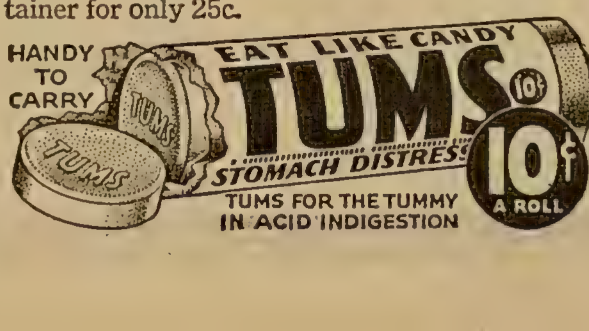

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The Great Divide. Canadian Pacific photo.

Monticello. Va. Conn. Commission photo.

The national Capitol. B. & O. RR. photo.

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Yachting. Photo from New England Council.

Cape Cod windmill, Dearborn, Mich. Mich. Dept. of Conservation photo.

Howe Caverns, N. Y. State of N. Y. Conservation Dept. photo.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

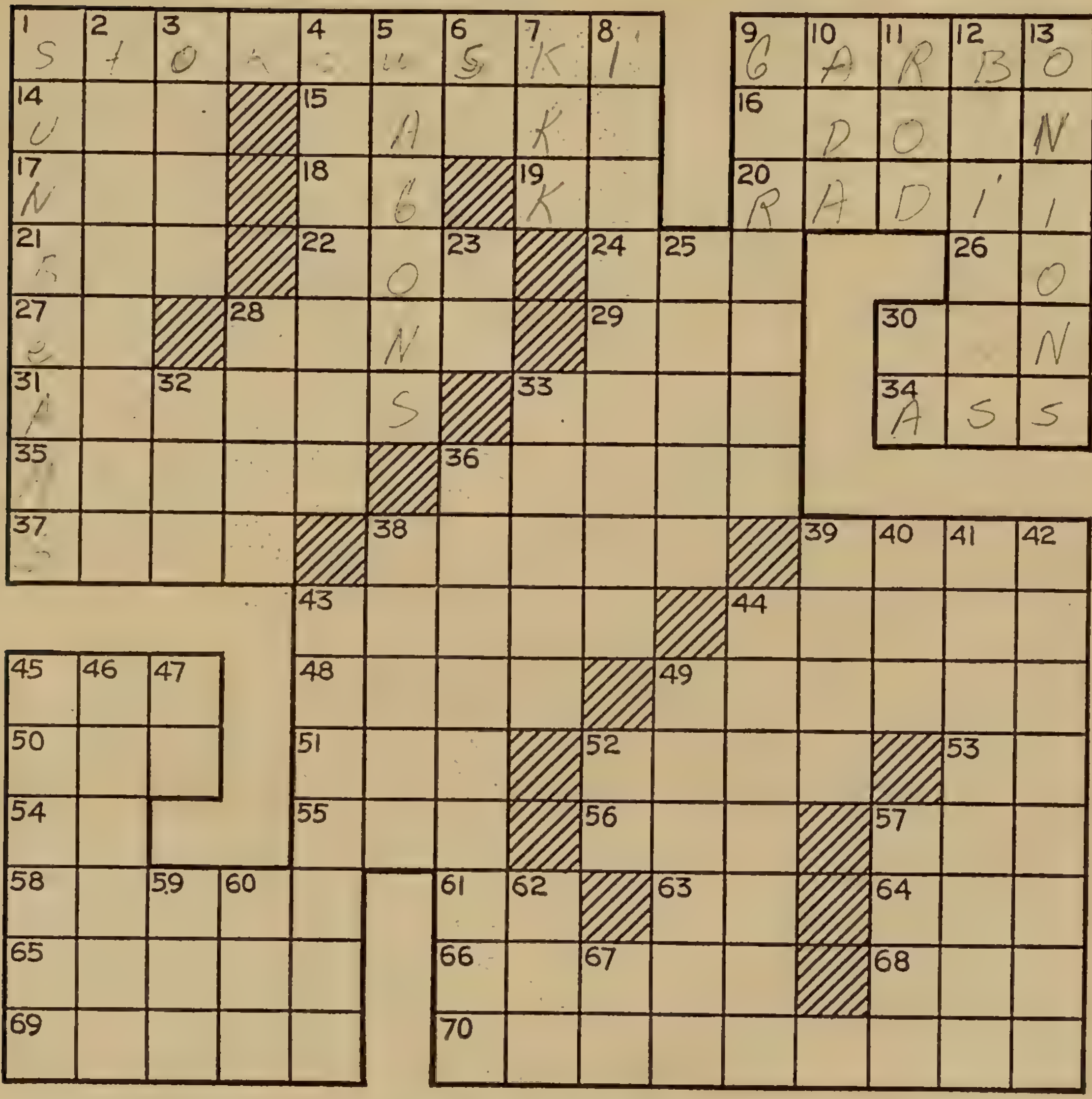
7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

No. 7 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. RABIDELAXYANA	. . . .
2. RAYKARPBUS	. . . .
3. ACIDKAPELL	. . . .
4. SOULIKEALE	. . . .
5. QUINACOM	. . . .
6. FISHCALLBULLK	. . . .
7. BOASTSTAREPSMING	. . . .
8. AWETRAGPADAREWEL	. . . .
9. HARVARDSAMETINY	. . . .
10. PAGEHEMMGORM	. . . .

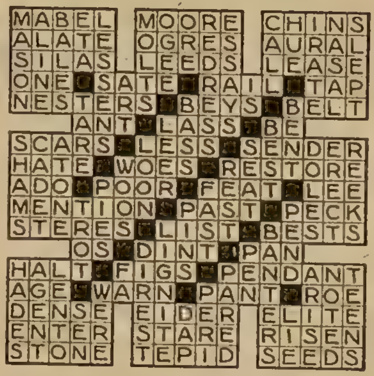
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 He contracted heart trouble from gazing at a remote star; was resting his Bach in Italy when last heard of
9 She bane above yent's Swedie-pie
14 A human ash can
15 They scalp Indians, annoy Senators, and play with Tigers
16 Wear out
17 What to say before missing a married woman
18 What the fabled fox called them (abbr.)
19 Cause of a sudden drop in the sock exchange (abbr.)
20 These're spokes, men
21 French stockings
22 A turnip with vertigo
24 Illuminated by alcohol (slang)
26 Gyp
27 "Tip it!" says the cockney
28 Glass eye
29 Banked the beans to gain internal revenue
30 What Hemingway wrote without Women
31 They're constantly going out on strikes in Detroit
33 Well known brand of Western ham, sort of expensive
34 This may be silly but it'll hand you a kick
35 What runners race in before the finals
36 They're always gone with the wind
37 Hisses, all hisses
38 Insult deliverer
39 You'll get a couple of laughs out of this
43 Juvenile plate-banger
44 The Murphys and O'Briens belong to this fambly
45 Women reach this limit early
48 Natural green hair that always needs trimming
49 A big collection of trunks
50 What legal students try for



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MABEL MOORE CHINS
ALATE OGRES AURAL
SILAS LEEDS LEASE
ONE■SATE■RAIL■TAP
NESTERS■BEYS■BELT
   ANT■LASS■BE
SCARS■LESS■SENDER
HATE■WOES■RESTORE
ADO■POOR■FEAT■LEE
MENTION■PAST■PECK
STERES■LIST■BESTS
   OS■DINT■PAN
HALT■FIGS■PENDANT
AGE■WARN■PANT■ROE
DENSE EIDER ELITE
ENTER STARE RISEN
STONE TEPID SEEDS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

51 Ecstatic Cockeyed Wrestlers (abbr.)
52 Phoenician tanner
53 Pie-Eyed (abbr.)
54 Grammaw called it animal magnetism; granddotter calls it the lure of the wile woman (abbr.)
55 Firtht perthon plural pronoun
56 Though possessive, it's neutral
57 Whom he loved
58 Surveyors say it's the limit and you've got to shun it to get on with it
61 Ticks
63 Clara Bow had this
64 Very much a prefix
65 In the old days a team had a lot of pull with it, now it has a lot of pull with a team
66 Most popular song on the radio
68 Street of Regret, Paris
69 First flyers
70 Cause a person to er

VERTICAL

1 They'll give you a tanning if they catch you lying around with nothing on (two words)
2 What dictators fill their wastebaskets with
3 Is
4 They get stewed
5 Trucks, old-fashioned style
6 Blind sin
7 Nazis in white sheets
8 Insurance policy against war
9 A couple of hold-ups around attractive low-down joints
10 This gal sounds veddy helpful
11 What gangsters use to measure your length
12 They'll join the Can-openers Union in June
13 A vegetable it doesn't pay to advertise (pl.)
23 Dictator's afterthought (abbr.)
25 The boot in the Ethiopian pants
28 Permits
30 Whom the Prince of Wails needs
32 Hurry juice
33 French soap
36 The cleanest gal in pictures (she has a dopey friend) (two words)
38 Excess of solar year over 12 months (this is no joke!)
39 Waft through the ether
40 Old Honest
41 Biggest wreck in the literary world
42 These turn hard when old
43 Poirot, Holmes, Mason, Vance & Co.
44 Breakfast bread burner
45 French and German football
46 Star shine
47 Human side of editors
49 Goddess of the strip-teases
52 Blotto Indians (abbr.)
57 She wore the pants in Zeus' fambly
59 Swedish-American verb
60 Extinct man
62 Society of Hot Mamas (abbr.)
67 End of the Buzzle, in short

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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27	997	40	647
28	968	41	622
29	941	42	598
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A Billion-Dollar American Sacred Cow

DES MOINES, IA.—In ancient Egypt a voracious priesthood had the people worship a sacred bull, believed to be the dispenser of all material bounty here and eternal salvation hereafter. In their greed for pelf and power the priests of the sacred bull demanded tribute so oppressive that in time the agrarian population of the richest soil on earth was so completely enslaved that, after three thousand years, it had not succeeded in emancipating itself.

We credit ourselves with being more enlightened than these ancient Egyptians, but are nevertheless just as prone to exploitation by blind faith in some fetish whose cult is promoted by a thearchy sustained in luxury by the sacrificial offering of its votaries. When the old gods lose their influence, all we have to do is to invent a few new ones, or change their names.

The most conspicuous and powerful of these modern fetishes is of such gentle mien that it can only be conceived in the female gender, and is sometimes aptly referred to as our Sacred Cow.

Since the effort undertaken by the present administration to combat the depression, eleven billion dollars has been poured out to prime the pump of business recovery, and now our economic pundits and elder statesmen are as bewildered as ever as to why the level of consumption is still far below the outlet of production, racking their brains what to do about it, or proposing new experiments and no abatement in pump priming.

Now, if they, and everybody else, were not so absorbed in obeisance to the Sacred Cow, they might discover that its priesthood and their acolytes have tapped the pump at its source and are drawing forth, in sacrifice to their deity, each day, more than is poured into it by federal spending. Ergo: When will federal spending cease? When will we be able to abolish relief? When will the ship of economics again be upon an even keel?

In 1929 the combined assets of legal reserve life-insurance companies was $17,482,309,000. By 1936 they amounted to $26,593,740,000, an increase of $9,111,431,000. Now, what does this mean?

It means that in the seven years nine billions of purchasing power has been frozen. And that is only half of it. This aggregate of nine billions must seek investment to enable the companies to carry out their contracts, and the only place for such investment is more mediums of production; more machines to displace man power; and more sales pressure to dispose of the things produced to progressively denude mass consumers.

In addition to freezing more than nine billions of purchasing power, it has been depleted by another seven and one half billions in expenses of operation, contributed out of the incomes of not less than thirty million wage earners in support of less than 300,000 officials, employees, and agents of life-insurance companies.

To replace this sixteen and one half billions of mass purchasing power, the government has done about eleven billion dollars' worth of pump priming to maintain the balance between production and consumption. How can it ever be accomplished, with such a leak in the pump?

If this insane process of piling up life-insurance assets continues, relief, unemployment, and misery will be a permanent and increasing evil, with either Communism or Fascism the only alternative to sterilized capitalism.

I am aware that, as a likely worshiper at the shrine of the Sacred Cow, lulled by propaganda into blind faith in its beneficence, there is probably little chance of enlisting your support to arouse the public to a realization of its sinister import. But this might be worth while as a reminder when the next economic blow-up comes which will enable you to comprehend the reason therefor.

And that it will come is certain, unless, happily, the whole system of legal reserve life insurance, as now constituted and promoted, collapses of its own weight—a not unmitigated calamity to which it is rapidly drifting.—*I. P. Mantz, President of National League of Savings Bank Insurance.*

WITH OUR APOLOGIES TO NAT PENDLETON

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Customarily one of your most enthusiastic readers, I am especially disappointed in coming across a flagrant misstatement of fact in March 5 Liberty. It is, incidentally, quite damaging to me.

I refer to a passage that follows your review of the picture Swing Your Lady, and occurs under the heading Vital Statistics. Beverly Hills says: "Though Nat keeps in strict pink condition, Daniel Boone Savage, 260-pound wrestler from the Kentucky hills, easily deposited him on his ear and all but broke his back in their wrestling scene."

This statement is utterly without foundation, for Mr. Savage and I have always been the best of friends and at no time during the filming of the picture did we execute a single movement or throw in which we did not co-operate—in other words, not once did we attempt to exert our strength against one another. During such wrestling as you see on the screen poor Mr. Savage gets much the worst of it. So there is nothing to justify Beverly Hills' remark.

I'm planning a series of professional wrestling matches throughout the country—returning to the ring, where I have gained considerable prominence.

By depreciating my wrestling ability in a magazine of such extensive circulation as Liberty you not only make it difficult for me to conclude satisfactory negotiations for my wrestling appearances, but destroy public confidence in my ability as a wrestler.

Would I be asking too much to beg you to arrange a suitable retraction to in some measure repair the damage this published misstatement has and is causing me?—*Nat Pendleton.*

RIGHTS TO THEATER SEAT ARMS

LYONS, KAN.—Answering June Krambeck's question (March 12 Vox Pop), if the arms of the theater seats were used for what they are intended to be used, it would involve a lot of technicalities as to the rights of the user. But after seeing some of the plays that are widely ballyhooed, I say: Let him who jerks one loose first use it.—*Nuje Beckkram.*

TAX AGENTS ARE ANXIOUS TO CREATE GOOD IMPRESSION

AUBURNDALE, FLA.—Can it be that, among that favored class who are eligible to pay income tax, no one has received courteous treatment from Uncle Sam's helpers?

Twice, now, it is, I read my favorite magazine and find letters of complaint in such a prominent place (March 5 and 19 Vox Pop), critical indeed of my government's employees.

When we realize the attitude taken by so many of our countrymen *privileged* to pay an income tax—from the lowliest who stretches his "deductibles" to the more favored who forms family "holding companies," is it any wonder the agents in that department are "suspective," as Rastus says?

It has been my observation that the employees of Uncle Sam are proud of their "rating" and more than eager to create a good impression of their country's civil service.—*Peppy Mack.*

ROOSEVELT HASH

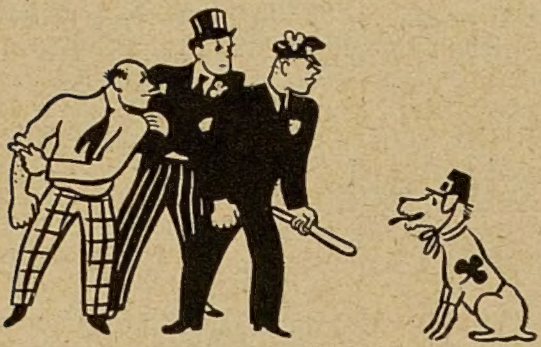
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I am sure a majority of the people would appreciate it if you would cease to fill your magazine with that Roosevelt hash and New Deal idiocrasies. We all knew Roosevelt was going to throw the monkey wrench in the machinery and bring on a depression.

He has succeeded in putting out of business the "economic royalists," and in doing so has deprived all of a living. He reminds me of the man who poisoned his fish pond to get rid of the frogs, and in doing so poisoned all the fish.—*B. Woods.*

BUT HE WAS AN IRISH TERRIER!

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—On the March 19 cover of Liberty you display a picture of a girl and dog, with the animal decorated in Irish colors, wearing a green hat, etc.

Our club at its last meeting—a club of Irish Americans—resented this, and requested me to inform you of what they consider an insult to the race.



Hence I desire to say that we are displeased with the picture and strenuously object to same.—*John Jay McDevitt, Secretary Irish American Crusaders.*

TOUCHED

NEPTUNE, N. J.—In March 19 Vox Pop my eye caught a picture of a little lad that resembled my son, and immediately I read the letter that was written by the boy's mother. It was a wonderful tribute and I have never read anything before in my life that touched me as that did.

My heart goes out to Louise Youngs, and may the "dear Father God" take special care of her as well as her little Bob.—*Mrs. Gene Burke.*

GET A MOVE ON, EVERYBODY!

DALLAS, TEX.—Just read that letter, "What Chance Have I, an Honest Hard Worker?" written by H. Stuart Morrison (March 26 Vox Pop). I think it is one of the best things I have read in a long time, and if there were more men, as well as women, who would work for a living instead of sitting around waiting for Uncle Sam's pension check to come each month, the world would be better off today and conditions would be 100 per cent better and people would be happier.—*Bess Howard.*

SOLUTION FOR MERCHANT MARINE SITUATION

BREMERTON, WASH.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial on the merchant marine situation will not pass unsung. The only solution to sea-power and national defense is to make the merchant marine a part of and governed by the Navy Department. Treat the would-be strikers as the Navy does its deserters, and equip all ships for combat, convoy, or transport duty as need be in time of war, with a certain percentage of their crews naval officers and enlisted men!—*R. W. O., U. S. Navy.*

AN "E" FOR AN "I" AND AN "R" FOR AN "N"

LONDON, ENG.—I have discovered two errors in the second of Mr. Wells' Liberalism articles (April 16 Liberty). On page 47, second column, fourth line, "better resistance" should read "bitter resistance," and in the following paragraph "disperse universal happiness" should read "dispense universal happiness."—*Marjorie Wells.*

FIRST-AID KITS IN ALL CARS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—I believe that every state should demand that motorists keep an up-to-date first-aid kit in their cars at all times. If motorists violate this rule of safety and precaution they should be subject to a fine.

I carry one in my car always, and I have had occasion to use it on the road in connection with accidents.—*William Scott.*

MAJORITY OF HUSBANDS STRAY OF OWN ACCORD

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—When I read Experienced on husband snatchers (March 12 Vox Pop), it sure made my blood boil.

I haven't seen any girls equipped with lariats around, lassoing husbands. The majority of these said husbands stray away of their own accord. The reason being that most of you wives think when that little piece of paper is on the wall your job is done.

Remember, a man is going to have attention at any cost. So wake up, sister, and don't blame the girls.—*More Experienced (on both sides of the fence).*

PRISON REGULATIONS LIMIT HIS LETTERS

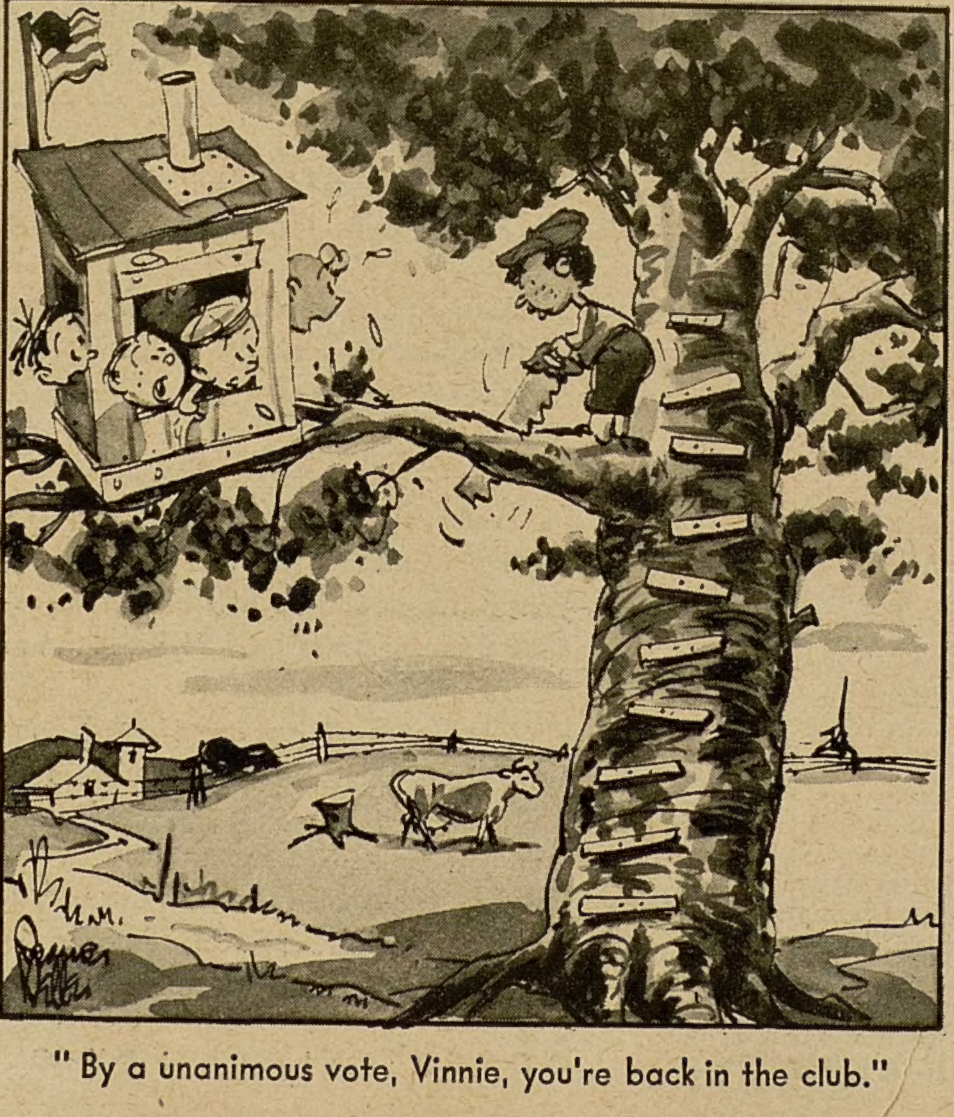
WALLA WALLA, WASH.—My failure to reply to the many appreciated letters received since my Comfort the Dying (January 22 Liberty) was published by you may arouse Vox Pop skepticism regarding my true identity, etc. My only defense is that prison regulations, limiting the number of outgoing letters allowed each inmate, kept me from answering even those letters to which I should have enjoyed replying.—*Ralph W. Hunter, No. 16902.*

RUPERT HUGHES, PLEASE ADVISE!

DECATUR, ALA.—In Why Our Girls Won't Behave (March 26 Liberty) Mr. Rupert Hughes states that the first college giving collegiate education to women was established in 1855. Undoubtedly wrong.

Methodists established Wesleyan Woman's College in Macon, Georgia, in 1833, according to the World Book. They established a woman's college at Athens, Alabama, ten years later. Baptists established Judson College at Marion, Alabama, in 1839. All three were and are women's colleges and are still doing fine work.—*W. W. Benson, Superintendent Decatur Public Schools.*

"HARDTACK"



"By a unanimous vote, Vinnie, you're back in the club."

$5,000 for 5 Minutes—and He Turned It Down!

THIS IS A STORY of a new kind of public official. . . . He won a national reputation by doing a great job in breaking up the rackets of gangsters and killers in a great city. . . . Then he ran for high public office in his home town and in spite of vicious opposition was elected by a great majority. . . . Soon after he was elected he was offered a radio contract. . . . The terms were that he was to speak five minutes a week at a fee of $5,000. . . . The contract was for forty weeks. . . . So that was a total of $200,000. . . . The official refused. . . . His reason was that he was too busy. . . . Perhaps you have guessed that this official was Thomas E. Dewey, District Attorney of the City of New York. . . . More men like Mr. Dewey will save American democracy, if it can be saved. . . . The glory of our country has been that such men always appear when they are needed. . . . Ever since Liberty published its stirring story of Dewey against the rackets and thus brought his achievements into national prominence (a step later followed by nearly all national magazines) we have been receiving mail about him. . . . Americans in every state want to know more about Thomas E. Dewey. . . . A little later on Liberty will tell you more about him. . . . Speaking of mail, some weeks ago we published an account of an experience in prayer. . . . The article was printed under the title WAS THIS CHILD'S LIFE SAVED BY PRAYER? . . . At the time we asked for experiences from our readers whose prayers had been answered. . . . The results have amazed us. . . . From every state in the Union tides of mail came flowing in. . . . So we must ask patience of all who have written. . . . It is impossible even to acknowledge the letters at this time, but they will all be read and in due course the most significant and interesting will be printed. . . . Certainly it is heartening to find this moving interest in religion at a time when hatred and fear, oppression and cruelty stalk the world. . . . It is a time for prayer. . . . Of course there have been hundreds of letters about DOCTORS DON'T TELL. . . . Many of them accused us of being unfair. . . . They wanted to know the other side of the story. . . . These correspondents will be glad to know that next week we will publish a doctor's answer to DOCTORS DON'T TELL. . . . In it he states the feelings of an honest orthodox physician upon these matters that are so important to every human being. . . . Unfortunately, the author of this rebuttal cannot sign his name. . . . He is too afraid of the American Medical Association. . . . Sad to note the passing of our old friend Colonel Edward Mandell House. For many years Colonel House was an adviser on foreign affairs to the editorial staff of Liberty and, as you know, wrote many important articles. . . . One piece that he did for us a few years ago, WANTED—A NEW DEAL AMONG THE NATIONS, was read in most of the parliaments of Europe and called forth distinguished applause. . . . In that article Colonel House declared that Italy, Japan, and Germany must expand or explode. . . . He coined the phrase “the haves and the have-nots” among the nations, and he advised the “have” nations to give some of their portion to the “have-nots.” . . . But the haves did not heed the advice of Woodrow Wilson's closest adviser. . . . We all know what followed. . . . Italy took Ethiopia, Japan moved into China and Hitler into Austria. . . . The last advice that Colonel House gave to the world was in the pages of Liberty and was on the newsstands the day he died. It was called HOW TO KEEP OUT OF WAR, and was answered on the opposite page by George Sylvester Viereck. . . . Next week Mr. Viereck brings us an important forecast, WHAT HITLER WILL DO NEXT. . . . Three interesting books came in the mail. . . . One, an interesting novel of American life called SEEDS OF TIME, is by Ethel Doherty and Louise Long, those Hollywood studio girls who have been writing charming short stories for Liberty. . . . Another was Irene Kuhn's ASSIGNED TO ADVENTURE, in which she tells about our discovery of a young vaudevillian now known to fame as Walter Winchell. . . . The third is a book-length tragic poem called SAUL, KING OF ISRAEL, a stirring story told in great music by Victor Starbuck, who died in 1935, a Florida lawyer with the vision and voice of the true poet. . . . There is only a little time left to tell you of other good things coming next week. . . . Among those you will not want to miss are THE INQUISITION COMES TO AMERICA, by Senator H. Styles Bridges; WHAT SWING MUSIC DOES TO YOU, by Benny Goodman; HARE OR TORTOISE BASEBALL, by Hugh Fullerton; HOW TO DRESS ON $500 A YEAR, by Marjorie Hillis (who doesn't tell how to get the $500); and other short stories and articles by John Erskine, Ruth Waterbury, and others.

*

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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COVER PAINTED BY C. H. TWELVETREES

YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON *Sex*

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES?

There have been countless articles from the viewpoint of older people telling what they think about youth and sex.

And now youth replies, frankly—fearlessly—honestly telling what youth thinks of youth, what youth thinks and does about sex and what it thinks about the oldsters who spend so much time worrying about youth and its affairs.

Based upon hundreds of letters received by Mr. Collins from high school and college students throughout the country, his deeply revealing, breathlessly interesting article will give you an understanding of the younger generation that you perhaps could get in no other way. Titled "Youth Speaks Its Mind on Sex" you will find it in Physical Culture for May, on sale at all newsstands.

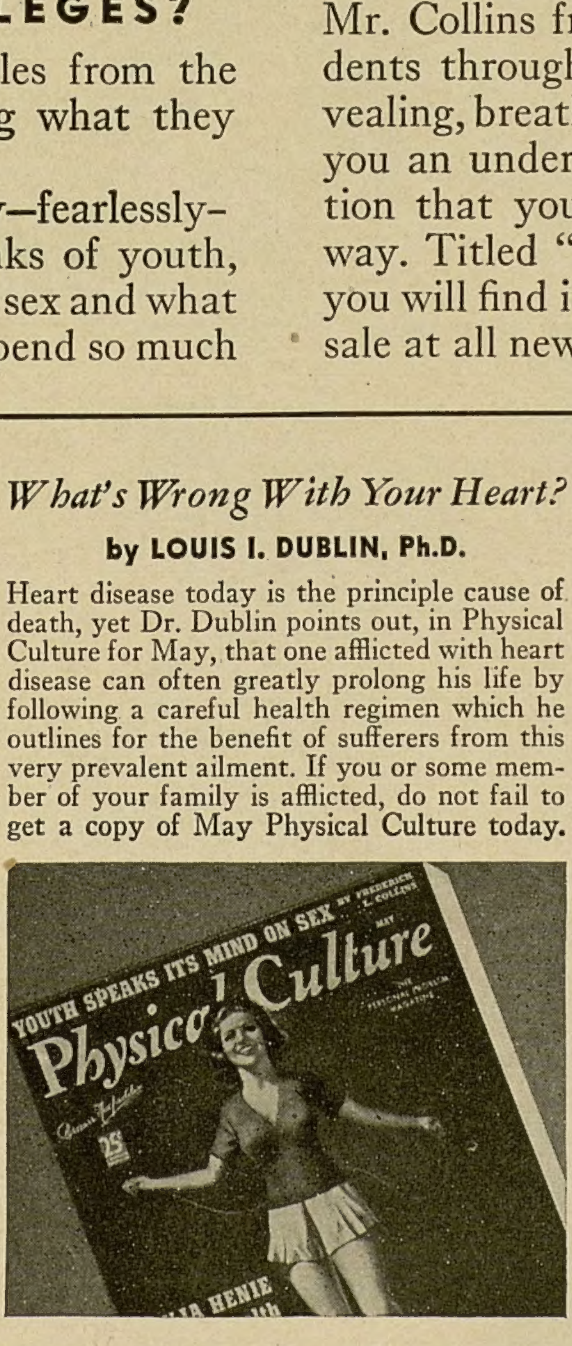
SONJA HENIE BRINGS HEALTH BACK TO HOLLYWOOD

This lovely little Norwegian has skated her way right into the heart of Hollywood. Her beauty, her grace, and abounding vitality has given blasé Hollywood a new standard of feminine charm. In Physical Culture for May you will find the story of how she keeps in superb physical condition for her career as figure skater and star. Her methods will do much to improve the health and increase the charm of any woman. Read her story by all means.

What's Wrong With Your Heart?

by LOUIS I. DUBLIN, Ph.D.

Heart disease today is the principle cause of death, yet Dr. Dublin points out, in Physical Culture for May, that one afflicted with heart disease can often greatly prolong his life by following a careful health regimen which he outlines for the benefit of sufferers from this very prevalent ailment. If you or some member of your family is afflicted, do not fail to get a copy of May Physical Culture today.


YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON SEX BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS
MAY
Physical Culture
THE PERSONAL PROBLEM MAGAZINE
Bernarr Macfadden
25¢
SONJA HENIE

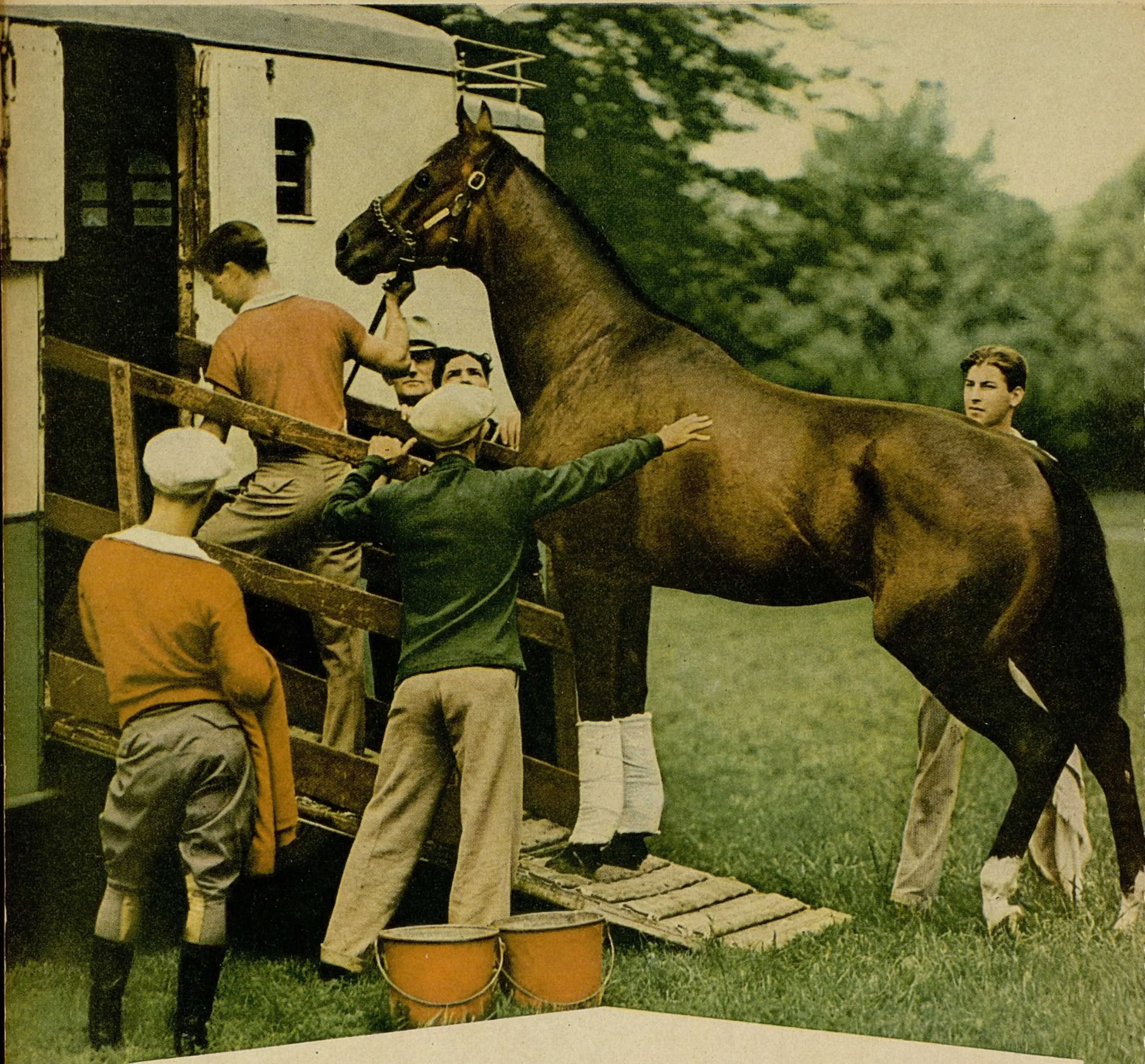
What is YOUR Personal Problem?

No matter what your personal problem may be, others have faced the same problem and almost certainly an early issue of Physical Culture, the great personal problem magazine, will contain an article telling you the solution they reached.

For instance, in the big May issue you will find an article by Wainright Evans explaining the benefits and dangers of protracted fasts. In another feature article Dr. John L. Rice, Commissioner of Health of New York City, explains how dependable are the syphilis tests now so much in the public mind. In another Helen Macfadden, daughter of Bernarr Macfadden, explains and copiously illustrates a series of exercises that will keep the stomach line in place. Beauty At Your Finger Tips by Carol Cameron gives valuable information on how to keep the hands well groomed with a minimum of effort. At Last, Hope for the Insane by Lawrence Gould—Your Baby Needs Vitamin D by Nary Halton, M.D.—The Effect of Liquor on Pneumonia by Daniel Man. These and many other intimate features make the May Physical Culture extremely helpful to all who read it. Buy your copy today.

Physical Culture

No matter what your personal problem is—an early issue will help you solve it.



He's keeping a date made 20 years ago

Good-bye and good luck, youngster! You're off for the Kentucky Derby!

You've proved your mettle—your right to go to the post with the best of them. You're a stout-hearted fellow, with what it takes to win. For in you are blended the forthright qualities of many a valiant thoroughbred.

• • •

Forthright qualities, blended together. That comes pretty close to describing *another* champion, too. We mean Four Roses.

For you see, Four Roses is not just *one* fine straight whiskey. It's a superb combination of *several* straight whiskies—each outstanding for some special quality: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor*.

Blended together, these whiskies merge *all* their virtues in *one* superlative liquor—*Four Roses!*—a whiskey with *every* glorious quality that makes a whiskey truly great!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey, regardless of age or price